



# DOWN I' TH' LOUDONS

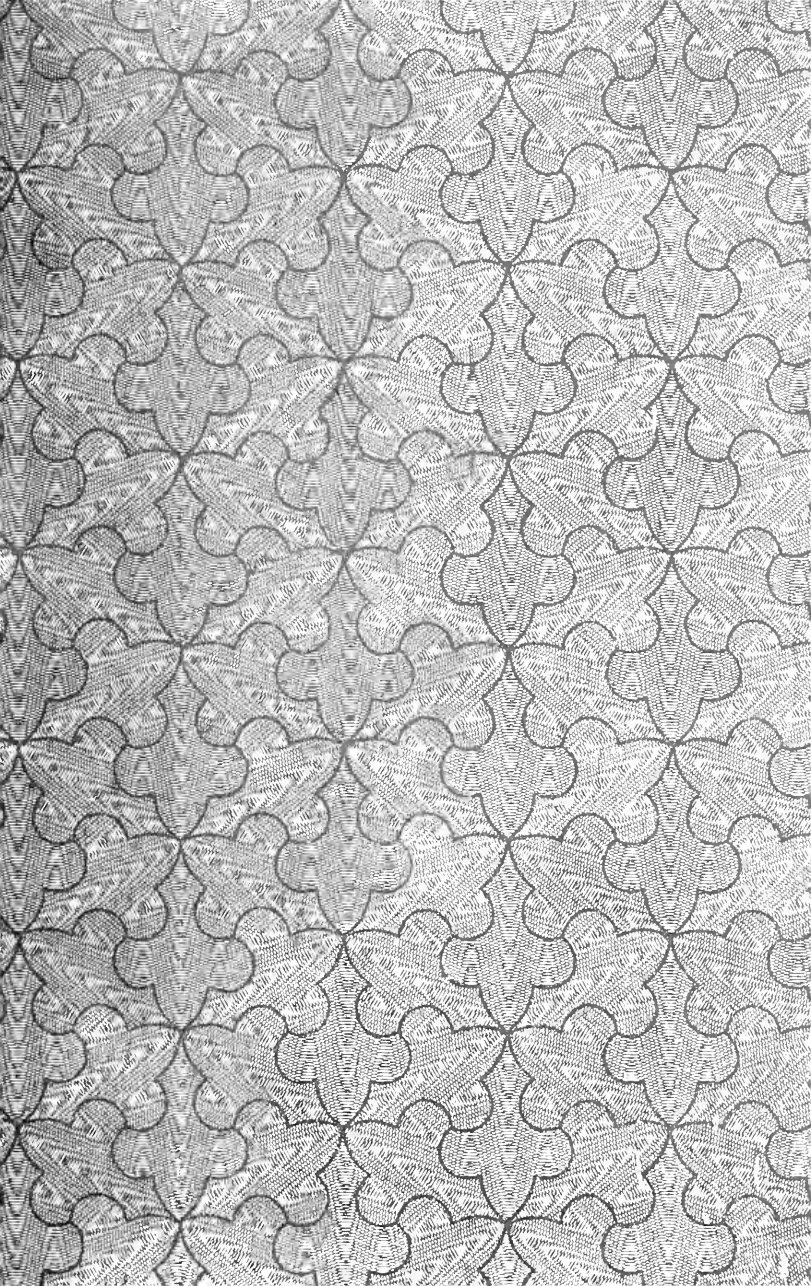
A Drama of Country Life  
AND OTHER PIECES  
(ALL NEW)



*James H. Moden*



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DOUN I' TH' LOUDONS  
AND OTHER PIECES



# DOWN I' TH' LOUDONS

*A Drama of Country Life*

IN FIVE ACTS

AND

OTHER PIECES

(ALL NEW)

BY

JAMES LUMSDEN

(*"Samuel Mucklebackit"*)

AUTHOR OF "TOORLE," "LAYS AND LETTERS FROM LINTON,"  
ETC., ETC.

Edinburgh

WILLIAM MACDONALD & CO., LTD.,  
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1908

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DEDICATION :

TO MY NUMEROUS FRIENDS AND FORMER PATRONS

I HUMBLY DEDICATE,

WITH SINCERE AND PROFOUND GRATITUDE,

THIS BOOK.

960657



## PREFATORY NOTE

BARRING the Glossary and quotations, all the matter contained in this volume is new, and has all been written since the publication, in 1905, of my last book, "Edinburgh and Country Croonings."

With respect to the "drama," what I wrote in the Preface to my first published play, "Toorle," may as fitly and truly be said of this effort: "It has been designed and written to represent merely a phase or two of Lowland country life; for to depict it all, even generally, would require the scope not of *one* but of *many* Dramas—indeed, of many five-act ones. Considering also that so much of this play, if written dramatically, would need to be penned in the district vernacular, I have done it in the firm belief, for this and other reasons, that it would never be found suitable for stage representation. With this idea predominant in my mind, I have striven to write it all truly and interestingly for reading only, albeit I have modelled it strictly after the form and style of the old Classical Dramatists."

The "Other Pieces" have been written betimes during the last three years, and I have recently gone over them and the play carefully, and given in the revised Glossary brief meanings in English of all the probably difficult or obscure Scots words and phrases to be found in them, and which are still in use in rural quarters, and therefore surely occurring in the text of a play and poems claiming those localities as their "Calf-ground" *par excellence*.

Finally, and as I have also said before, "whatever the fate of this my latest literary venture may be, I must now await it with what patience and fortitude I may, having nothing to advance either in the way of anticipating honest or disarming hostile criticism, and desiring to stand or fall by the merits or demerits of my book alone."

J. L.

EDINBURGH, 1908.





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# DOWN I' TH' LOUDONS

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## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

### MEN.

THE MARQUIS OF MOORCLEUCHS.  
SIR HUGH SEAFÆM, *Bart. of Bents.*  
JOHN HOOTSMAN, *an Eminent Farmer and Popular Leader.*  
THE REV. DR PAUL, *Church of Scotland, Garford.*  
FATHER PETER, *a R.C. Priest, Garford.*  
DOCTOR BLISTERWEL, *Physician, Garford.*  
ALEXANDER SWACKER (*familiarly "Sandy Swats"*), *Proprietor of the Gray Sheep Inn, Garford.*  
HOGG, *a Hill Farmer.*  
COWE, *an Arable-land Farmer.*  
HORSMAN, *Farm Steward to Hootsman.*  
HETHERBEL, *a Shepherd.*  
STOURE, *a Farm Labourer.*  
MICHAEL TUBBS, *Man-of-all-Work to Swacker.*  
TIPEM, *Butler to the Marquis.*  
DONALD SHIELDS, *Butler to Sir Hugh.*  
O'ROURKE, *a London Detective.*  
NED ARMSTRONG, *Mason, Garford.*  
SANDY TWEEDIE, *Blacksmith, Linkside.*  
GOGGLES, *Chaffeur to the Marquis.*  
*Two Police Officers.*  
*Host of the St Andrew Hotel, Market Town.*  
SHONNIE MACNIVEN, *Imbecile Son to Kate MacNiven.*  
*A Snobbish Waiter, and Others.*

### WOMEN.

LADY MABEL DREWE, *a Ward to the Marquis and Sir Hugh, in love with Hootsman.*

MRS PAUL, *Wife to Dr Paul.*

MRS SWACKER, *Wife to Swacker.*

MRS TWEEDIE, *Wife to Sandy Tweedie.*

KATE MACNIVEN, *a Widow.*

PEGGY DISHINGTON, or "DISHIE," *Servant to Mrs Swacker, in love with Michael Tubbs.*

NANNY CAIRNS, ) *Ploughmen's Wives.*  
MAGGIE GLEN, )

SCENE.—*The East and South of Edinburgh.*

## ACT I.

SCENE I. *A Country Market Town.*

*Before the CORN EXCHANGE.*

*Enter severally STOURE and HETHERBEL, meeting.*

*Stoure.* Hoo's a', hoo's a'? Fine waather? Man  
what's this  
That's clatter'd noo about the guid auld Club?  
Is't fairly true ye're ettlin' to renoo it,  
To raesussitaut it—even?

*Heth.* True? I should think sac. Eh, Peter,  
Peter Stoure

It never should hae dee'd—even tho' *he* did—  
Its noble Praisident, in Ninety-nine,  
Himsel', auld Hootsman's sel' o' Leddyslove!

*Stoure.* Jock dinna greet, his oe's alive an' hale!

*Heth.* An' but for him, I could not only greet,  
But choke wi' sabs forbye!

*Stoure.* What! does he ken?  
And is he willint, tae?

*Heth.* I trow is he.  
The meetin' to arrange it a' is advertteezed  
In a' the papers Scotchmen ever read.

*Stoure.* For whan?

*Heth.* Morn's nicht, up bye in Garfuird Inn,  
Whare, Peter, we sall surely find yersel?

*Stoure.* Dooms sure is that !  
Will young John Hootsman, tell me, tak' the Chair ?  
*Heth.* No. I want mysel' to tak it the first nicht,  
An' for that reason thund'rin' glad am I  
That we hae met this day.

Auld Peter Stoure, my life-lang freend ! look here,  
Ance a' the comp'ny's met an' sattled doun,  
Rise up an' propose me to tak' the Chair !

*Stoure.* What for ?

*Heth.* What for ? because, ye coof, in turn,  
*As Chairman,* I'll propose, as Praisident  
The heir o' him—the ablest, noblest man  
That ever crusht a Loudon clod below  
A han'some, man-like fit ! I ken ye'se do't ?

*Stoure.* An' richt ye are again ! Jock ! hear to me :  
The Lammermuirs, whare ye were born an' bred,  
Are famous for their wise men Europe owre.

*Heth.* Wise auld wives, tae.

*Stoure.* Ay ! ane an' a' o' them.  
Sweir but to me that Hootsman ye'll propose,  
An' I sall sett ye in the Chair to do't  
Though Sauton's sel forbaad—gie me yer loof.

*Heth.* Canny, couthie Peter ! There ye are !  
Of coorse ye'se ne'er let on we've made up this ?  
Tam Coom, the vulcan up in Garfuird noo,  
Wad in a deid dwam drap an he but heard  
The wee-est cheep o't mou'd !

*Stoure.* He'll be for Sim,  
Yon nincompoop, the grieve o' Winnelstraes ?

*Heth.* 'Deed ay, the sumph ! But fare-ye-weel 'enoo,  
I see the Maister waggin'. Morn's nicht, mind,  
Sherp six o'clock !

*Stoure.* Ay, ay—"Just John !" ta-ta ! [Exit.

SCENE II. *The same. Inside the EXCHANGE,*

*A crowd of Farmers, Dealers, and Others. HOGG and  
COWE forgather.*

*Hogg.* Heard the news ?

*Cowe.* What news ?

*Hogg.* O ! his Lordship's hame ;  
At his Hotel, I saw his trunks set down.

*Cowie.* D'ye tell me that ? Our sporting Marquis  
hame !

Noo than sall it be dune ! Noo Hootsman's oe \*  
Anither tack o' Leddyslove may hae,  
Even for the asking o't.

*Hogg.* Nae wonder either,  
Haill seeventeen generations, "sire an' son"  
O' them hae ferm'd that land, an' ferm'd it weel ;  
Sae Hootman's grandson shanna be the last  
Gif my true pray'rs be heard.

*Cowie. (aside).* Auld hypocrite !  
The opposite ye want ! *(Aloud).* I'se back ye there,  
"At kirk, or market, mill, or smiddy," Sir !  
Losh ! there's the laird o' Bents—owre near the clock.  
He's awfu' alter'd sin' his son was lost,  
An's only here, nae doubt, to meet his freend,  
The Marquis, by-an'-by, at the Hotel.

*Hogg.* Like eneuch. But baith o' them,  
Lookin' as they do, an' only cauldrie wise,  
On this Sma' Holdings Measure—Hootsman's pet—  
May cause the birkie trouble—the mair sae as  
They say he's snifflin' efter Leddy Maaby,  
An' rinnin' red-wud to reveeve the Club  
His famous gutcher † lang presidit owre—  
The "Ferm Folk's Club," atweel ! Ha-ha ! ha-ha !

*Cowie.* But, Mister Hogg, the deil o' ill's in that ?  
The men hae as guid richt as we to clubs—  
An' we've haill three, I trow.

*Hogg.* Nae doubt, nae doubt ;  
We hae our monthly, quarterly, an' yearly anes—  
The "Farmers'," "Agricultural," an' "Hielant," tae,  
But nane o' thae is like the ane proposed  
To be restored ava. Tak' tent, my freend, tak' tent !  
Be no' owre leeberal afore ye're just !  
Should this Club to outrageous hichts look up,  
Young Hootsman's jist the man to egg them up.

---

\* Grandchild.

† Grandfather.



*Cove.* Young Hootsman's just the man to haud them in !

He has his gutcher's heid as weel's his bouk—

In a'thing he's his eemage to a tee !

*Hogg.* A-weel, a-weel, we'll see.

*Cove.* Sir Hugh's awa,

An' I'll be stappin' tae (*looking at his watch*)—it's twa o'clock

I meet the dealer wha did buy my wheat—

Twa stacks o' wheat that soom but forty pound !

Gad, Hogg, a fearfu' change sin' our young days,

Whan for the same I wad hae knuckled in—

As naething extra—owre a hunder, sure !

*Hogg.* Hoo muckle had ye ?

*Cove.* Thirty quarters, guid an' gray.

*Hogg.* A "fearfu' change" in sooth ! Ta-ta 'enoo.

I'se see ye doun at Japp's. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. (*The same*) *A room in the ST ANDREW HOTEL.*

*Enter the MARQUIS OF MOORCLEUCHS and HOST.*

*Mar.* Have they come, my traps ?

*Host.* O yes, my lord, and Hardheid with the van called for them, I am sure, an hour ago. Some wine, my lord, claret ?

*Mar.* No ! Whisky and Soda—and as soon as suits.

Why, Beefanbeer, my heart is sick of wine !

In Rome, and Paris too, the perspiration

That soaked my underwear made stupid drunk

Four laundry women in one washing day,

One of whom died of bile, and the three left

Foreswore wine evermore. No, give me the Dew,

The Mountain Dew, that I may smell as man !

Ha, hold ! Has Sir Hugh called ?

*Host.* He has my lord, and now is in his room.

*Mar.* (*aside*). How fat he's grown !

(*Aloud*). Thanks, good old Beefanbeer.

Just signify to him I'm here, and send a whisky prompt.

*Host.* With all good speed, my lord, with utmost speed.

*Mar.* But, Major-host, are my cigars away?

*Host.* No! In this crate I closed them to make sure.

My lord, your lordship's servant, I! | *Exit.*

*Mar. (alone).* Two years away, and I've not seen her since.

My Mary Stuart, more than queen to me—

My goddess once and saviour from myself—

I wonder how she feels, and how she'll look

When we do meet next time—meet, ne'er, I hope,

To quit us further than her care for me

Would grant us leave—a sore-grudged rood or so.

*Re-enter Host, with refreshments.*

Say! Mountain man, what in the world's your weight?

Your bulk's Falstaffian, and your weight, I'll bet,

Is three of mine! Come, what's your scale?

My own is eleven eight; height, five eleven;

And yours is — what?

*Host.* Your Lordship's jocular!

Your Lordship's nature's subtle, mine is simple,

'Tis therefore meet that mine should o'ertop thine

As much in bulk and body as thine doth mine

In wit and wisdom? My lord, your servant weighs

But barely three and thirty stones withal!

But times are hard, my lord, so flesh is jimp.

In height, I think, I stand some six feet three.

But hush, my lord, Sir Hugh is at the door. | *Exit.*

*Enter SIR HUGH SEAFLEM.*

*Mar.* Hail, hail, old friend!

*Sir Hugh.* All hail, and welcome back!

*Mar.* You got in time my London message, then?

*Sir Hugh.* I did, indeed. Straight from the Pontiff came you?

*Mar.* No. From Paris and from Julia straight I come.

*Sir Hugh.* Good heavens, Marquis! She fares well, I trust?

*Mar.* Top high, old fellow—set your mind at ease.  
Since your successful suit she hath not died,  
And e'en right soon will wed a millionaire—  
A Yankee democrat, who has run mad  
Upon Parisian Boulevards for "blue blood"  
And titles of our scoffed at "Upper Ten."

*Sir Hugh.* So soon! "Frailty is women" all time  
through!

*Mar.* And is Man never culpable?

*Sir Hugh.* We have been!

I thank you, Marquis, for that timely hint.  
I was the first, and greatest sinner too,  
But tho' all that, confessed, my lord, I swear,  
My heart was never false to her one hour!  
The public by appearances were wrong'd,  
As were both judge and you.

*Mar.* I think so, *now*.

Else, tho' I've been no saint myself in love,  
Her fate had been mine also, and divorce  
Would have involved our friendship all life's term.  
But it is otherwise, and I'm well pleased,  
And, as she's well, no doubt you too are pleased,  
And she, both well and wedding, shows she's pleased,  
So there the matter rests, and let it rest.  
How lies the land—what's new in home affairs?  
In matters public and political  
I am, of course, full coach'd now by the Press,  
But what is local now—aught that is new?  
My motor's due at three.

*Sir Hugh.* Mine, too, at three!

All are as when you left two years ago,  
The farmers rather more so—eve and morn,  
Mid-day and mid-night too—doing or dreaming—  
Whining incessantly; and the peasantry  
As regularly ev'ry term day  
"Throwing up the sponge," and turning backs upon  
The hopeless, hard ancestral drudgery,  
Fate has bequeathed them here, to rush townwards.

*Mar.* Lamentable, most lamentable! I know  
The Governmental remedies so called.  
But what say they, the labourers themselves?

The class that gave us Dick\* and Ferguson.†  
Readers of rocks below and stars above,  
Might surely grapple with a problem now,  
Which on the surface and in the daylight lies  
Spread gross before them as the fields they till?

*Sir Hugh.* Yes, my lord, yes. And neither are they dumb.

Within their homes, but chiefly in the haunts  
Where most they congregate—marts, hiring-fairs,  
Smithies, bothies, churchyards, bars, and inner rooms  
Of public-houses—*there* they are not slack,  
Neither of recounting of our country ills,  
Nor of suggesting and expounding for them  
Specifics manifold—absurd and good,  
Some comical and original throughout,  
Some with unconscious, drollest humour pang'd—  
All racy of the soil to a degree!

*Mar.* Of all things of this world would I hear them!  
Have you, Sir Hugh, no means to gratify me?

*Sir Hugh.* Why, that's a puz.! They're all so shy  
and proud,  
Spiteful, and jealous of us "gentry loons,"  
That they become tongue-tack'd and run from us  
As we detectives were from Scotland Yard  
Come in disguise to fish their secrets out,  
Which, once divulged, would them consign, they think,  
To life-long penal servitude—or worse!

*Mar.* I know that, therefore do I fear my wish  
To hear them in their own way—blunt and plain—  
Is just as likely e'er to fructify  
As is another wish—to hear gone friends  
Speak of the "life to come."

*Sir Hugh.* Tut, tut, not so.  
Can ye remember not when we were young,  
And yon grand Patriarch, John Hootsman, lived,  
Thy tenant friend of Leddyslove, who died  
In Ninety-nine, when all broad Scotland mourn'd?

*Mar.* Remember Hootsman: Ha! who that e'er met

---

\* The celebrated baker-geologist of Thurso.

† The country boy mechanist and astronomer of Banffshire.

Could then forget Apollo? His grandson, too,  
Hath been my able tenant since death came,  
And had at last his so long withheld prize,  
The seventeenth of an unbroken line  
Of noble husbandmen.

*Sir Hugh.* Yeomen unmatch'd!  
Well, this loved scion of a glorious stock  
Having, with all his means and rights intact,  
His grandsire's head and heart inherited,  
Is now, even now, reiterating  
His forebear's public life, and bringing to it  
More lore and greater tact and energy  
Than any even of his race could claim.  
My lord, he saved my boy, lost Jack's life twice o'er!  
And would to God he had been with him when  
He slipped from me yon night in Benty Bay!

*Mar.* I heard somewhat of this before I left,  
But has he naught in hand of later date?

*Sir Hugh.* My lord, you'll surely recollect the club—  
The "Farm Folk's Club"—the which we two in sport,  
Masked both as pressmen, visited one night  
When a full quorum of the sapient core  
Had met to hear and to deliberate  
Upon a "papier" that was read by Coom,  
The old blacksmith of Tingelring, I think—  
The same original who is located now  
At Garford "smiddy," near your own estate.

*Mar.* Ha! ha! I mind all well. The "Vulcan's  
speech"—

*Verbatim et literatum*—all about  
"The wa' ti'l manidge a kow an' kaf"  
Produced no end of merriment for long.  
But what hath that to do with Hootsman now?

*Sir Hugh.* Patience, and you shall hear. The "club"  
by him,  
And other kindred spirits, is about to be—  
The same as our Agrarian one's been done—  
That worthy ward and warder of the East!—  
Reinstituted, and next Friday night  
Is given out in all our public prints,  
And on dead walls and boardings numberless,

As the time purposed for effecting of it.  
Therefore, my lord, if thy anxiety's so great  
To hear first hand our county people's views  
On this so common and so sad departure,  
This vast exodus from their native grounds  
Of all our best and sturdiest peasantry—  
A concern fit for all, in thee so laudable—  
This "Club" may, by and by, afford the means,  
With comfort, ease, and speed to gratify?

*Mar.* By Jove! Where will its meetings hold, say  
you?

*Sir Hugh.* Within the Gray Sheep Inn of Garford  
town.

*Mar.* And when?

*Sir Hugh.* The first on Friday night at six,  
As now affirm'd in every British sheet  
That's worth its ink.

*Mar.* If living, I am there!

*Sir Hugh.* If so, you must be ready with a tale  
Fit both to screen yourself and turn the lock  
Of Sandy Swacker's door—a feat, my lord,  
That may tax even *your* brains—unless, indeed,  
You cribb'd a yokel's garb and masked again?

*Mar.* My *modus operandi* would unlock  
*Sans* either masks or cribbing, tale, or bribe,  
All but the doors of doom—Swackers, and all—  
I'll speak Young Hootsman's self, and he is mine—  
As I am his—all time!

*Sir Hugh.* Perhaps, perhaps!  
Well, *that* might serve, with some disguise, no doubt;  
But 'twould be vain on Friday night to try't,  
Because that meeting's simply called, my lord,  
Of those old members of the ancient club  
Who yet survive, and others, friendly to  
Its full resuscitation—now, as then,  
But broader based—more for utility,  
And less for merriment than long ago.

*Mar.* Well, notwithstanding this, should my life's  
span  
Extend to Friday night, I shall be there!  
But why should we not, arm in arm, Sir Hugh,

Go link'd together as in those bright days  
When we were lads, and love and gaiety  
Were what our hearts could only give or share  
To any or with any born of woman?

Let not now Julia's trouble move thee more,  
Since 'tis *non est* with her, and go with me.

*Sir Hugh.* Yes, yes. But did her Ladyship herself  
Inform your Lordship of her Yankee swain,  
And their projected union by and by?

*Mar.* No; but the partner of the groom-elect,  
With whose financial dealings while abroad  
I one time was constrain'd to mingle in,  
Was my original authority—  
Confirm'd by general report and talk.

*Sir Hugh (aside).* Thank God, Jack never knew,  
But from her silence in this world didst pass  
To that of death and dumb eternity!      (*To the Mar.*)  
I'll go, my lord, meet when and where you please.

*Mar.* Bravo, old man! Then, punct. at five,  
Furnish'd with Scott, thy stalwart shepherd's wear,  
You'll meet me in this room? Our motors wait!

*Sir Hugh.* On Friday evening at five? All right, my  
lord,  
Remind me to your lady and our ward,  
And gallant guardsmen now on leave at Cleuch.  
[*Exeunt.*

#### SCENE IV. GARFORD.

*The Taproom of the GRAY SHEEP INN.*

*Enter SWACKER and the TRAVELLER.*

*Swack.* Guid e'enin', freend. Snell blawin' wind.  
It's surely gaun to snaw?

*Trav.* Very like it.  
Bring in a caulker, an it please you sir.

*Swack* Certainly. And I hae what'll heat ye weel!  
[*Exit.*

*Trav. (alone).* This host is like his district—sharp  
and rough.

I'll bet he's just my man for all the roads.

*Re-enter SWACKER with the order, and water.*

(*Aloud*). Stay, landlord—have a drink—and kindly say,

If that you know, how many miles from here  
Lies old Tynelinn?

*Swack.* Tynelinn! Preserve us a',  
Tynelinn is on the ither side the hills,  
A dangerous gait, an' thirty mile, at least.

*Trav.* Thirty miles! (*Aside*). Then 'twon't see me  
this night.  
Landlord!

*Swack.* Ay, ay!

*Trav.* Could I in this outlandish hole  
A lodging passable secure to-night?

*Swack.* For siller down, I could secure ye ten,  
As passable as ony swell e'er saw,  
Tho' he cam frae the Deuk's. What would ye have?  
Frae chammers, dinkit as the Eastlin queen's  
At Sultan Solomon's, down to bothy barns,  
As bare as byers, my leddy wife supplies.

*Trav.* Good, very good. But mayn't I see them, sir?

*Swack.* See them! What for no, an' ye hae een ava?  
(*Goes to the door and calls.*) Jean! Jean! Where are  
ye, Jean? Come here, I say!

*A Voice (within).* What is't ye're wantin' noo? Losh,  
what a man!

*Enter Mrs SWACKER in d'shabile.*

*Mrs Swack.* What's a' the stourie noo? (*To the  
Trav.*) Excuse me, sir,

I'm busy reddin' up the kitchen fire,  
It's no been dune sin' Tyesday. What's yer will?

*Swack.* This city gentleman's to see yer rooms.  
Brush up, my love, an' let him see the ane  
Wharein the Great Prince lay whan he was here,  
Syne praised sae famously up-hill doun-dale. (*Aside, to  
Mrs Swack.*) The red room 'tween the closet an' the  
stair.

*Mrs Swack.* The Prince! What Prince?

*Swack.* The Prince o' Burgundy, or Tartary.



The Ill Thief tak' yer dulness ! You a wife !  
Sir ! she's afflictit, sin' she had the twins,  
Wi' a strange cramp in a' her mental pairts  
That fules her memory aft baith nicht an' day,  
But she'll come to belyve. Gae aff wi' her.  
Her smeddum's there, an' needs but reeslin up.  
Lead on, bold Jean, lead on !

[*Exeunt Mrs Swack and Trav.*

I think he'll do !

I watna wha he is ? A man o' mark !  
The room atween the closet an' the winnock,  
Thank God, is clean by ordinar' this day  
Had he come yesterday he'd seen a sicht !

*Re-enter Mrs SWACK and TRAV.*

*Mrs Swack (to Trav.).* Mair than three ? 'Deed, sir,  
we hae—twice owre three. But they're a' occupied, an'  
weel at that !

*Trav.* I don't dispute it, ma'm. Well, landlord, now,  
What say you for the red room on the landing ?  
I trust it is what you aver it is—  
“ Bone dry, and free of fleas and ither beese ? ”

*Swack.* Dry ? Fleas ? Sir, hearken but a blink to me :  
There's neither damp nor dirt within my doors,  
And as for fleas, an' sic like rascal trash,  
Ye micht as weel seek for a Jew as ane ;  
Their vera name's eneuch ! Last simmer, sir,  
It cost me quite a bank to drain this house.  
Ferret out rats an' mice, outside an' in,  
An' as for turpentine, white leid, an' pent,  
An' Keatin's inseck pouter—something awfu'—  
Nae man wad credit what I paid for them.  
Sae, gif the house be neither drain'd nor clean  
Its last spring reddin' drain'd and clean'd out me !  
Yet, on the back o' that, the Big Markee  
Had to be squared for that I bocht last year,  
Syne sitten up, an' a wide passage made  
Atween the Bar and it—an' a' to serve  
The public weal and comfort—ev'ry crinch !

*Trav.* Where's that marquee—I didn't see it round ?

*Swack.* In our back yaird. I'se let ye see't the morn.

In it are haldin' noo a' sorts o' plays,  
 A' meetin's o' a' kinds, doun frae the Deuk's,  
 An' auld fox-hunting Seafaem's o' the Bents—

*Trav. (startled).* "Seafaem!" Sir Hugh? Oh, sir,  
 do you know him?

I'm from America—Pittsburg—and bound for Bents!  
 'Tis at Tynelinn I'm to take train for it,  
 Find out Sir Hugh, and him deliver script,  
 Of grave import, indeed, to him and his.

*Swack.* Eh, man! eh, man! I hope it's naething ill?

*Trav.* I do not know. I may not say. I guess  
 'Tis of another taste than sorrow's is,  
 And calculate Sir Hugh will think it nice.

Well, for your room and food what is to pay?

*Swack.* Wan nicht, wan sov. for you; for ither folk  
 —that room's in sich demand—I nicht say *twa*.

*Trav.* And would you get them?

*Swack.* I've gotten mair:  
 For instance, frae the Prince, a hantle mair—

*Trav.* Well, there's three dollars more. You'll stay  
 awhile?

*Swack.* As lang's I can. (*Goes to the door and calls.*)  
 Jean, ! mind the Bar, my lass.

*Enter HETHERBEL and HORSMAN, followed by Mrs.*  
*SWACKER.*

*Heth.* Guid e'enin', Sandy; Is the Markee ready?  
 The Friday nicht's the nicht! Ye hae a neibor?

*Swack.* A traveller frae Amairiky nae less!  
 (*To the Trav.*) Twa couthie auld acquaintances o'  
 mine,

Ca'in' as frae the Market they gae bye.

*Trav.* Friends all! good evening. Still snowing yet?

*Hors.* A dounricht gatherin' storm. (*To Mrs.*  
*SWACK.*)

A dram an' a pint o' swipes, ma'm,—*the best!*

*Mrs. Swack.* Atweel will I. Yer sowps I ken richt  
 weel! [*Exit*

*Hors.* But what about the Markee an' the meetin'?  
 Do ye expeck a big ane, Maister Swats?  
 An' unco flutter's being made about it,

The Markis, wha cam' hame this week, kens o't,  
He spak' o't to Wull Shannon at the Craig.

*Swack.* Big it'll be, being free to a' that like,  
But for unfreends nae door o' mine sall swing—  
I ken our faes by heid mark—nane shall pass,

*Re-enter Mrs SWACK with the order, and Exit.*

Gin ye're in time you twa! We maun hae peace,  
An' the Association startit strong.

Young Hootsman's deid sworn for it by the beuk,  
And he's his auld Granfaither owre again.

*Heth.* Look for me, Sandy, sherp on six o'clock.

*Hors.* And me—wi' fifty ithers at my heels!

*[Exeunt Heth. and Hors.]*

*Trav.* What's all this, Landlord, about clubs and  
meetings?—

But I don't know if 'tis correct to ask?

*Swack.* Ask till ye nod—it's a' correck eneuch.  
It means nae mair than that there was, langsyne,  
A club we ca'd the "Ferm Folk's" ane, which dee'd  
Whan that its starters an' its Praisident  
Grew owre auld for the care an' fash o' it.  
But ance-a-day, it was as popular  
As auld Broun's kirkings yont at Hedinton.

*Trav.* For what—and why?

*Swack.* Because it was their *ain*,  
*The people's ain*—a' their estates in ane,  
King, Lords, an' Commons, Parish Buird's an' a',  
Owre whilk they held control—complete—deereck  
Ilk meetin' nicht—a' wha belang'd it—  
By open speech and vote.

*Trav.* And you seek now  
The restoration of this so-prized Union?  
I understand it quite. Wall, forge a-head,  
The battle's for the grit in Scotland still—  
Even I may join your ranks before I die!

*Enter NANNY CAIRNS and MAGGIE GLEN.*

*Nan.* An awfu' nicht, sirs! But hoo are ye a'?  
We'se try a toothfu' to keep out the cauld,  
The wind outside wad skin a Laplander—  
'Od, Maggie, ring that bell!

*Swack.* (*Going to the door.*) Jean! ser' the Tap!

*Re-enter Mrs SWACKER.*

*Nan.* A gill for gudesake—haste ye, haste ye, ma'm !  
I'd no' been here, but our Tam wants to ken  
Gif that the Club's to start the morn again ?

*Mag.* Jock's mither, tae, is ill—she's ninety-fowre—  
An' sair a mouthfu' needs to bring her round.  
Fesh me a bottle, ma'm, at twa an' nine.

[*Exit Mrs. SWACKER.*

*Swack.* Folk for the Club meet here—tell Tam,  
Nanny—  
In my Markee on Friday nicht at six.

*Enter MICHAEL TUBBS, with the drink ordered.*

Mick, pit the glasses doun an' tak' the road !  
Is a' yer scrubbin' an' yer soopin' dune ?

*Tubbs.* Troth, sor, it is. I'm at the kitchen now.

*Swack.* Weel, leather up, an' get it throo, slap-bang,  
The morn's the Markee's Daikoration day !

[*Exit TUBBS.*

*Nan.* Maister Swacker, I'm bound to tell yersel',  
Ye keep a rale fine toothfu' aye o' weich !  
An' no' that dear stuff either, div ye ken ?  
Weel, weel. *Guid nicht an' joy be wi' ye a' !*  
What ye said I'se mind Tam o'.

*Mag. (Rising.)* Guid bye wi' a' !  
My auld guid-mither 'll be wearyin' for me !  
She's tastit nane sin' denner time !

*Swack.* Ta-ta, ta-ta.

*(Aside.)* Twa just as slee an' drouthy hypocrites  
As e'er scour'd hicht and howe in search o' drams—  
Sweirin' 'twas something else ! *(To the Trav.)*  
Excuse me, sir,

But are ye set to reach Tynelinn the morn ?

*Trav.* I must. But can't I have a cab from here ?

*Swack.* Hoot ay—twenty—gif sae be that the roads  
Be wheelable ava. What time, say ye ?

*Trav.* The cars do leave Tynelinn for Bents at two.

*Swack.* A' richt. Say ten frae here ?—the road's  
nae flet !

But Mick sall dump ye there as sure as death—

He's just the deilest Jehu in the shire,  
An' sticks at naething. (*Goes to the door and speaks in  
a low voice to Mrs SWACKER in the Bar.*) Jean, hark  
ye, Jean!

Is the fire on yet in the room abune?

Weel, weel, send Mick to me at wance, my doo.

*Trav.* Thanks. Step with me to my room? The  
fire is lit?

*Swack.* Bleezin' like a kitlin' o' Vestuvius, sir,  
The wife tells me. (*A knock, on hearing which SWACK  
goes to the door, and talks to TUBBS in the Bar.*)

*Swack.* (*To Tubbs.*) - Is Cobbler shod complete?

*Tubbs.* (*From the Bar.*) Nary a shod is he! Sure  
the owld smith

Has ne'er a nail druv in him since grass time?

*Swack.* Cot tam! Awa, awa, ye Irish vagabond,  
Ye're for Tynelinn the morn—awa, I say,  
An' yerk him to the smiddy straucht aff-hand,  
An' see that Coom removes the hail fowre shoon,  
An' sherps the fore's. An' while he's at it, Mick,  
Slip ye alang to Sned the gaird'ner body's,  
An' coax him to help me to daicorate  
Our grand Markee the morn wi' flags an' floo'rs—  
Airches o' evergreens an' mottoes rare—  
(He should fesh rowth o' tape, remember him)—  
An' to mak sure he'll come, Mick, sleely hint  
That ye are mair than morally certain sure  
A stiff dram will be gaun maist a' the day,  
For weel it's kenn'd he'd cross the seas for drink!

*Tubbs.* An' so he would—in Knox's galley, too!

*Swack.* (*Turning from the door.*) Awa, awa, ye  
flae till bed time come!

*To the Trav.* That Irish pad, as I was sayin', sir,  
Is the maist deevilish, yet the truest loon  
That ever Maister trustit wi' a naig!  
He's worth his wecht in gowd twice owre to me!  
I wadna pairt wi' him to please the Prince,  
An' a' his freends an' mine on Lammermoor!  
I train'd him up mysel'—and he's a brick!  
But ye want to yer room?

*Trav.* Yes. We may have  
More peace there to enjoy our smoke and chat,  
Being some distance from the noisy Bar? [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *The same. The upstairs bed-room—SWACKER'S imaginary PRINCE'S CHAMBER, a plain but cosy-looking apartment.*

*Enter SWACK and TRAV.*

*Swack.* So there ye are! His ROOM! HE *sat* owre there

In a THRONE-CHAIR he brang frae Barbary,  
An' swappit to the Deuk for his brass gun!  
But mak' yersel' at hame—he's no' here noo! (*Going.*)

*Trav.* Don't go away! Have one cigar and wine?

*Swack.* I never drink, but whiles. Time presses, sir,  
I've warls to do yet ere my darg be dune.

*Trav.* A single word—I shan't detain you long.  
You spoke down stairs about Sir Hugh Seafaem,  
Are you acquainted, or a friend of his?

*Swack.* Them baith, them baith, I trow! I ken Sir Hugh

As weel's his mither did before she deid.

*Trav.* Then you must be aware that he divorced  
Himself from Lady Seafaem—years ago?

*Swack.* "Aware"! lord, man, I was chief witness  
Baith of the cause, and at the trial o't.  
Sir Hugh was nae mair guilty in that deed  
Than I was in the "murder" of BLACK JOCK,  
Wha chokit ae' nicht eatin' tripe doun stairs.  
There was a secret in't—a faimily ane.

*Trav.* Have you a glimmering of what it was?

*Swack.* A "glimmerin'!" I saw the thing itsel',  
As plump an' plain as I see you owre there!  
But, till the day Sir Hugh grants me his leave,  
No' a' your cross-examinin' avocats,  
Tho' they were sleek an' slee as Jesuits,  
Sall ever trick ae' cheep o't oot o' me!  
Sae dinna try it on, I wairn ye, Sir.

*Trav.* No need for that. I never sought to pry  
Into domestic privacies at all,

But only wish'd to learn—seeing you know,  
And are known by Sir Hugh, if his two sons,  
Or either of them, you did also know?  
And as for the divorce, the public Press  
Served it to English-speaking folk  
In countless courses every day for weeks.

*Swack.* An' for thae reasons only, ye wad ken  
If that I ever met or kenn'd the sons?

*Trav.* That's so.

*Swack.* Well, fair play baith! Tell me your name,  
An' what's your business strollin' here 'enoo  
To this "outlandish hole?" First tell me that,  
An' syne, should I than think it's safe, I may  
Let out what ye wad hae—an' aiblins mair!

*Trav.* Right, you! Agreed at once! I'm Abe  
Bright Steele,

But known at home, briefly, as "Bright Steele,"  
Of Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, U.S.A.—  
Named after Lincoln and John Bright I was—  
An obscure, well-to-do, and leisured coon,  
Seeking to serve my partner, now in France,  
By finding out Sir Hugh—where'er he is—  
And handing to himself some documents  
Of value, great to him, and some to us,  
And that is all; so, being in Scotland,  
And having heard much of it in my time,  
And read no little also, I broke off  
At Berwick town, and deviated thence  
As far west as Melrose and Abbotsford,  
Then back to Kelso, which I left this morn,  
And cross'd your dreary Lammermoors on foot,  
And thus am here to-night, well nigh, I hope,  
At my long journey's end o'er sea and land. (*Takes a  
packet from his breast pocket and hands it to Swacker.*)  
Scan these credentials, and be satisfied.  
Then what you feel "safe" to communicate,  
Do so to-morrow, ere I leave at ten.  
To-night I am dead beat, and must to bed.

*Swack.* Sleep's been yer maister ever sin' ye cam'—  
To bed, to bed! An' sic a bed! at that!  
A bed that e'en a yearl as thrang as me

Might weel lie doon an' hug, and hug for hours !  
 The Prince o' Tartary himsel' declared  
 He hadna seen the match o't in his time,  
 " Altho'," quo' he, " I've lain wi' Royal Kings  
 On tikes o' eider doon an' Cheena sulks."  
 I've read your papers, Sir, an' i' th' morn  
 Will tell ye what I dow—Guid nicht, 'enoo.  
 Just ring the bell an ye want onything.

*Trav.* I will do so. Good-night, old man, good-night.  
[*Exit Swacker.*]

A living moral curiosity—  
 A compound of fat Falstaff and Prince Hal ?  
 Whatever, morrow morning, he may say,  
 It will go hard with me indeed if I  
 Don't look him up again before I leave  
 This old romantic land—(which seems so strange,  
 Yet so familiar and plain withal !)—  
 Land of my fathers, " Bonnie Scotland " still !  
[*Exit into bed-closet.*]

SCENE VI. (*The same*) *The Bar.* Mrs SWACKER and  
 TUBBS serving, and a promiscuous company of country  
 men drinking and chatting around ; and, near the  
 door, NANNY CAIRNS and MAGGIE GLEN having a  
 parting " nip " and gossip by themselves.

*Nan.* Drink up, Maggie, drink up ! This nicht, I'm  
 sure,  
 Wad gar a Rooshian drink by ord'nar veecious,  
 An', tell me, did ye see them ?

*Mag.* Ay, an' spak' them, tae !  
 Ye ken to Kate MacNeeven's aft he gangs,  
 An' has dune sae sin' e'er her man was kill'd.  
 He sends her mair, they say, than keeps her house.

*Nan.* A' that I ken. Nae doubt her hand is fou.  
 A weedie wi' a son a born naitural—  
 No fit to fend himsel ! Eh dear ! eh dear !  
 Thank God young Hootsman has them in his e'e ;  
 For Tam says he's the AULD ANE owre again,  
 An' a' the kintra kent what sort *he* was.

*Mag.* Ay, faigs did it ! Weel, Nancy, lass, yestreen  
 Was eicht nichts I'd been seein' Mysie White.



(She thraw'd her cuit whan funkin' Dougal's doug)—  
An' comin' pappin hame round Keltie's Dykes,  
Wha think ye I should maist dunt up against,  
At Robin's Corner, but the pair themsel's,  
An' linkit loof in loof, an' cosh as doos !

*Nan.* Lord-have-a-care-o'-me ! Div ye say that ?  
A common fermer wi' his laird's ain niece !  
'Twad set the Tory Markis ravin' gyte,  
As weel's her ither uncle, auld Sir Hugh—  
(A sair-tried man a'ready)—did they ken.

*Mag.* A nice-like lookin' couple—what for no ?  
Altho', they say, she leckters whan at hame,  
Oot owre the Border, upo' things they ca'  
Rank soshaleesem nonsense, oot an' oot.

*Enter SWACKER hurriedly.*

*Swack.* Come, come ! Drink up ! It's on the chap  
o' ten.

Toun Council bye-laws rule yer auld howff noo !  
Mick ! fesh the shutters ere I steek the door ;  
I hear the Bobbie comin'—bustle up !  
Och, leddies, Nan an' Meg ! Leeze me on you,  
An' hound yer men-folk here on Friday night !  
The snawin's owre. Ta-ta wi' ane an' a' !

[*Exeunt NAN, MAG and the other customers, after  
whose exit SWACKER shuts and bolts the street  
door securely.*

*Swack.* Mick, off to bed ! I've seen a' Cobbler's shoon.  
But what said Sned, the little gaird'ner sowl ?

*Tubbs.* His mouth, sor, ran wid wather sore to see,  
An' trickled down his beard beyant his chin,  
As soon's I mintioned potheen to the scub !

*Swack.* Weel, aff to bed, an' up an' wash the gig,  
An' hae it yokit sherp by ten the morn ;  
For, snaw or nae snaw, he maun catch the train  
Whilk leaves Tynelinn for Bents at twa P.M.

*Tubbs.* Sure he'll be there, olive or dead, in toime,  
I'm tipp'd already by both Peg an' him. | *Exit.*

*Swack.* Now, Jean, tell me the dounricht truth in this—  
Is yon bed clean an' free o' flaes, or no ?

*Mrs Swack.* Weel, Sandy, yes. It was but yesterday  
That Peg an' me pat clean sheets on that bed ;  
An' as for flaes, we kill'd a' that we catch'd —  
Tho' troth to speak a smytrie got awa,  
An' some we gript loup'd frae our finger ends.  
What could a body mair? Gae wa' wi' ye!  
The gentleman's deid tired—he'll sleep as sound  
As ony Corbie craw, tho' a' the flaes  
That e'er infestit Garfuird stang his bouk!

*Swack.* I think he will. Thank God he cross'd the  
moor  
On fit frae Kelso toun! Let's into bed! [Exeunt.

## ACT II.

SCENE I. GARFORD. *Before the Gray Sheep Inn.*

*TUBBS discovered standing beside a horse yoked to a gig.*

*Stubbs.* Oh, be the powers 'tis could! An' where is he?  
Sure he will come at wanst, swate gintleman!

*Enter PEGGY DISHIE.*

*Peg.* Losh, Micky, isn't cauld? Here, tak this maud,  
An' wairp it round yer chowks. I say ye will!  
Think ye I'm to be pester'd wi' a loon,  
Like *you*, gaun hoastin' throo the house for weeks?  
Tak it, or never a' yer mortal life  
Seek my guid will again!

*Tubbs.* Me purty Peg!  
I'd wear a hearthrug round me neck for you,  
And think meself a prince! (*Sings*).

Dear Peggy, when you've nought to do,  
An' cleansed is pot and pan,  
Forbid not, dear, to come to you  
Your "handsome Irish man!"  
Loight-hearted, gay from head to fut,  
Who better ever ran?  
Sure, thin, Peg sighs for no one but  
Her "handsome Irishman!"

*Peg (excitedly).* Wheesht ! The maister, Mick !

*Enter SWACKER.*

*Swack. (seeing Peg).* Begone, ye idle baggage ! Mick,  
here he comes !  
His flask wi' bran'y Mistress Swacker's fillin' ;  
Lord, hoo he wastes his gear ! But never mind.

[*Exit* PEG.]

See *you* behave yersel ; and, abune a',  
Be ye hame here at five to help me throo ;  
For this will be a nicht that Garfuird toun  
Has seldom seen the maik o' at "The Inn,"  
Tho' it has seen a when !

*Enter the TRAVELLER, gloved and muffled.*

*Trav.* Good morning, Mike !

Now, Landlord, though your communication  
This morn amounts to nothing more than what  
Last night's one did, I do not blame you for it ;  
In fact, I rather like your Scots reticence ;  
It shows both mind and caution ; but, look here,  
Expect me round again, when from the north  
I journey leisurely to *La Belle France*.

*Swack.* As welcome as the prince ye'se be to me !

[*Exit* TRAV. and TUBBS.]

*Swack. (calling from the Bar door to a poor woman in the street).* Hey, Kate ! Come here !

*Enter KATE MACNIVEN.*

*Swack.* Wheesht, Kate, ye besom ! Hoo are ye noo  
ava ?

I ken yer story. Dinna speak to me—  
Say naething—jist tak' this ! Awa ye go !

*Kate.* Oh Sandy ! a pound note ! Ye're far owre kind,  
Besides, young Hootsman—Leddy Mab as weel—  
Do never let we want indeed, indeed !

*Swack.* Wheesht, wheesht ! Ye'se need it a' ere  
winter's bye.

Come to the Club some nicht and speak at it,  
An' gie them't het and strong—as you *can* do.

*Kate.* Oh, yès, I'se promise that. But what wey this? (*pointing to the bank note he had just given her*).

*Swack.* Ye saw Mick Tubbs the noo drive aff wi' ane? Weel, he's a Yankee traveller—a Jew, Richer than a' the Rothchilds row'd in ane, Seein' he gae me—'ithout grudge or grummel, For ae nicht's lodging an' a soup o' wine, Nae less than twa and thirty shillin's doun— Eneuch to pay me six times owre fu' weel! That note ye've gat was his—keep it, ye fule! Ye're needin't mair than me—awa, awa!

*Kate.* Our mod'rn Sandy! wha can faddom him? He's like the man langsyne ca'd Robin Hood, He spills the wealthy to fill up the puir. God bless an' prosper him in a' his warks!

*Swack.* Kate! tak the gate at wance, an' keep in mind Your promise to the Club—a rousing speech, Ane that will fricht the lairds; but gin ye blab, Either to Hootsman or to Lady Mab, Or onybody else, look out, I say, An' wish yersel' in Garfuird cemet'ry Or a waur place!

*Kate.* Yea, yea, thou warld conqueror!  
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The Craig Hamlet. Inside Kate MacNiven's cottuge. SHONNIE discovered.*

*Shon.* Ma daidy's lang o' comin' hame. He no kens the cat's kittle't, that's the wey. She has eleeven, three gray anes, an' eicht red anes. The minister is like the wee gray anes, and Maister Swacker is like the red anes. He wants seven, but aw'll gie him ten. He keeps fine swipes. Here's mammy!

*Enter KATE.*

Mammy, did ye see daidy, ma faither? he's awfu' lang! What's in that basket? (*KATE, furtively weeping, takes from her basket a child's little cart, and presents it to SHONNIE, who in great glee leaps and claps his hands, and then runs out of the house, dragging by a string the toy cart behind him*).

*Kate (alone).* Eh, Sandy Swats, thy guidness maks me greet !  
Tho' rauckled-tongued an' leein'-mou'd ye be,  
Ye mindit Shonnie, my puir innocent !  
At twenty-three as helpless as a wean  
Is at as mony months ! But whare's he noo ?  
(*Going to the door to recall SHONNIE, KATE meets young HOOTSMAN, and brings him in.*)

*Hoots.* Good morning, ma'am. I've just been to the Castle,  
And thought I might look in as I came by ?

*Kate.* Ye're ever walcome abune a'budy,  
For, sir, ye're e'en the auld man—in an' out—a' owre.

*Hoots.* Who ? my grandfather ? Is it he you mean ?  
Surely your troubles, then, have blinded you,  
If you do liken me—a half-fledged waif—  
To yon grave, priest-like sage and patriarch,  
Wisdom and worth and wit incarnate,  
My hoary, almost-worshipped predecessor ?

*Kate.* I hadna in my mind his hinmaist years ;  
But when I saw ye steppin' ben the transe,  
'Od, sir, your semblance to him strack me strang,  
As he appear'd at Leddyslove langsyne,  
Whan I first gaed to work at herding craws.

*Hoots.* What year was that ?

*Kate.* Whan I was jimply twal,  
Some forty years ago.

*Hoots.* That must have been  
Some time before his marriage with Miss Fairbairn—  
His third and last ?

*Kate.* Oh, yes ! and e'en before  
His second ane. Jamie, his auldest son—  
Your faither, the late Glesca doctor, sir—  
An' me were born within a week o' ither !  
Yet Jamie's deid—years syne—an' I am spared,  
An's like to be sae lang's I'm crowdie spared.

*Re-enter SHONNIE, cracking a child's whip.*

*Kate.* O Shonnie ! Whare's your wee cairtie, sonny ?

*Shon.* In its cairt-shed.

*Kate.* Whaten a shed ? We have nae cairt-shed  
here.

*Shon.* The auld chicken cavie, hootsie, tootsie. Aw want a horse; aw've a rare cairt, an' a whip, but aw hiv nae horse, hootsie, tootsie; will Sandy Swats hae ony to sell? Aw'll see — O! (*Sings*)—

Here's young Maister Hootsman,  
Hootsie, tootsie, toots, man!  
Him or Sandy's pretty fair,  
But it taks me to mak' a pair!

(*Slyly*)—

Aw ken a wee callant, as sure as awm leevin',  
An' the name on his cairtie is Shonnie MacNeeven!

*Hoots.* Good! Shonnie; that's A! Come, try again! A "horse!" Why, I'll buy you a horse myself, As big's our collie pup at Leddyslove, The first time I see Swats! Come, try again!

*Shon.* (*sings*)—

A bonnie wee horsie frae auld Sanny Swats,  
For Shonnie MacNeeven to yoke wi' his cats  
In his bonnie new cairtie, Fa' de la! lay,  
Awa to the city laiden wi' strae!

*Hoots.* (*to Kate*). Wonderful, wonderful in him! Is he a poet often?

*Kate.* O mercy, yes!  
The puir thing's vera gyte, an' raibles rhymes,  
The same as 'mong sillies, a' day lang—  
Maist whan his mood is high or unco laigh;  
His uncle Robie did the same afore him,  
An' dee'd a beggar man, tho' he was "wise,"  
As lots are bauld eneuch to threep he was.

*Hoots.* But Shonnie is astonishing, my friend, And, I think, altogether singular.

*Kate.* He's just, Sir, as he was whan foure year auld. An' unco clyte he first had aff a dyke,  
An' than he teuk *bad turns*, the doctor said,  
An' stoppit growing mentally for guid—  
But some pairts mair than ithers.

*Shon.* (*looking out of the window*). Leddy Mab! Mammy, there's Leddy Mab, the English Queen!

*Kate.* (*hearing a rap, goes and opens the door*). O yes! Come in my Leddy, Maister Hootsman's here!

*Enter Lady MABEL.*

*Lady Mab. (to Hootsman).* Good-day! (*Smiling*)—  
We've met before, I think?

*Hoots. (Confusedly)*—We have ——  
I saw your Ladyship, I think, when I  
stood talking with the Marquis this forenoon?

*Lady Mab.* Yes; that is so. (*To Kate.*) Well, did  
you get the wool  
I sent by Tipem, our old Major domo?  
I've called to let you know how many pairs  
The Marchioness would like of the new socks—  
Six for sons; and, for her husband, four.  
His Lordship likes them comfortable and warm,  
So kindly knit his tight, and thick, and large.  
Shonnie! Come here, my boy. What think you now?

(*Takes from her reticule a small flute and presents it  
to him.*)

*Shon.* Aw canna play'!

*Hoots.* Let me see it, Shonnie. (*Takes and plays on it.*)  
“Hootsie, tootsie,” lad!

It whistles like a laverock in May!

But try it on yourself! (*SHONNIE does so, and succeeds  
after a time in making a noise.*)

*Shon. (singing proudly)*—

D'ye ken a wee laddie; d'ye ken little Shonnie  
Has gotten a whistle-flute shinin' an' bonnie,  
To tak to the city, Fal de lal lay,  
When he gangs wi' his cairtie laidit wi' strae!

*Lady Mab.* Well done, Shonnie! With practice you  
may be

The unsurpass'd, the incomparable  
Of Lothian laureates! Mister Hootsman, Sir.  
Really you should try and bring him on,  
He does seem worth it.

*Hoots.* More so than ever!

Shonnie, give us another stave! Come on!  
A horsie like a goat Swats has for sale,  
And 'twill be yours to-night, as large as life,  
If you'll but sing another single snatch!

*Shon. (uplifted with this promise sings at once.)*

A bonnie wee horsie, a bonnie wee flute,  
 An' a bonnie wee cairtie ahint the wee brute,  
 Gaun swingin' to Embro', Fal de lal lay,  
 Crunchin owre the rich roads, an' laiden wi' strae!

*Hoots.* Tip-top, Shonnie! Your horse shall be a prize,  
 The premier prizer of the great toy world,  
 Near which none may so much as geck at!

[Exit SHONNIE.]

*Kate.* The puir thing's just a bairn! Your Laddyship  
 Maun no be owre sair on him! What are we a'  
 But that we're made by Nature, time, an' place?  
 Had our surroundings no been what they were,  
 We micht hae been as weak as Shonnie is!

*Lady Mab.* No doubt of that, my friend MacNiven,  
 dear!

And that such circumstances may be more just;  
 Why, I have staked my life, and all I have!  
 The present time's a time for myraids  
 Of wrong inhuman—fraud and cruelty—  
 Unjustifiable in every sense,  
 Save that it is the outcome of the past.

*Hoots.* I thank you from my heart for what you say!  
 Such sympathetic words, your Ladyship,  
 Appeal to me like Christ's!

*Kate.* And, unto me,  
 Like them o' the Most High on Sina's Hill,  
 Whilk a' the hail yirth heard, an' sheuk to hear!  
 O Laddy Mab!

I've read your words in England, and I swear  
 I felt as I could follow you to death,  
 To fire or bluidy death, an' it were needit to!  
 To hear what I cam' throo was naething mair  
 Than what by countless millions owre the globe  
 Is suffer'd nicht an' day, fair split my heart,  
 An' made me shudder at the fiend-like shame  
 O' a' that do alloo't! To live an' see't—  
 To rise at morn an' gang to bed at e'en,  
 No caring wan flae-bite about it a',  
 But masquerawdin'—dinkit out in gowd,  
 An' lace an' silk—while maybe owre the street  
 Weak women an' wee weans, ay, strong men, tae,



Gie up the ghost, or perish inch by inch,  
Lacking a styme o' that the walthy waste,  
Or cast to pamper'd dougs! Soshaleezim!  
Wha wadna sell their sarks to help it on,  
Let Christ's sel' pardon, for nane lower could!  
For they are sand-blind to their brethren's ills,  
Or else are e'en mair heartless than the brutes—  
Kennin' nor richt nor wrang—that kill to live!

*Lady Mab.* Mistress MacNiven you astonish me!  
To find a priestess of our glorious faith  
In a Scot's wayside cottage, leagues removed  
From other centres—greater than Garford—  
A rustic village, whose long single street  
It draggles straggling from surrounding moors,  
Like a Moss-trooper's band in ancient days,  
Returning tipsy from some border raid!

*Kate.* My Leddy Maaby, aneath rankest truf  
Rare gowden nuggets aften hae been found,  
An' pearls, odd times, are ta'en frae oyster shells—  
Nae wise implyin' I'm the tane or tither—  
An' I see nocht that need astonish ye;  
I get deereck frae Sandy Swats up here  
The books an' journals that he gets himsel'  
As straucht frae Lon'on down, and I can read,  
An' have read ilka speech o' yours in prent,  
Whilk ye hae made sin' first ye jined our core,  
Your suffrage screeds, an' a'.

*Hoots.* But, Mistress Kate,  
You surely do not make yours all you read—  
The creed of Socialism with the rest?

*Kate.* Wer't in my poo'r, the vera morn's mornin'  
Wad see't establisth'd e'en as wide's its need,  
An' that, my son, is the "warld owre," atweel!

*Hoots.* Your "world o'er" would then be, I'm afraid,  
Immeasurably sadder than it is,  
And it *is* sad; God knows!

*Lady Mab.* Why would it be?

*Hoots.* Because of human nature, first of all,  
Follow'd by other things allied to that,  
Too numerous and patent to be named,  
Would make its failure certain as that man's

From whom all motive's reft for thought or work.

*Lady Mab.* By Socialism he would not be reft,  
But have right motives all intensified,  
Ten-fold increased, enobled, purified,  
Befitting the new man and the new time!

*Hoots.* Though sadly discontent, I'm unconvinced,  
More sadly still—I see so many blocks.

*Lady Mab.* Have you read Mister Swacker's volumes  
yet?

*Hoots.* I'm reading them.

*Kate.* Go on, my son, go on! for God-sake, do!  
A chiel like you will sune blaw "blocks" to bits,  
An' mak' o' them a road-way up to Eden!  
Go on thou Man of men—Auld Hootsman's sel'  
Come back again to keep in life this warl'!  
Go on, an' brush aside the silly lees  
Self-interestit scamps an' fules propound  
To stey our onward mairch! Judge for thyself—  
Jist read an' think—a comrade syne we'll hae,  
Worth mony crouds in this benichtit land!  
The case for us stands clear as Aither's Sait!\*

*Hoots.* Which, like your "case," is too oft hid from view  
'Neath rank obscuring reek or densest mist!

*Kate.* We'se blaw't awa whan ance the Club's set  
gaun!

*Lady Mab.* The "Club"? O yes! I had forgot to ask  
Is it to be proceeded with to-night?

*Hoots.* Yes, certainly. The meeting's called for six.

*Lady Mab.* Despite the storm?

*Hoots.* The people who will come  
Reck not, your Ladyship, of "storms" like this,  
A summer midge's sting.

*Kate.* A curn o' snaw!  
My faith, my Leddy, folk acquent wi' want,  
Oppression, an' hard labour a' their lives,  
Have something else to tout or trouble them  
Than trifflin' drifts o' snaw or tiffs o' wind!  
The storm that scaurs ye winna hinner them,  
But spur mair o' them furth owre hill an' dale.

---

\* Arthur Seat, Edinburgh.

*Lady Mab.* Well? What will be the upshot, think you, sir?

Will the Old Club's rejuvenescence be  
Resolved upon right off?

*Hoots.* Undoubtedly,  
Unanimously, too—or almost that.

*Lady Mab.* And, afterwards, how often may you meet?

*Hoots.* That, yet, I cannot tell. The Old Club had  
Six general meetings annually, but  
I shall go in for double that, although,  
Of course, that item will be fixed by vote,  
And the decision telegraph'd at once  
Both far and near. Your Ladyship's address  
To honourable members may be given  
On some date in the Fall, and Mistress Kate's,  
Near next New Year, or after, as arranged.

*Lady Mab.* Thank you. I can be ready any night,  
Due time being given me to prepare myself.

*Kate.* I promish'd Sandy Swats, indeed, to speak,  
For he's a man, I trow, there's nae refusin'—  
A Christian-hertit Tyrant a'thegither—  
A gruff an' lowse-tongued saunt if e'er ane lived!  
But what, O, Maister Hootsman, mercy me,  
I couldna gie them onything but Scotch?  
An' as for me "preparin'" to do *that*—  
As weel the sheep ask to "prepare" to baa,  
Or Shonnie to lilt rot or gabble rames,  
As me to saddle doun an' write harangues!

*Lady Mab.* Small need have you, my friend, to fear  
to speak!  
If you have aught to tell of weight or worth,  
Out with it fearlessly in your own way  
And native idiom, and you'll beat us all!

*Hoots.* You may be rough, Old Kate, but you are  
strong,  
Mind, therefore, how ye hit, and whom ye hit.  
I'll call some day next week. Hallo, Shonnie!

*Re-enter SHONNIE, sucking a long stick of candy.*

Where have you been to that you've fared so well?

*Shon.* (*singing*)—

Sandy Swats he gae to me  
 Clagam-rock an' barley bree !  
 Wi' meat an' maut he stow'd ma wame,  
 Syne wash'd my face an' sent me hame !

O Aw've left ma whup i' th' cairt shed ! [Exit

*Hoots.* Wonderful ! Surely, tho' gone astray,  
 Within the head of this poor creature once  
 A heavenly gift was sent direct to earth ?

*Lady Mab.* Something peculiar !—he puzzles me !

*Hoots.* I wonder was he really down to Swats' ?

*Kate.* Och ! It's a' blethers ! He's gyte, the bairn's  
 gyte,

Sae nocht but havers strings he, or can string ;  
 An' tho' ye paid him gowden guineas for't,  
 Swats wadna weet his mou wi' barley bree ;  
 Besides, I trow, he's seen the Minister,  
 An' 'twas frae him he gat the candy stick.

*Lady Mab.* Well ma'm, it is full time I was away,  
 They at the Castle look for me at noon.

*Hoots.* And I, as well, am due at loosing time,  
 To settle with the steward for the week.

(*To Kate.*) So, in one word, good-bye !

[Exeunt LADY MAB and HOOTS.]

*Kate.* (*Alone.*) *My God, it's true !* The baith o' them  
 are smut !

O they were smert ! but no mair smert than Kate !  
 I saw their smiles, an' awkward anxiousness,  
 That I should think they'd met be accident ;  
 Or ne'er had met before ! Preserve us a' !  
 The only dauchter o' an English Lord,  
 An' John—hooe'er he looks—nae mair at best  
 Than but a kind o' well-aff fermer lad—  
 Nae doubt a gentleman frae heid to heel,  
 A duchess micht be proud to woo an' win—  
 But what will noble uncles say ava—  
 Game-breeders, yachtsmen, an' foxhunters tae !  
 An' baith the Markis an' Sir Hugh besides  
 Her faither's trustees, and her gairdians fix't  
 By baith his testament an' British law !  
 Losh ! losh ! for what will be the reddiment  
 It whups me even to guess !

(*Sitting down at the fireside, and resuming her knitting, she croons to herself*)—

O Leddy's love! O Castle Cleuch!  
 Young Maaby an' young John!  
 O sorrows sair ye'll dree eneuch  
 Or mony days hae flown!  
 The Poo'rs abune look down on thee,  
 Young Maaby an' young John,  
 An' gaird thee whan the storm I see  
 Fa's thy fair lives upon!  
 Thy fair young lives upon, my dears,  
 Thy fair young lives upon,  
 Lat Jesu gaird thee whan this weird  
 Lights thy young lives upon!

(*Looking at the wag-at-the-wa' clock, and rising hurriedly.*)

I pray He will! But whare has Shonnie gone?  
 'Twill sune be denner time! The same again—  
 Tatties and herrin—haill fowre times this week!  
 But we'se mak' up the morn for't, Sandy Swats!  
 A rabbit, an' a dumplin' baith, nae less!  
 I am as Ruth, the Moabitish wife,  
 An' "dip," as she in Bozes', in thy soup,  
 But it's no "vinegar" 'twill taste, I trow,  
 But manna fa'n frae heeven doun to me,  
 In this my wilderness o' weedowhood!  
 My laddie! Whare is he? It's denner time!

[*Exit, seeking SHONNIE.*]

SCENE III. ROBIN'S CORNER, *a point on the PUBLIC HIGHWAY, near GARFORD.*

*Enter LADY MABEL and HOOTSMAN arm-in-arm.*

*Lady Mab.* Here is the branch-road off this public one,  
 And here at once, John, must we part to-day,  
 The Marchioness will wonder I'm so late.

*Hoots.* I fear she'd anger too, knew she the cause!

*Lady Mab.* "Sufficient for the day"—you know the rest.

But if your love for me abounds as now,  
 I ne'er would "fear" her, or the Marquis either,  
 Albeit I am his humble ward and niece,  
 Two full years under age.

*Hoots.* But he must know.  
I cannot wait. No. *In honour*, cannot.

*Lady Mab.* For why?

*Hoots.* Because the lease of Leddyslove  
Having, in course of time, just given out,  
Renewal's requisite if I'm to sit,  
And I could not have him—the Marquis—sign  
In ignorance of my relation now  
To you, his ward and niece—*mine own betrothed!*

*Lady Mab.* Couldn't we wait, at worst, till I'm of age?  
(Tho' cousin Bob, I know, he would I'd wed)—  
Two years would soon slip past, and, as they did,  
Why, we might meet each other—same as now?

*Hoots.* No, darling, no! The new lease must, next  
week,  
Be all arrang'd, and, if accepted, sign'd  
By both patrician lord and plebeian lout,  
Landowner and landhirer, he and I,  
Your noble uncle and your rustic swain.

*Lady Mab.* Pshaw! But when do you intend to tell  
him?

*Hoots.* Dearest, with your assent, on Monday first;  
No later time will do, as Tuesday is  
The final day appointed for the lease.

*Lady Mab.* My God! What will he say? He'll  
banish me!

Immure me in some nunnery in France!  
He knows them all! The Pope's his bosom friend!  
His Jesuits make Castle Cleuch a home,  
And come and go at will, both night and day!  
Never! I shall not stay and tackle them!  
I would take poison first, or shoot myself!  
John! John! My love, my lord! I'll fly to you!

*Hoots.* No, no! for were you miss'd, and did the  
Marquis know  
Of our betrothal, blame would fix on me,  
And Leddyslove be search'd from march to march;  
And every house and shed from door to roof;  
And I imprison'd, likely, on suspicion,  
Of secretly kidnapping you away,  
Or of conspiring, for my selfish ends,

You to engulf in a hymeneal slough,  
Or even something worse! oh, no, no, love!  
Deem that insane, the product but of fear,  
And quite unusual emotion now,  
And follow this, which calmly I've thought out:  
If you approve, and it doth pleasure you,  
On Monday morn the Marquis I will see—  
(It is appointed so)—and tell him all,  
And unto you immediately by note  
Report all he has said, and then, if 'tis not right,  
Proceed, on foot, yourself to Swacker's Inn,  
As early after nightfall as may be.

*Lady Mab.* Would Swacker know, or should I ask  
for you?

*Hoots.* Likely he'd know already. He sees all.  
Oh, darling! place thy confidence in me,  
If not, our love's impossible, and lost!

*Lady Mab.* That cannot, *must* not be! John, I will go,  
Because I know thyself, and all thou art!

*Hoots.* And all I am is wholly thine for aye!

*Lady Mab.* And I am thine for ever, ever, ever!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. MARKET TOWN. *A Room in the ST ANDREW  
HOTEL.*

*Enter the MARQUIS OF MOORCLEUCHS and HOST.*

*Mar.* Who called, say you?

*Host.* Your Lordship's tenant farmer, Mister Hogg  
Of Scadhope Howes, desiring audience.

*Mar.* Well, Slender, let him have it; send him in!

[*Exit Host.*]

*Enter HOGG.*

*Mar.* What, Mister Hogg, are you down here to-day?

*Hogg.* Sattlin' about the clip, my lord, wi' Japp,  
An' seein' your lordship's cairriage at the door,  
I askit could I see ye at the bar.

*Mar.* Upon what matter, sir? My time is short,  
As, by agreement at this very hour,  
A friend in the next room's awaiting me,  
So do make haste, I pray.

*Hogg.* Ay, ay! Weel, weel! Sae, then, your lordship kens

My auldest dauchter—Charlotte—is leddysmaid  
To Leddy Maabel, up in Castle Cleuch?

*Mar.* Your what? I'm damned if e'er I knew before  
You were the father of a daughter, Hogg!  
How many of them have you altogether?

*Hogg.* Nine leevin', an' six puir things deid, my lord.

*Mar.* A heavy burthen, Master! Yet make you  
Your flocks but one-fourth as prolific, and  
Your fortune's made next spring! Come! say at once  
Thy business now!

*Hogg.* Weel, Charlotte's leddysmaid,  
An' she was hame last Sabbath seein' us.

*Mar.* (*aside.*) All the *living* Hogg's, of course, the  
more hog she!

(*Aloud.*) Well, what of it?

*Hogg.* It's deeficult for ane,  
Of little lear, an' lesser English speech,  
To tell aucht to a high-born nobleman,  
Sich as yer Lordship, schule and college bred!  
But I hae that to tell that *mann* be tauld,  
Altho' by doin' sae I'se wrang mysel—  
Folk thinkin', 'cause he got the management  
O' the home ferm, three years syne, owre my heid,  
I bear him for't a grudge.

*Mar.* Who, young Hootsman?  
That post he got because he suited best.

*Hogg.* A-weel, my lord, a-weel! But *corn at hairst*  
*Is no' a' shorn be kempers*, tho' yer niece,  
The Leddy Maabel's even his betrothed,  
As but last Sabbath Charlotte prued to me!

*Mar.* (*startled, and violently ringing the bell.*)  
Away! thou base and envious slanderer!

Or down these stairs, thou hound, I'll have thee kick'd!

*Hogg.* Ye're wrang, my lord! I've writings for't at  
hame!

Send for them whan ye want them—ony time,  
An' whan yer passion cools, ye'll rue thae words!

[*Exit.*]



*Enter SIR HUGH SEAFLEM.*

*Sir Hugh.* What in the name of conscience means this din?

Your Lordship's mad, entirely out of form,  
With one of your own moorland tenants, too—  
A boorish knave, a vulgar ignoramus,  
A well-known jealous, discontented rogue!  
Surely the reason for such misplaced wrath  
Is really terrible?

*Mar.* It is—if true!

But pardon this outburst. That villian swore  
Our clever ward, our lady beautiful,  
The belle of London two whole seasons, Sir,  
Hath gone and done—what think'st thou? Think for life,  
For ever think, and thou'dst not think aright!  
He gravely states she has betrothed herself  
To young John Hootsman, *and can prove the fact!*

*Sir Hugh.* O monstrous! Utterly incredible!

The little wits that brute Hogg ever had  
He must have lost with this last fall in wool,  
Wool being his only or chief source of gain!  
What proof can *he* have of a charge so gross?

*Mar.* Her own hand-writing, for, it seems, her maid  
Is Hogg's first daughter, and she gave it him—  
Some fugitive epistle, probably  
Which Mabel either dropp'd, or had mislaid,  
And its existence straightway had forgot.

*Sir Hugh.* Like enough. Our merry Mab will laugh  
We grieved ourselves for such a crazy reason,  
And “dotard fogies” term us months to come.  
But what, my lord, about the “club” to-night?  
You know I came to go to Swacker's with you,  
And, by appointment, in the interval,  
You were to broach the matter right away  
To Hootsman's self, the leader in the scheme  
To reinaugurate the ancient core?

*Mar.* This wretched news, or cruel hoax of Hogg's  
Hath reft me of all appetite for “clubs,”  
Whether of plebian or patrician sorts,  
And I must back to Castle Cleuch forthwith,

And learn from Mabel's lips what *is* the truth.  
 Tuesday were signing day of John's new lease,  
 If all went well, but if Hogg's story's true, *&c.*...  
 Of course the renegade must void my lands,  
 Tho' all his "seventeen generations" rose  
 And from their sepulchres cried shame on me!

*Sir Hugh.* But have you talk'd with him about the club?

*Mar.* I did, to-day—not knowing of this cross.

*Sir Hugh.* To what effect?

*Mar.* To no effect at all.

The meeting of to-night in Swacker's Inn  
 Being, he said, a mere prelude one,  
 To test the people's feeling in regard  
 To the old club's revival, by and by.

*Sir Hugh.* Of course. 'Tis advertised so. Hootsman's right.

But this young man, my lord, is seldom wrong—  
 He saved my boy twice from dreadful death!—  
 He's got his kinsmen's judgment in his head,  
 Full-measure, hard-pressed down, and running o'er,  
 To figure mental facts with farmyard terms.

*Mar.* Well, what of that? Mind cannot excuse birth?  
 And his is low, his origin was low!  
 The father of his race fed swine at Dunse,  
 And yearly came with pigs to Garford Fair,  
 Not quite six hundred years ago from now!  
 'Tis thought the family name of "Hootsman" rose  
 From some linguistic oddity observed  
 In the old swine-herd's haggling with our clowns,  
 Whilst deftly easing them of hard-earn'd "brass!"

*Sir Hugh.* Ha! ha! Six hundred years ago, ha! ha!  
 My lord, you have a head for heraldry,  
 And might, I think, even scutcheon "arms" for those  
 Who trace their family lineage back to gawks,  
 If not to apes themselves! Hootsman's a *man*,  
 Despite descent or genealogy,  
 A man, my lord, whom even we might like,  
 As well as Mab, and be much honour'd too!

*Mar.* What do you mean? Accept him as a friend—  
 A kinsman—e'en Mab's husband—right away?

*Sir Hugh.* Upon my soul I do not see why not !  
Noble he is in all things, save in blood,  
And verily his *red* could never taint our " blue,"  
Tho' he wed Mab and lived with her an age.

*Mar.* Avaunt ! thou social heretic, avaunt !  
Grown' worse than e'en the swine-herd's son himself !  
The girl shall rather pack to Brittany,  
And lodge within the priory of Aix,  
Until her auburn locks in whiteness mock  
Those of the ruling monk, than she become  
A peasant's mate—his equal, and no more—  
The " mistress " of milkmaids and rustic grooms,  
And meek associate of farmers' wives !

*Sir Hugh.* You'd save her for Lord Garford, or Lord  
Bob,  
His sprightly Guardsman brother, would you not ?

*Mar.* How better could I than thus serve my sons ?

*Sir Hugh.* Well, maybe you could not—provided she,  
Our Lady Mab herself, concurred with you.

*Mar.* She's known my plan for years, and ere abroad  
I went last April, I advised with her  
To love and fix upon the one or other  
Of my two gallant boys—Albert or Bob.

*Sir Hugh.* Pardon, my lord. Upon this matter, now,  
Have you e'er sounded the two knights themselves ?

*Mar.* I have—last June—and singly, and in private  
too.

My eldest lad—the Earl of Garford—seem'd  
To scan my projects quite indifferently,  
But Bob—Lord Bob—Lord Robert Mickleman—  
My youngest walloper, your favourite,  
Went for them, as his own dear " Uncle Bob,"  
My hapless brother, did—long, long ago—  
Go for the rebel hordes before Lucknow !

*Sir Hugh.* What ! to smash them, as we did the  
mutineers ?

*Mar.* No, but their faculties, like the besieged,  
To give full liberty and scope to bless !

*Sir Hugh.* Or curse perhaps — quite problematic  
which.

However, Bob's the boy, we'll say, what then ?

*Mar.* He marries Lady Mab, his cousin, Sir,  
And adds to Stott the lands of Werpe forthwith.

*Sir Hugh.* And what of Hootsman if this rumour's  
true?

*Mar.* Why! he quits Leddyslove, his lease being out,  
And may not be an offerer for't again.

*Sir Hugh.* A Hootsman ousted thus from Leddyslove!  
From whence, since Chevy Chase was lost and won,  
Have come in an unbroken lineage  
A yeoman race broad Britain could not beat!  
My lord, that project's doom'd—condemn'd and damned—  
Ere it is barely known—*(a rapping heard at the door).*  
Whose there? Come in!

*Enter a WAITER with a telegram for SIR HUGH, and  
Exit.*

I must be gone! This missive is from one,  
BRIGHT STEELE, a Pennsylvanian traveller,  
Now "doing" Scotland for his Yankee pleasure,  
And as the bearer of some "news" for me,  
From one, his countryman, in Paris pent,  
But what the fiend anent, I cannot guess!

*Mar.* "Steele?" "Bright Steele?" Why, so was  
named the Yank,  
From Pennsylvania, too—Pittsburg, I think,  
That told me Lady Julia was to wed!  
Where is he now? and must you go to him?

*Sir Hugh.* Within the mansion-house of Bents he is,  
And I must go, because this matter's "urgent"—  
And eke more urgent made by what you say;  
At Castle Cleuch I'll call ere many days. *[Exit.*

*Mar. (alone.)* From maze to maze I've run since  
coming home,  
Yet darker, darker o'er life's wilderness  
My mystic course becomes! Where it will end,  
Or how, or when, are as unknown to me  
As are the comings of the century.  
A score a-head of this—the fortieth! *(Rings the bell  
impatiently.)*

*Re-enter the WAITER.*

Is *Goggles* down below. d'ye know, my man?

*Wait.* Yuah Ludship! 'Ee's a-smoking in the baw.

*Mar.* And drinking "ginger beer" at my expense—  
All charges unpreventable, incurred,  
Inevitably, in "irksome services"—  
Feasting and guzzling at hotels and clubs!

*Wait.* Well, I dun knaw, my lud, 'e's not too fet!

*Mar.* Because he's a teetotaller and a rogue  
Who will not lip a glass of honest dew,  
Fearing his conscience run away with him,  
Or he with it, in unaccustomed pluck.

*Wait.* My lud, I 'ave not 'eard before of 'im,  
But I do think 'e is a rotten hegg.

*Mar.* Fit neither for the pot nor frying pan—  
A veritable atomy—a "muff,"  
Who sees ten devils in one glass of ale,  
And shuns conviviality as death?

*Wait.* Yuah Ludship 'its 'im straight upon 'is 'ead!

*Mar.* As would-be Cockneys do their aitches here?  
But send him up, my man, and take these pence;  
I'll see to his conversion here myself.

*Wait. (baffled).* 'Ansone is as 'ansome does, hand  
with much 'appiness! [Exit.

*Mar. (alone).* Lord, what a snob is man! This  
babbler now—

I know him well—the Garford tailor's son,  
Who went to London with us once as "boots,"  
And there was sack'd by Tipem for a dolt,  
Too feckless even to keep for swearing o'er,  
At close of his first quarter—just last year!  
Since then, as our old Tipem ruthless tells,  
"He's been a-sweeping East End tavern floors  
For ten-and-six a week," And now he's back,  
Determined, evidently, in his way,  
With cheek, and in pert Cockney parrot style,  
To strike and overawe his late compeers  
With pseudo "manners" and atrocious speech!

*Enter the CHAUFFEUR.*

Well, Chauffeur, Garford's done for! Something's happen'd,

And we must now to Castle Cleuch straightway.

But have you had to drink at all down here?

*Chauff.* Thank you, my lord. Enough for steady driving.

*Mar.* Unsteady driving, no man, I believe—

Not even a "bobby" from behind a hedge—

Could truthfully accuse you of, but still,

The season being bitter, a small drop

Of this Cognac might benefit a deal?

*Chauff. (aside).* He's trying me! (*aloud*). I've had two "drops" already. No, my lord, No more for me if Castle Cleuch's to face.

*Mar.* Chauffeur, I note you every day, and so I risk my neck with you, again, again! [*Exeunt*]

SCENE V. GARFORD. *Before the entrance to the MARQUEE in Swacker's Back Yard. A crowd of country people.*

*Enter SWACKER and TUBBS, who take their places, one on each side of the entrance, TUBBS carrying an old blunderbuss—of course, unloaded.*

*Swack (standing on a barrel tilted on end)—*

Ladies and Gentlemen, the hour has come,

The fateful hour, the lang, lang, lang'd for hour,

An' we are still alive—ay, fou o' life!—

The Poo's a' owre be thankit for sich gifts!

A poet chield, noo resting in the Tap,

Has keekit throo the winnock on ye a',

And here (*takes a MS. from his pocket*) has written down some words for me,

To help us hail this great auspeeshus nicht—

The reinisheeaishan ane o' our auld Club,

Renown'd as far's the Poles, baith North and South.

Jist listen to the lay this laureate lilt,

An' then dee happy when it comes your turn!

*Reads—*

## I.

"Freends, dearest freends, frae far'est Lammermoor,  
To where the Pentlan's lie like thunder cluds  
Amang the mazes o' the dingy wast,  
Ye've a' come here, nae doubt wi' muckle fash,  
To start the Club again—as adverteezed!

## II.

"Dear country freen's, I sympatheeze wi' you  
This blae cauld nicht—sae snawy-lookin' still!  
Ye've warstled throo the wraiths as best's ye could,  
Defied bauld Boreas, blockit roads, an' slush,  
Leal baith to day an' hour—as adverteezed!

## III.

"Freens, sturdy freens, the backbanes o' the land,  
As weel's its marrow an' its muscles tae,  
Fu' weel trow I the keenness o' your sows—  
'The grienin' to reveeve an' 'stablish fast  
The dear auld Club again—as adverteezed!

## IV.

"Weel, patience, freens; of coorse, name can expect  
The Club richt aff to raise its auncient voice,  
It first maun be restored to life an' strength,  
An' cast its present deidness in the past  
In Swats' Markee this nicht—as adverteezed!

## V.

"Freens, honest freens! back ye up Sandy Swats!  
There's ne'er a sowl 'tween here an' Berwick toun,  
Eggsep it be young Hootsman and his set,  
Wha can like Swats advance our sacred cause,  
—The Markee's proof o't here—as adverteezed!"

*(Loud laughter and applause.)*

The bardie wha *wrote that* is nae raw Johnnie,  
An' can see owre a dyke as far as mony!

*(A voice—"MacSqueel, MacSqueel!")*

*Tubbs (to Swack).* Sor! Did yeez nod?

Is it to start ye mane?

*Swack.* Ay! Draw the bars, an' cock that blunder-  
buss,

An' blaw the idiot's barns out owre the moors  
As far as Cappersmith an' Coudingham,\*

---

\* Old local corruptions for Cockburnspath and Coldingham, in Berwickshire.

Wha'd sneak inside the Tent without my leave!  
 Stand back ye brats! Nae bairns nor women here,  
 An' only men-folk freendly to the Club,  
 An' even o' them nae mair than twa at yince!

*Enter* HOOTSMAN, HORSMAN, HETHERBEL, *and the* Rev.  
 Dr PAUL, *who proceed at once into the Marquee,*  
*during great cheering.*

*Swack.* Welcome, my hearties! Hurry up! Pass  
 in!

Mick! in you tae, an' shout when it is fou!  
 The Markee canna haud a city's folk!

[*Exit Tubbs, inside.*]

*Tubbs (within).* Hoy! Masther! Sure they'll burst  
 the Tint in two!

The crowd's a thousand more inside than out!

*Swack (closing the entrance).* Disperse, my freens,  
 the tent can haud nae mair!

*Tubbs (within).* Sint Pathrick! shut the door, or all  
 is lost.

*Swack (breathlessly).* It's shut!

[*To the crowd outside.*]

Nae man can mak' a mutchkin haud a tun!  
 Gae hame, an' into bed, an' thank the Lord  
 Ye've no been trampit into glaur or slush,  
 Nor squeezed to death in this tremendous crowd!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI. (*The same*) *Inside the Marquee.*

*Enter* SWACKER, *on the platform.*

*Swack.* O, less noise, gentlemen! (*Hear, hear.*) I  
 think mysel'

We haena dune sae bad? What do ye say?

[*Great cheering.*]

Weel, weel. The daicoraishuns cost me rest an' sleep,  
 An' nae sma' toil, but I'd do thousan's mair  
 To push the cause—the people's cause—alang!

[*Loud applause.*]

I'se sit here only till your chairman taks it. [*Sits down.*]



*Stoure (rising in mid tent).* Freens, neibors, gentlemen,

As Maister Swacker says, a man to fill  
The big chair on the bench we noo maun wale,  
Sae I propose for't our maist wordie freend  
John Hetherbel, the heid herd at Muirhill. (*Applause.*)

*Hors.* An' I get up, my freends, an' second that,  
An' gif ye 'gree wi' me—(*Agreed, agreed*)—lat Jock gae till't.

*Heth. (after taking the chair).* I thank ye a', my freens, richt heartilie!

But, as did John the Baptist in auld times,  
I'se simply sit down first to warm the sait  
For a far greater man than "Heather Jock"—  
To wit, our Champion's sel', young Hootsman, sirs.

(*Applause.*)

The living eemage o' our "Grand Auld Man!"

'Enoo, as chairman, I will mind my wark,

An' ca' upo' the Raiverent Dr Paul—

A man o' muckle lear, an' wut, and sowl,

An' ane that's hand in glove wi' our Ain Chief!

(*Prolonged applause.*)

*Dr Paul.* Mister chairman, friends, gentlemen all,

I think all here are here for one main end,

That is—the Club's revival. (*Cheers.*) Then, I'd suggest,

The Chairman put the question right away.

(*Hear, hear, and cheering.*)

*Heth.* I think that's richt. Weel, first haud up hands for't!

Hurray! hurray! Noo, haud up hands against!

Whooy! only twa!

*Swack.* Wha's aucht them, Jock?

*Heth.* Ane—that waiklin' waiter loon, the tailor's son.

*Swack.* A Cockney jake-daw ousted frae it's hole,

Because it's yauff out-Wappin'd Wappin's ain.

A vermin yip! Wha aucht the ither ane?

*Heth.* That reiver o' the puir at Scadhope Howes—  
A ravener, weel-named Hogg.

*Swack.* A green-e'ed soo!

Let it scud hame an' snoukle in its cruive,

An' raise its red-haired litter for the pat.

Its stickin'-day has daw'd ! Proceed, proceed !

*Heth.* As Chairman o' this monster meetin', I declare  
The motion to be cairried, sirs, yoonanymusly—  
That means, be us a' !

*Dr Paul.* Proceed, then, with the new enrolment.

(*To Swacker.*)

My friend, you have the books ?

*Swack.* The books are here ;  
But hoo is't Maister Hootsman's sittin' dumb ?

*Heth.* I hope to ca' him sune our Praisident !

(*Loud applause.*)

*Hoots.* Dear friends, with your approval and support,  
I meant to-night to dedicate myself—  
My life—my public services to you ;  
But right a-head of this resolve of mine  
Two recent checks have grown to hindrances,  
And absolutely bar my purposed act—  
Or at the least postpone 't indefinitely.

*Dr Paul.* But you'll effect it yet ?

*Hoots.* Yes, if I may.

*Swack.* What should we do the nicht—a' thae folk  
here ?

(*Dr Paul, Hootsman, and Swacker, sitting side by side  
near the platform, converse privately a minute or two.*)

*Hoots.* Proceed wi' the enrolment and elections.  
The Old Club to the New will serve as guide.

(*Hear, hear.*)

*Swack.* Weel, first I move that a' the Pressmen  
present  
Be askit to retire to the Tap-room,  
An' that we sit this meeting out oursels,  
In private—'hint fast lockit doors an' boles !

*Stoure.* Sin' Maister Hootsman canna weel the nicht  
Bide still an' be install'd our Praisident,  
I beg to second Sandy Swats at wance.  
A' thae Reporters, at the Tap-room fire,  
Fu' weel may cheer themsel's wi' pipes an' pints,  
Doun till the time the meetin' skails for guid !

*Heth.* Gin ony ither motion's to be made,

The noo's the time to mak' it—for, if no',  
I sall belyve pit this ane to the vote !  
What say ye ? Is there nae amen'ment till't ?  
Weel, than, I say that this ane, like the first,  
Is carried, holus-bolus, out-an'-out,  
Haill an' yoonanymus, an' a' the rest !  
You paper chields tak' tent ; mak' for the Tap,  
An' there content yoursel's until we come,  
An' aiblins o' this meetin's secret pairt  
Stray odds an' ends 'ill seep out efterhend,  
An' pay ye weel for your lang wait an' pains !  
Neist meetin', Maister Hootsman, ye'll attend ?

*Hoots.* Our Host will tell me of next meeting night,  
And all else requisite that I should know.  
The sudden sprung—and yet not unforeseen—  
Prodigious incidents which drive me hence  
Will soon be patent to you one and all,  
And plainly demonstrate this leaving is,  
Tho' mourn'd, all unpreventible by me.  
Good night ! I shall be back—if I'm alive !

*(Loud and prolonged applause.)*

*[Exeunt Hootsman, Tubbs and the crowd of Pressmen.]*

## ACT III.

SCENE I. BENTS. *A Room in the Mansion-house.*

*Enter SIR HUGH SEAFAEM and DONALD SHIELS.*

*Sir Hugh.* Within the library I'll see him, then.  
Place wine and spirits and yon nick-nacks there,  
And do not trouble more. Whither went he ?

*Shiels.* Down to the beach. He very strangely said,  
“To pick up somewhat our topography,  
And learn for himself the lie o' the land !”  
His hobby having been for years, quoth he,  
“That pleasant romance, hight Geology !”

*Sir Hugh.* I cannot understand him, Donald, man !

He must mean something, surely, having come  
To see us all the way from such far parts?

*Shiels.* God grant he may bring brighter days for  
Bents!

*Sir Hugh.* That is impossible since Jack is lost!  
Old Man! you are like "Caleb Balderstone,"  
And would your master cheer with hopeless "hopes"  
While you have wit to scheme and tongue to wag!

*Shiels.* We do not *know*, Sir Hugh! Upon my word,  
You'd tire out "Caleb's" self with your despair!  
Has not young Hootsman pointed out for years,  
That, of evidence of death, or even of wreck,  
Not even one vestige positive 's to hand?

*Sir Hugh.* I know, I know. Yet are we all undone;  
For Bents' estate, being now reft of rents,  
And weighted with encumbrances and debts,  
Hangs really like a millstone round my neck,  
And drags me lower, surely, day by day? (*A bell rings  
loudly.*)

*Shiels.* That's the American—it's just his time!  
Go to the library—I'll bring him there.  
Maybe it was your better angel, Sir,  
That sklentled o'er the seas this Yank to Bents?

*Sir Hugh.* If so, it was not *his*—or she is blind!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. (*The same*) *The Library.* SIR HUGH  
*discovered in an easy chair by the fireside.*

*Enter SHIELS ushering in the AMERICAN TRAVELLER.*

*Shiels.* Sir Hugh, a traveller from North America!  
[*Exit.*]

*Sir Hugh.* (*coming forward*). I've had a notice of  
your coming, Sir!  
Pray, take a seat, and something near the fire,  
Our weather is to-day Canadian.

*Truv.* Not quite, not quite, but somewhat cool withal.  
Excuse me, my dear Sir, if I advise  
That we at once our business tackle to.

*Sir Hugh.* Your haste accords with my desire, my  
friend,

For I near split with curiosity  
To know to whom I am indebted now  
For this so-all-unlooked-for visit, Sir.

*Trav.* Believe me, I have reasons for this haste.  
You read the letter from our mutual friend,  
Dick Scroop of Philadelphia, which I left  
For your perusal with your serving man?

*Sir Hugh.* I did; but it afforded me no clue  
As to your errand here, but simply said  
The bearer was a wealthy gentleman,  
A "Pittsburg merchant of unchallenged grit,"  
Who carried news which might mean much to me.  
Well! what's this news? Don't, Sir, prolong suspense,  
It's killing to a man oppress'd as I am!

*Trav.* I guess you're right. Well, then, excuse my  
style,  
And answer my well-meaning queries straight:  
Of this "estate" you are sole owner now,  
And yet in monetary evils sunk  
Beyond the seeming reach of remedy?

*Sir Hugh.* Your "guess" is true, tho' guess it can  
but be.

*Trav.* No, Sir, no *guess*, but *fact*, *attested* fact;  
And I'm along to prove another fact,  
Which will, no doubt, so turn the previous fact—  
A seeming plague—into a real good.

*Sir Hugh.* How in the name of sense can it do that?

*Trav.* How? You've disentail'd your property, I hear,  
And looking for a purchaser to-day?

*Sir Hugh.* I am. But if one's found, and Bents is sold—  
No matter what the price of it may be—  
My creditors will swallow't—"stoop-and-roop!"

*Trav.* Don't sell it. I am here to stay your hand;  
You know not anything of its true worth.

*Sir Hugh.* I don't? Excuse me, Sir, Bents' thirteen  
farms,

All arable, are now worth less for rent  
Than are the deserts and the heathy hills,  
Surrounding Lammerlaw and Spartleton.\*

---

\* The two highest hills of the Lammermoor range.

*Trav.* And what its minerals do you reckon at?

*Sir Hugh.* Its what?

The only minerals Bents' lands possess  
Are sea-side "chuckie stanes" and weed-clad rocks,  
Besides some land-fast boulders here and there.

*Trav.* No coal?

*Sir Hugh.* We cart all ours from Shaleylumps,  
It being the nearest colliery to Bents.

*Trav.* Ne'er studied mineralogy, Sir Hugh?

*Sir Hugh.* Humbug! What's science to a man  
like me,

Stricken and double bent with wretched cares?

*Trav.* Well, if you've not, your son *has*, to effect.

*Sir Hugh.* Son? Mine? I haven't son alive;  
The Major on the staff of General Rench,  
Who, on the battlefield of Kimberley,  
Fell like a soldier and a worthy Scot,  
Was my first son and heir; my other one—  
The "born geologist," the "science man,"  
And "idol of the people," proved a weed,  
And ran away to sea, and soon got drowned!

*Trav.* "And ran away to sea"? Your second son?  
Surely, Sir Hugh, there must have been a cause  
To make a scientist from Scotland flee?

*Sir Hugh.* Ay! One almost too terrible to tell.  
My second wife and Jack—both of an age—  
Loved—some time secretly—until, one day,  
I fell on them myself by accident,  
When coming from the hunt down Garford Hill.

*Trav.* Garford Hill? Why, Garford's leagues from  
here!

*Sir Hugh.* I know it is.

*Trav.* Was no one with you, sir?

*Sir Hugh.* A man the name of Sandy Swacker was,  
A strange original, a publican,  
Of whom, had I but time, I could recount  
Amusing narratives.

*Trav.* So could I, too.

*Sir Hugh.* You know him, then?

*Trav.* Somewhat. I slept last night  
Within his "royal bed," wherein, last year,

The "Prince of Tartary"—friend of the "Duke's"—  
Laid his annointed bones, and in the morn  
Pass'd twenty sovereigns to Swacker's till,  
For such imperial, such angelic rest,  
Which that bed had afforded him for hours!

*Sir Hugh.* Quite so. The man's a puzzle many ways.  
The shrewdest Scot alive, I've sometimes thought.  
(*Bell rings.*)

*Re-enter SHIELS.*

*Shiels.* Pardon. Sandy Tweedie, sir, the little smith.

*Sir Hugh.* Let him come in; but, Butler, little drink.

*Shiels.* A mug of ale—no more—and then he trots.

[*Exit.*]

*Enter TWEEDIE.*

*Sir Hugh.* Well, Sandy, now? No English!  
What is it? Out with it straight in Scots—  
Thy "grand auld tongue!"

*Tweed.* Sir Hugh? Why, hang it, why! Here it is!

(*Takes from his pocket and displays a long account bill.*)

Sir, hang it, your account for five years' wark—

A yaird in length, if ane wad measure it!

*Sir Hugh.* Nonsense! Put it in your forge, and give it wind!

You've flaff'd that sheet so long it's grown mere grime—  
'Twould beat even Donald to decipher it!

*Trav.* What's the amount? The poor man's needy, may be?

*Tweed.* Why, hang it, sir, I am, and so is Mag;  
She hasna had a stitch sin' it began,  
An' e'en the breeks I weir mysel' are dune—  
I coft them frae auld Brockie, hang it, sir,  
The back end o' our waddin—shair as death!

*Trav.* What's the amount?

*Tweed.* Fifty-three and seeven.

*Trav.* A mere old song. Receipt it. Here's the cash.

*Tweed.* The love o' God! Ye dinna mean it, sir?

*Trav.* I think I do—if not against your will?

*Tweed.* Eh, sir! Tho' I'm a smith, a maister smith,  
We hae'na eaten in our house for years  
Wan bite o' butcher meat, so help me, God!

*Trav.* (*Handing him the cash*). We'll say, Sir Hugh  
Was much behind with me, *which is the truth*—  
And that I paid him part by paying you?

*Tweed.* Why, hang it, sir, I trow that trick richt  
weel,  
I've dune't a hunder times wi' Maister Green.

*Trav.* Then, hold your tongue, and blab to neighbours naught.

*Tweed.* Me blab! Behang it, sir, I'm kenn'd a' the  
pairish owre for a deescrait man.

*Sir Hugh.* Of course you are. Therefore drink up  
this. (*A glass of brandy*).  
And thank the gentleman, and say good-bye.

*Tweed.* (*To the Trav.*). Yes, hang it, sir, I must say  
ye're a brick!

I ken it's no guid mainners, but here's luck.

An' may ye never want an honest dram. [*Exit.*]

*Trav.* A new toast, surely? Is that imp a smith?

*Sir Hugh.* He is. The Linkside smith—a decent  
man,

Albeit diminutive and singular,  
An honest, decent man. But why, dear sir,  
Could you out-face me so by what you've done?

*Trav.* Sir Hugh! you talk as one deceived,  
Which truly you must be until you know.  
But tell me first of Jack—of "Master Jack."

*Sir Hugh.* Jack? Jack was lost—shipwrecked at  
sea, alas!

Flying from his injured parent's righteous wrath.  
Yet poor, poor Jack! He had his qualities,  
Despite his pranks with Lady Julia,  
Stepmother to him—by mine own mad act!

*Trav.* How did he "fly," and wherefore did he so,  
That he got "lost"—*shipwrecked*, I think, you said?

*Sir Hugh.* After the Garford Hill disclosure, I,  
At once, began my suit of separation,  
Which was, of course, successful in due time.  
Well, also at that time, in Bentie Bay



Our yacht the "Wallace Wicht," lay fitting up  
A yacht, you know, which was bequeathed to Jack  
When his name-uncle, the testator, died.--  
Well, when my suit was gain'd, that self-same night,  
I with a shilling cut poor Jack adrift !  
And he, that same night too, but later on,  
Cut Bents and me adrift at Bentie Bay,  
And thence sailed to his doom in Dornoch Firth !

*Trav.* How ? You ne'er had evidence of his vessel's  
wreck ?

*Sir Hugh.* True, true--no *certain* evidence, but,  
then.

Through all these years no shred of proof's to hand  
That my poor boy still lives.

*Trav.* I bring full proof  
That 'when, a month ago, I Paris left,  
Not only was your son alive and well,  
But flourishing exceedingly all ways !

*Sir Hugh.* (*Growing suddenly suspicious, and loudly  
ringing the bell.*)

Out with you, vile impostor ! pack, I say !  
Donald ! Here ! Kick me out this Yankee scamp  
And let him 'mongst the village fish-guts' heaps  
Find lair appropriate !

*Trav.* Thy son Jack lives !  
I am his messenger ! And thou art now  
One of the wealthiest of this wealthy land--  
A Coal Lord, namely, equal with the best !

*Sir Hugh.* (*Still more excited.*) Donald ! Come  
here ! come here ! come here at once !  
Shackles and fetters fetch along with you !  
This mansion-house of Bents is all o'er-run  
With an outbreak from Morningside \* this day,  
And nothing's that it seems !

*Trav.* (*pleadingly.*) O come, Sir Hugh,  
Sit down and have a quiet chat with me !  
I tell you, calmly, Bents estate is worth  
Twice thirty times your recent estimate !  
And that, moreover, Jack not only lives

---

\* A district of Edinburgh in which there is a large lunatic asylum.

But that he is this day in Notre Dame  
The "groom" accepted of his erst step-ma !

*Sir Hugh.* (*Running to the door.*) Donald ! Donald !  
Donald ! this Yank is mad !  
Bring strength and let us have him shackled straight !  
My boy was drowned in Dornoch Firth, and yet  
This madman rises and declares he lives !

*Re-enter SHIELS in a hurried manner.*

*Shiels.* My poor dear Master ! sore-tried old Sir  
Hugh !  
Mayhap a brighter destiny for Bents  
Dawns with the breaking of this gladsome news  
Of Master Jack ! O, I o'erheard it all,  
Being at work below the gallery,  
During your confab with this gentleman—  
And this I say, you ought to dance for joy  
Instead of flaring up and belching foam,  
And howling like a daft dog at the moon !  
Sit down and hear the gentleman explain.  
Both Hootsman's hopes and mine he can affirm,  
Or I'm not Donald, your old butler-valet,  
But his shrunk skeleton, or senile ghost !

*Sir Hugh.* (*To the Trav.*) Sir, pardon me, but play  
not with my ills,  
To hoax a man so sunk in cares as I,  
Might prove a fatal trick to one of us !

*Trav.* Sir Hugh, I do not "play," but work right  
hard  
And seriously and anxiously for you.  
Sit down, and let me prove the gist of this.

*Sir Hugh.* Prove what ? prove life in death ?—that  
one, years drowned,  
In Dornoch estuary, is living still !  
Some Yankee fraud, some "dodge" of quackery.  
Away, ye juggler ; come not nigh my rage !

*Shiels.* Sit down, Sir Hugh ! This man's a gentle-  
man,  
From Master Jack he brings a note to you !  
Sit down and read it straight !

*Trav.* Yes ! Here it is !

*(Hands a letter to Sir Hugh, who, recognising in the inscription the handwriting of his long-lost son, drops the paper and staggers back to his seat. Instantly the note is picked up and read by the butler.)*

*Shiels.* Listen ! my Master, listen ! Jack still lives !  
O, Lord of Heaven, yes ! Hear what he says !

*(Reads.)* “ Father, dear father, all of me not known,  
“ My business partner in our Pittsburg works,  
“ Abe John Bright Steele, a worthy gentleman,  
“ Who bears to you this note will now reveal,—  
“ For, yet I may not do so orally,  
“ Being all uncertain how you think and feel  
“ Anent our matters since I left old Bents.  
“ But whate’er message you may deign for me,  
“ I, in the future, to my utmost power,  
“ Herewith now bind myself to heed and do.  
“ And so subscribe myself your loving son.”

*Sir Hugh.* I’m flabbergasted, I’m bamboozled clean !  
O, sir, excuse me ! I was not myself !  
But how was he rescued from the wreck’d yacht ?

*Trav.* It ne’er was wreck’d at all, and all they lost  
Was some life-buoys and spars in the North Sea.  
Next day, the wind being fair, they Kilda clear’d,  
And found that they were in the common course  
Of your Scots liners trading with the States ;  
So, drifting in the wake of one of these,  
They did succeed at length in getting tow’d  
Into Long Island, where the yacht was sold,  
And with its price some lands near Pittsburg bought. —  
A happy hoard this ultimately prov’d,  
A Nature Storehouse of the richest ores,  
And rare deposits of bitumen coal,  
Which, with his geologic lore and skill,  
Within a year made Jack a millionaire !

*Sir Hugh.* Prodigious, truly ! Where’s the wastrel  
now !

*Trav.* His wooing-time he’s lengthening still in  
France,  
Young, healthy, wealthy, honour’d and esteem’d !

*Sir Hugh.* And he has sent you here ?

*Trav.* Coming to Scotland,  
He knew I was, so begg'd me to see you,  
Because of Major Hugh he'd heard the fate—  
Sorrowing and pitying both you and him—  
As well as of your disentraining aims,  
Urged by financial ills and land distress,  
Solely with the view, and your permission,  
Humbly to help you to his utmost power,  
Letting bygones be bygones now and aye.

*Sir Hugh.* Through what, or whom?

*Trav.* Himself or me.

*Sir Hugh.* He's betrothed to the lady I divorced?

*Trav.* That had been doom'd when first they met,

*Sir Hugh,*  
Though't had not mere divorce but death incurr'd.

*Sir Hugh.* I fear that's true. When purpose you to  
leave?

*Trav.* After I have convinced you of the wealth—  
Enormous mineral wealth which you possess.

*Sir Hugh.* In sea-weed cover'd rocks and barren  
sands?

*Trav.* Already to the west of Bents 'tis tapp'd—  
Your son, "the scientist," has known it long—  
And, briefly, I am here to prove the fact.

*Sir Hugh.* A North Pole search and Darien Scheme  
combined!

Them both outrageous and infatuate ;  
But have your play, and let me know your luck.

*Trav.* My dear friend, bravely said ! Then, by your  
leave,

But wholly at my risk and cost, with care  
Shall I to-morrow demonstrate this truth !  
Meanwhile, at your old SEA HORSE INN I'm found.

*Sir Hugh.* What ! At The Inn ! This House of  
Bents make yours,  
None is so welcome here as one from Jack !

*Trav.* Thanks ! Morrow morn at ten I'm here again.  
[Exit.

*Sir Hugh.* Donald ! Are you here ?

*Shiels.* Yes, I am here.

*Sir Hugh.* What think you of us now ?

*Shiels.*                              Sir Hugh,  
On all men's matters, save your own, you are  
Exact and logical to a degree—  
A very modern Solomon on these—  
But in your own concerns you squash at once,  
And welter like a specious James the Sixth !  
Did I, did not young Hootsman tell you this,  
And all along get sneer'd and mock'd at for't ?  
Where are ye now, Sir Hugh, where are ye now ?  
A spunkie Yankee coalman from athort the seas  
Comes on a wintry day, and, with a breath,  
Blows o'er the moon like reek your curst despair !  
O ! Are ye not ashamed to look at me ?

*Sir Hugh.* Donald ! Leave me alone — I cannot  
speak—  
My head's a maelstrom of surprise and thought !  
*Shiels.* A hotch-potch rather of stark bosh and  
fear ! *[Exeunt.*

SCENE III. MAIN STREET, LINKSIDE. *The village  
adjoining BENTS.*

*Enter THE TRAVELLER.*

*Trav.* An odd, old, little Scottish town this is ;  
Its very air smells of antiquity ;  
What lanes, what streets, what alleys everywhere !  
All angles are observed, no order rules,  
Except its own old order of disorder,  
Which is as gross as it is general.

*Enter TWEEDIE from his smithy.*

*Tweed.* I heard at the Sea Horse 'twas there ye stey'd,  
And hang it, sir, I've watched here ever since,  
To thank ye owre again for what ye did !

*Trav.* No thanks—only keep mum, my friend, a  
while ;  
Sir Hugh by me will soon be paid in full  
A great sum owing to him through his land.  
Been here long, have you, here in Bents, I mean ?

*Tweed.* Hm-m ! Sir ! Weel, yes ! let me see—yes—  
I'm richt !

I cuist out with the Markis—or, at least,  
His factor, Maister “Roupemout,” ye ken—  
An’ flittit here frae Garfuird doun next term,  
Six years come Whitsunday.

*Trav.* From Garford town!

Came ye so far? Then Swacker you must know—  
The landlord of the Gray Sheep Inn up there?

*Tweed.* Sandy Swats! Ken Sandy Swats, speir ye?  
Lord, man, as weel’s my ain wife Jean, I do,  
An’ hiv dune, Sir, sin’ I was man-hicht high!

*Trav.* Indeed! Then, no doubt, Smith, you’ve had  
even time

To read him through—a tight, smart man like you?

*Tweed.* Na! na! I ken him weel, but as for *that*—  
The man’s no livin’ could read Swacker throo!

*Trav.* I know it, and I don’t want to either,  
Only, because I mean to call on him—  
Entirely in my way of touring round—  
I’d like to learn a little of him first.

Therefore, if you the information wish’d  
Could now afford me, ’twould be worth your while!

*Tweed.* Hang it! Tit for tat. *Giff-gaff mak’s guid  
freends!*

A’ that ye want to ken that I think fair  
I’ll answer gin I can, sae speir awa.

*He needs a lang spunc that sups wi’ the Deil,  
But poortith is the mither o’ a’ airts!*

Have at ye, Sir.

*Trav.* Well, Blacksmith, is he married?

*Tweed.* Ay, mairried and bairn’d baith! Up in Lon’on  
His son’s a doctor, an’ his lassie bairn  
Is mairried to a writer chield ca’d Keggs.

*Trav.* And who are Mick and Peg?

*Tweed.* His servants, *now*.

Puir orphans baith wham he stown aff the street  
Frae rags and destitution—sair to see,  
An’ doubtless waur to thole—an’ braucht them up!

*Trav.* Gad, is that so? Well, go a-head, old man.

*Tweed.* The callant first. Weel, Swats had been in bye,

At Embro', as a juryman, ae day,  
An' whan the Court skailt he was skelpin' doun  
The famous High Street—hurryin' to his train—  
Whan, opposeet the Tron, a laddie bairn,  
As pinch'd an' wan-faced as a kirk-yaird wraith,  
Bare fittit, capless, shivering in clouts,  
That 'twas a shame to keep outside a grate,  
Slank in afore him, axin wad he buy  
A bawbee box o' matches for his lunt?  
Noo, Sandy kind o' mindit he had seen  
That lad before—but where? He thocht a-wee,  
Syne, a' at once, it flasht athort his mind  
'Twas in The Inn at hame last harvest time—  
The harvest time, tak tent, that was *last* than—  
Whan he had saved him frae a wallopin'  
Frae his step-mither—a coorse Irish drab,  
Wha had a maw for drink as grit's the Firth's.

*Trav.* Did he kidnap the boy then right away?

*Tweed.* As sune's he heard Mick's tale—a waesome  
ane!

Swats bang'd him up, an' owre across the street  
To where a callant's tailor kept his stores,  
An' had him weeshin' weel, an' scrapit clean,  
An' clad a-new frae heid to heel at wance.

*Trav.* Some food he'd not forget?

*Tweed.* Swacker forget?

Ye little trow the Carle we're crackin' o'!  
Bolt frae the cleeders to the feeders, Sir,  
The boy was hurried pell-mell, ay or no,  
An' stuff't outside an' in like a prize pig,  
Or some young faither coming frae a fair!

*Trav.* Starvation kills itself! Then, after that?

*Tweed.* Down to the Waverley as fast as hawks,  
An' hame to Garfuird wi' the South express.

*Trav.* And what made he of Mick? Sent he him  
back?

*Tweed.* He sent a letter to his folk, I heard—  
Whilk hasna yet been answered to this day,  
As far's I ken, but, onywey, young Mick  
Steys on an' serves him like a gratefu' tyke,  
An' will do till death pairts them—little doubt.

They fit ilk ither weel — tho' baith are deils,  
An' unco deils at that, in mony ways !

*Trav.* And what of Peggy? She's an orphan, too?

*Tweed.* A Garfuird orphan wench whom Sandy's  
wife

Brang up an' schuled sin' e'er her faither dee'd—  
A wordy man, wha wrocht the Common land  
Whilk Swacker teuk a tack o' aff the toun.

*Trav.* Bravo "Swats!!" Know ye the Marquis,  
Vulcan?

*Tweed.* Tho' for lang years I did his smiddy wark,  
I canna say I ken him person'ly.

His line o' life an' mine lay aye abreid ;  
I shod the puir brutes that he raced to death—  
Hang it, the toil was sair, the profit sma' !

He is a Cath'lic—if he's onything—  
A patchy Pawpist an' a Tory, tae,  
A strick laird wi' his tenants, ane an' a',  
Tho' no sae bad's his factor, "Roupemout"—  
A monster that sud herd wi' cannibals,  
Serpents and taeds in Darkest Africae !

*Trav.* I've heard as much before. How old is he?—  
I mean the Marquis—let the factor go.

If he's unmarried I might call on him,  
I understand his place can stand a look?

*Tweed.* Nae grander bit in a' the Loudons, Sir!

Cleuch Glen itsel' is worth a jaunt in June,  
Tho' on Shanks-naigie it were ta'en frae France !

The Markis is a seeventy-year-auld rogue—  
A turfy spendthrift n'ar his tether's end !  
Nae greater stickler for his caste an' class  
Lan'-lords it on the Europe Continent !

*Trav.* He's married and hath issue?

*Tweed.* Ay, them baith !

His wife's a leddy—guid, but unco still ;  
Some gang their lenth's an' say she grieves for him—

But she's a subjeck I ne'er bather wi',  
Haein' eneuch at hame to mind my ain !

His sons naebody kens in Garfuird toun ;  
They baith were schuled in England, an' sin' syne  
They've been Life-Gairdsmen offishers, I hear.



Tall, wice-like chields, but delicate in health,  
Yet baith far travellers when off on leave.

*Trav.* He has no daughters?

*Tweed.* Nae *dauchters*, shairly.

But, Sir, he has a *nièce* that wad mak up  
For a haill raijment o' the ither kind!

Eh, Sirss, what bonniness an' sweetness is!  
Dinna gang near the Castle, an ye wish  
To keep hairt hale! She'd mesmereeze you, tae,  
As she has dune a multitude o' swells,  
Forbye young Hootsman—her man-match only,  
I do believe, that Britain hauds this day!

*Trav.* Ay! What of him—I've often heard him named,  
And even praised beyond the meed of men?

*Tweed.* Weel! like his gutcher—his gran'faither, Sir—  
Folk o' a' ranks do a' but worship him,  
An' never think it wrang!

*Trav.* Great Scott! What for?

*Tweed.* Baith for his gallant heart an' clever heid—  
His matchless bouk an' his heroic sowl—  
His noble deeds dune for his fallow men—  
They've saved the lives o' mony in his time!—  
Ane, Sir Hugh's son—the youngest ane—wild Jake,  
Ae day at sea, before the very een  
O' Leddy Mab hersel', an' mony mair!—  
No speakin' o' the race frae whilk he's sprung,  
A breed o' sturdies, Sir, nae shire can bate!

*Trav.* Well, grant all that. What is he in himself?

*Tweed.* Did you e'er read the *Life o' Wallace Wicht*?

*Trav.* Half a score of times—I'm an old Scotty,  
At least, my daddy was a Bents boy born!

*Tweed.* I'm pleased to hear't. Weel, Hootsman's  
Wallace back,

An' gin' ye want to ken aucht mair o' John,  
Rax down "The Life," an' read wi' micht an' main—  
I maun gae in, I hear the 'prentice ringin'!

*Trav.* One moment more. But, first, take this—  
*sans* thanks,

And e'en without so much as scanning it  
Until I'm gone (*puts a "tip" into the smith's waistcoat  
pocket*).

Know you if it be true  
That Hootsman is engaged to Lady Mab?  
Speak me your mind, I am concern'd to know.

*Tweed.* "Engaged?" Hang it, I canna say for *that*,  
But, I could threep the deil they're unco *cosh*!  
Ay, *o'er the lugs in luv*, baith tane an' tither,  
For ance I saw them, when they sawna me,  
Strolling afore me down the avenue!

*Trav.* That's all. We'll meet again perhaps, old  
man?  
I'm at the Sea Horse Inn, a week or more.

*Tweed.* Sir, Hootsman's a' ye ever heard o' him,  
An' muckle mair! The Markis is a vratch!  
An idle wastrel a' his haill born days;  
He's spent three fortunes--a' the produce, Sir,  
O lord hoo many scores o' ferm folk,  
Wha toil'd, an' toil'd, an' had to toil again  
That he micht sport an' spend, horse-race, an' sin!  
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. CASTLE CLEUCH. *A Room in the Castle.*

*Enter THE MARQUIS and a POLICEMAN.*

*Mar.* Ten is the hour, and he's a punctual wretch.  
I hear him now!

*Enter HOOTSMAN.*

*Mar.* You come here by appointment, do you not?

*Hoots.* I do—to fix the clauses of the lease,  
The new lease I'm to have of Leddyslove.

*Mar.* *Ladies' love*! try hate of gentlemen instead,  
For all their malisons you've richly earned!  
Where is the Lady Mabel? Where's my niece?

*Hoots.* She's in the Castle, is she not, my lord?  
I do not understand why you speak thus.

*Mar.* You know not where she is? Then, officer,  
Make him your prisoner, without ado,  
And in the county jail immure him close  
Until the hangman comes and lets him out!

*Pol.* Sir, I am sorry, but lend me your wrists,  
I do but do my duty doing this.

*Hoots.* Stand off. Of what am I accused at all?

*Pol.* Abduction of the Lady Mabel Drewe,  
Of Werpe, Northumberland, the rightful heir,—  
And Ward in Chancery of this noble lord  
And Sir Hugh Seafaem, Baronet of Bents.  
Come, now, give me your hands!

*Hoots.* How will you to the county town proceed?

*Enter another* POLICEMAN.

*Second Pol.* In custody, we'll take you in our coach;  
Perhaps you may get home when you explain;  
But we must take you there—no choice is ours.

*Hoots.* Before we go, O tell me, is she lost?

*Second Pol.* On Saturday the Marquis spoke with her,  
Since when she's not been seen, nor can be found.

*Hoots.* Has Garford town been search'd?

*Second Pol.* All—twenty times,  
And all the country side around as well!  
But, come along, we may not answer you.

*Mar* (*pointing to the handcuffs*). Is this the union  
which thou schemed so for?

A holy nuptial, truly! Links of steel  
Its certain bond, till Berry\* shatters them!  
Have off, thou hypocrite, with thy fit bride!

*Hoots.* I go, but I'll return, and when I do,  
Relations may be changed—yet all I wish  
Is that this blunder unto thee may bring  
No more pain than to me. Gyves only hurt  
And are an anguish to an evil mind!  
The soul that's innocent they neither ban,  
Nor burden, bar, nor bind—thus all my care  
Hath for its object one I shall not name,  
So, please, set out at once!

[*Exeunt the police, with HOOTSMAN in custody.*

*Mar.* (*alone*). If that youth's a true sample of his kind,  
Our peasantry, by heaven, then from me  
Do draw this day reluctant reverence—  
A feeling of mixed hate, regard, and spite!  
A physique like a hero's of old time,

---

\* The public executioner.

A port like Hector, a majesty and power,  
Out-doing Cæsar's, and withal repose,  
Beneficence, and gentleness divine !  
O that he had been Hogg—informer Hogg,  
And not the glory of mankind he is !

*Enter TIPEM.*

(*To Tip.*) Nothing further heard of her ?

*Tip.* Not a breath.

I call'd, my lord, on Swacker, as you bid,  
And question'd him along the lines you sketch'd,  
But—Shoo ! No matter—yet I might as well,  
I'm sure, have tried to coax the new town clock,  
Which now adorns the Free Church spire, to strike  
Backwards, the hours that it toll'd forth last year,  
As to get " Swats " to say what he would not.  
In sooth, my lord, I met a questioner,  
And left him as a lawyer-worried clown  
Flees from the witness-box when pump'd bone dry !

*Mar.* I fear'd as much—knowing the rogue of old !  
What of the searchers ? Are they still astir ?

*Tip.* More so than ever. All the villagers,  
Estate hands, countrymen, and boys,  
Have scour'd the woods, and have had Garvie dragg'd  
As far up in the moors as Brocklie Howes,  
And down to where, emboguing in the sands,  
It splits in tiny rills and disappears,  
East of Bents mansion-house—long leagues from here.

*Mar.* No more word from our agency at Werpe ?  
Those rough Northumbrians like Mammoths move,  
To quicken them an earthquake's not too much !  
What did her factor, Tom Yorke, telegraph ?

*Tip.* Only the wording of his " genuine sorrow,  
And sympathy with you and family ! "  
But of his lady he had nought to tell,  
Further than that she'd not been seen at Werpe  
Since 'fore May-day last year.

*Mar.* What's your own thought ?  
Think you she died because I thwarted her ?

*Tip.* No ! not at all. I think, my lord, she fled.

*Mar.* Whereto ? I've sounded all her friends, old Tip,

Both near and far ! Even Hootsman, I am sure,  
To-day is all uncertain of her fate.

*Tip.* Perhaps. Perhaps. 'Tis hard to say, my lord !  
Was he arrested while I was at "Swats" ?

*Mar.* He was. Handcuff'd and hustled by the police,  
And yet no further vex'd than Wallace was,  
Confronted with the hordes at Stirling Bridge !  
Where is the *chauffeur*, know you ?

*Tip.* In his shop  
Next the machine-house ; I heard him at work.

*Mar.* Warn him to keep the newest motor fix'd,  
Ready to start instanter, day or night ;  
And publish this REWARD in every print  
Issued to-morrow in the British Isles. (*A rap at the  
door heard.*)

See who is there, and, Tip, leave us alone  
If it be Father Peter, as I think.

*Tip.* My lord, I will. (*Goes and opens the door.*)

*Enter FATHER PETER.*

*Mar.* Good morrow, Father. You are early here ?

[*Exit Tipem.*]

*F. Peter.* Down at your north lodge Widow Hesslin  
pass'd

Within the hour : An exit sweet had she.

*Mar.* What, Father ! Is the Widow Hesslin dead ?  
She ope'd the gate for me on Saturday,  
And she my junior was by two full years !

*F. Peter.* O that we might, my son, as quickly open  
The gate which bars for us the narrow way  
That leads to peace on earth and bliss beyond,  
As yon weak, trembling woman did for thee  
The gross material one to strife and sin !

*Mar.* That prayer finds echo in my inmost heart !  
But other things claim our immediate care,  
Which we must tackle to with all our strength ?

*F. Peter.* Verily, my son, and therefore, let me ask  
In this world's style, as it is of this world,  
Has nothing more transpired of your lost ward ?

*Mar.* No. Nothing. Only confirmation strong

That she has fled, and means her flight to be,  
From our control and guardianship, for good !

*F. Peter.* The prison van pass'd by me coming here,  
Was that vain heretic, young Hootsman, in it ?

*Mar.* Undoubtedly, hand-cuff'd and guarded too !  
But if the fiscal find no evidence  
Affording strong suspicion of his guilt,  
The law binds him to liberate him straight ?  
And there *is* none—save those two lines of script,  
Upon a portion of a mislaid note,  
Found by her maid and given me by Hogg ?

*F. Peter.* And that script only indicates withal  
Their mutual sworn love and fix'd resolve  
To die the death rather than wed apart ?  
If so, farewell our proselyte to Rome !  
Our whole lures thitherwards were vanities !  
Both socialist and heretic are free  
To propagate henceforth their “modern thoughts,”  
And poison deathless souls with draughts from hell !

*Mar.* With due humility and all respect,  
I beg to differ, Reverend Father Peter,  
From this too-hasty—hence, mistaken view  
Of our position now. Were she but found,  
I think I'd find a way out of this slough—  
A way less dread than yours.

*F. Peter.* Announce it, then.

*Mar.* Great ills need whiles great remedies for cure ?  
The hour she comes within my power again,  
That happy hour sees us for Dover bound  
In my new carriage motor, shut from view,  
And whirling southwards, swift as mercury  
With some love-gift for heaven's Queen from Jove !

*F. Peter.* And then ?

*Mar.* Then, doubtless, Neptune o'er his gulph would find  
A ready mean us to convey to Gaul,  
And re-install us in our autocar,  
In which the priory of Aix were near  
As I am now to you.

*F. Peter.* “First catch your hare !”  
Persuasion, too, the convent must precede—  
I could not give it sanction otherwise.

*Mar.* Her acquiescence, Father, is secured  
In this seal'd document (*holding up a packet*), and all  
were well

Were she once found !

*F. Peter.* No tidings of her yet !

What can it mean ?

*Mar.* Or flight, or suicide,  
Impossible to tell. But O'Rourke comes—  
Yon dour, dark man, M'Levey's relative—  
From Scotland Yard, and by to-night's express,  
And I give room for hope this mystery,  
So dark and painful now, will, in his skill,  
And intellectual search-light, be made plain,  
Yea, plain as night's is by the orb of day—  
Renewing for us floods of light and joy !

*F. Peter.* The Lord, His angels, and His saints I pray  
Thy hope emerge in fact !

*Mar.* That it may do,  
Hold thyself ready, Father, every hour  
To leap and go with us—O'Rourke will win !

*F. Peter.* Keep him from Swacker's ken ! *Au revoir !*  
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE. V. GARFORD. *Before* SWACKER'S INN.

*Enter* SWACKER *and* KATE MACNIVEN.

*Swack.* Keep lown, lown, Kate. I ken ye like a job ?  
Gang ye, then, up to Leddyslove ferm road,  
An' wait, an' watch, an' linger there until  
Ye see young Hootsman.

*Kate.* Young Hootsman, quo' ye ?  
Young Hootsman's i' th' jile sin' brekfast time !  
O wae an' lack-a-day ! A truer man  
Has no been penn'd within a prison's wa's  
In Scotland sin' the awfu' killin' days  
In Covenantin' times !

*Swack.* He's no' there lang !  
They daurna keep him ! They've nae reason for it.  
Tell him that auld "Swats" trows where Maaby is,  
An' bid him write, throo you an' me, at wance—  
This wey, nae *ither* way than this, syne, Kate,

Ye'se preen it on the inside Shonnie's coat,  
On here (*takes off his own coat, and explains where she is  
to pin the letter on Shonnie's*), syne, after that, sen'  
Shonnie down

To get—ye understand?—yer *usual books*,  
Which, neist time he comes down, ye should return,  
But no' until ye hae a note for Mab. D'ye see?

*Kate.* I ye absorb like fire. O Sandy Swats!  
O Sandy, Sandy Swats! O that ye'd been  
About Queen Mary when Langside was lost,  
Yon morn at Fotheringay had never daw'd!

*Swack.* Shut up! Tak' this (*gives her money*), an'  
tramp without a word! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI. (*The same*) *An upper bedroom in  
Dr Paul's Manse.*

MRS PAUL and LADY MABEL *discovered.*

*Lady Mab.* Does still the minister not know I'm here?

*Mrs Paul.* Not yet—the time's not yet!

*Lady Mab.* Why comes not John?

*Mrs Paul.* He will be here. He knows that you are  
here,

But prudence stay's his coming till fit time.

O my dear lady, rest! John says himself

Our Counsellor is a friend deserving trust

Unlimited of us—confide in him!

*Lady Mab.* Whereat and when did my John tell you  
that?

*Mrs Paul.* Why, in the note I told you of last night.

*Lady Mab.* Where is that bless'd note now, dear  
Mrs Paul?

*Mrs Paul.* It being but a hasty pencil scrap,  
To reassure me things would all work well,  
For safety I did drop it in the fire.

*Lady Mab.* But surely you may name our Counsellor?

*Mrs Paul.* Indeed, he said you were to be inform'd,  
So that on knowing you might doff suspense,  
And, under felt assurance, find repose.

*Lady Mab.* I shall, when John has said so! Tell me,  
then.



*Mrs Paul.* He is the gentleman you were to seek  
If John's conference with the Marquis closed  
Unfavourably for your union—any time.

*Lady Mab.* I thought so, and 'tis well. I know our  
man!

In foresight and resource few fellow him,  
While his whole all is for those needing aid.  
Dear Mistress Paul, thanks, thanks! I'll sleep to-night!

*Mrs Paul.* And may your dreams match your supreme  
desert! [Exeunt.]

SCENE VII. (*The same*) *The private apartment in  
SWACKER'S INN.*

*Enter SWACKER and MRS PAUL.*

*Swack.* Come here nae mair, an' steyna lang 'enoo!  
The Markis an' his priests are a' on hunt,  
An' e'en the great O'Rourke frae Scotland Yaird  
They're fetchin' down the nicht to help their hounds—  
I worm'd it a' out Tipem here mysel'!

*Mrs Paul.* O Lord! What shall we do?

*Swack.* Nae whingeing here!  
But gae ye hame at wance, ma'm, quite the thing—  
As smiling, an' jocoselike as a saunt,  
Gaun up for his reward at the last day!  
Leave a' to me—believe me, ye hae need!  
An' ilka nicht afore ye gae to bed  
Slip out yer lane, an' 'neth the aipple tree  
Lift up the flet stane that I tauld ye o',  
An' tak what's lying there, and there lay down  
Whate'er ye hae for me, or 'tither loon.

*Mrs Paul.* May I not yet consult the minister?

*Swack.* Na! neither minister nor servant lass!  
Blab not to livin' sowl of woman born,  
Do as ye're doin' now, until I sign! [Exit MRS PAUL.]

*Enter JAMIE HORSMAN.*

*Hors.* A-lord-a-mercy, Sandy, what is this—  
They say the maister's putten in the jile!  
An' that the ferm, tae, in the *Mid-day News*,  
Is advertteezed to let at Whitsunday,

The praisent tenant no' to offer for't,  
The Lord preserve us, Sandy, is it true?  
An' gin it's true, guid guide us, what does't mean?

*Szack.* It just means what ye've said. Sit ye doun there,

An' tell us hoo far on yer plooin's noo?  
The snaw has gotten this time quick dispatch?  
I think the spring means to be late this year,  
But that the simmer slap will back her up?  
The mercats, tae, are rising, south an' north,  
Corn, spuds, an' butcher meat, an' even oo',  
Are selling muckle better than they've dune.  
Ye'll tak ae nip frae me afore ye go?

*Hors.* "Nips"! Sandy Swats! an' crack o' ploods  
an' snaw

Wi' a' this heapit on our heids this day!  
Ye surely think I'm daft!

*Szack.* An' sae ye are,  
An ye gang howlin' like a howdie wife,  
Because something unwish'd is what has come!  
If Hootsman's in the jile, is't Hootsman's meed —  
The richt reward for aucht that Hootsman's dune?

*Hors.* No' that I ken o'—jist the opposeet!  
A wee worm on the wildest wilderness  
It's no' in him to wrang!

*Szack.* Then let him be.  
The jile can neither harm nor hold him lang,  
An' what seems noo a deevlish bitter straik  
May pruve ere lang Dame Fortune's kindly clap,  
Afore she turns him owre to lasting guid.

*Hors.* I downa see hoo that can be ava!

*Szack.* I ance was "taken up" in Lon'on streets,  
And I, to pruve slap-bang my innocence,  
Had to accompany a bobby to  
A gent.'s place, name o' Cavendish, whereat,  
As it sae happen'd, Jean, my wife, was cook!  
So there the twa o's met for the first time,  
An' teuk an' clang thegither like twa burrs  
Wham time has fail'd to sinder to this day!  
What think ye, James, o' that? Had it no' been  
For that affront, whilk at the time to me

Felt waur than death itsel', we ne'er had met,  
We ne'er had courtit, cuisten out, nor mairried,  
Ne'er haen our bairns, high-times, nor tirrorives,  
In ane anither's fallowship, atweel!

*Hors.* But what in a' the world's he jiled for?  
An' what for is the vera ferm *to let*?

The bonnie Leddy Mab that's run awa,  
He's surely no' t' wyte for—is he, Sir?

*Swack.* Jamie, look here! It's just as plain to me  
That wi' the Markis John's at loggerheids,  
As that we twa are met, but what's *the cause*  
O' either ane or ither's hard to tell.

*Hors.* Div ye no ken? or dinna want to tell?

*Swack.* I hae my thochts, but thochts are only thochts,  
An' no' like facks that folk ken "winna ding,"  
But ehies, instead, uncertain, and untried,  
As strangers are, wha may be seers an' saunts,  
Or sumpshs, or scoundrels o' the blackest dye,  
For aucht that ane can say whan first they meet.

*Hors.* Weel, gie's yer thochts, yer *true* thochts o'  
this job,  
O Sandy! let me hear—it's necessar'!

*Swack.* The thoct on this job I think best o' mine  
Is that John Hootsman is a gentleman,  
A gentleman be natur' an' be breedin',  
A gentleman be a' that he has dune  
Or e'er intends to do—true blue a' owre!

*Hors.* But that's o' him, an' no' about this fricht?  
I want to ken what we're to think o' *that*,  
An' gif the habble's been brocht on be him?

*Swack.* Nae doubt it has—be him, or some ane else.

*Hors.* The Leddy Mab?—dy'e think he egg'd her on  
To rin awa—maybe to Gretna Green—  
Whare he could jine her whan the lease was sign'd,  
And a' was safe, hooe'er the Markis raged?

*Swack.* John Hootsman, Jamie, is a gentleman,  
An' no' the back-door plotter ye wad hint!  
He couldna "egg her on to rin awa,"  
Not even to win that angel for his bride!  
An' I'm dooms sure he trows as little noo—  
*This vera hour*—whare that puir lassie's gane

As e'en the "noble" Markis does himsel',  
Tho' he's her uncle an' her warder baith !

*Hors.* But what syne, Sandy, made the kimmer flee?  
An' what is't mak's the maister lose the ferm—  
A place his folk have held for centuries?

*Swack.* Wow ! ye're a cute an' cogitawting chiel,  
An' should, by pittin' three an' three thegither,  
Be able to mak half-a-dizzen out,  
As swith as mony folk ! Weel, Maaby flees,  
An' Hootsman gets the sack within a week.  
Does that "remarkable coincident"

No' to yer noddle hint the Markis kens—  
Has come to ken—something he *didna* ken,  
Whilk in his absence, far awa abroad,  
He had nae chance to ken, that whilk to him—  
A proud aristocrat, a people's scaur,  
A run-dune turfite an' n'ar-ruin'd rake—

E'en on the vera naming o't, I say,  
Wad mak' him act, as he has doubtless dune,  
To'rds baith young Hootsman an' his leddy ward ?

*Hors.* It seems gey like it, Sandy. What can't be ?  
It canna be the young folk's been owre thick ?

*Swack.* What wey ?

*Hors.* What wey ! Because the lass belangs  
Thae blazin' Suns an' Stars, the lan'lord toffs,  
And deuks, an' millionaires, an' walthy Jews,  
Sic as the Solomon an' Rothchild set,  
An' durstna even look sae laigh, I trow,  
As half-wey down to whare the maister is,  
For fear they'd be defiled, or scaur'd for life.

*Swack.* Jamie, ye little guess what Maaby is !  
She's no' the same as them ye read about.  
Man ! She's a brainy being—far abune—  
A thousand miles abune—the general ruck,  
An' tents not ae sark button of the class  
To whilk her joe belangs, sae lang as he  
Is what John Hootsman is—a gloris man  
In bouk, an' brains, an' sowl.

*Hors.* Sandy, yer hand !  
The maister is a' that, an' even mair,  
An' weel, in sober sooth, nicht mate a queen !

*Enter PETER STOURE excitedly.*

*Stoure.* Freends! freends! O freends! It ne'er rains but it pours!

Sich awfu' news—a muckle city noo—  
Three hunder thousan' folk clean swallow'd up—  
An' crusht flet like braized beans 'neth tum'lin' wa's—  
A' in the time that ane micht tak' a snuff!  
An' puir Lord Bob, tae, in the stramash kill'd!

*Swack.* Pate! stop that roarin' an' explain yersel'!  
What city do ye speak o'—San Francisky?

*Stoure.* No! that's no' it's name, it's Valparaizy,  
No' Francisky, anither yirthquake, Sirs!  
A new ane a' thegither, stoop and roop,  
Whase like was never seen on airth afore—  
Threé hunder thousan' victims at wan whup!—  
An' mang the lave LORD MURCLEUCH's second son—  
The sojer ane they ca'd LORD BOB round here!

*Swack.* Great God! If this is true! Wha tauld ye,  
Pate?

*Stoure.* I read it in the *Mid-day News* mysel'—  
The seeventeenth edition, fair an' square,  
It is the first bit o' the Garfuird notes—  
Ay! here it is (*takes a copy of this widely-circulated and usually fairly well-informed Newspaper, "The Lothian Mid-day News," from his pocket and hands it to SWACKER, who reads aloud from it the first intimation to this country of the terrible South American Cataclysm referred to.*

*Swack.* What think ye, freends? The Markis is,  
An' aye has been, nae flatterer o' mine,  
But I would be a brute indeed if that  
Kept me frae feeling for him keen this day:  
His favourite tenant forcely laid in jail;  
His wife, the Marchioness, in London, ill;  
His son an' heir, the Yearl of Garfuird, ill;  
His dear an' only niece, lost—wha kens whare?—  
His ither son, in a brave search for health,  
Crunch'd in a yirthquake's jaws, out owre the seas!  
This were eneuch to mak' a Job complain,  
An' for his "freends" to fa' an' burst themsel's,

Were 't no' against the laws o' God an' Man.  
 Na, Pate, an' Jamie, tae, ne'er dream o' *that*—  
 The mair sae being, as ye ken ye are,  
 Twa o' the New Club's sworn Committee men,  
 Appointit at the meetin' whilk saw me  
 Made Treasurer an' Saikretar' aff hand,  
 By vote yoononymous as fryin' fish!

*Hors.* This monstrous bout o' ills will kill the Club!  
 The Maister, to be Praisident, ye ken,  
 Agreed to come neist meetin' for that end—  
 Ne'er dreamin', honest man! to hae, instead  
 O's Praisidenshal chair, a prison stool!

*Swack.* Ye're wrang there, Jamie! nae jile stool for him!

John Hootsman on a jile stool wad look waur  
 Than a croun'd Monarch in a herrin' cairt!  
 He maun be hame the morn—if no' the nicht,  
 They daurna keep ane 'cept there's reasons for't,  
 An' that they've feint a haet, jot, styme, or tittle,  
 It needs nae Solomon to sweir o' John!

*Stoure.* Than the neist meetin' hauds on Friday nicht?

Hoo mony members, Sandy, have we noo?

*Swack.* Abune fowre hunder, Peter, a' paid up.  
 Assuredly, as fix'd, neist meetin' hauds,  
 But, as it's only of the Commytee,  
 We weel may rearrange our future wark  
 To suit the alter'd beirin's o' our Chief,  
 An' a' our ain domestic fireside jeegs?

*Stoure.* (*going*). A' richt. Here's luck!—this beer will do. Ta-ta!

I've been but at the Smith's, and maunna stey! [*Exit.*]

*Hors.* I maun be stappin', tae, to start the folk.  
 We're dungin' a' the stibble land we can,  
 An' it needs management an' lookin' owre.

*Swack.* Nae doubt, nae doubt. Send me doun word the morn

If he's no' back. He needna fash himsel',  
 Tell ye him that, should he come hame 'tween hands.

[*Exit.*]

*Swack.* (*alone*). A's richt, so far. Noo, Swats, for the O'Rourke!

For I do trow, as sure's I trow my thoomb,  
This yirthquake in Chili the Markis sall  
Rouse up beyond a' measure Mab to find  
An' get her housed abroad in France or Rome,  
Until the puir thing either do consent  
To wed the Yearl his son or tak' the Veil.  
Sandy! ye ken what Hootsman said what she had said—  
"She'd sooner poison take than either fate!  
And that, after her God and Maker, she  
Placed her whole confidence in John and me!"  
O were I Rob MacSqueel\* hoo I could sing!  
But tho' plain "Swats" I'se try a stave, by jing!

*Sings*—O'Rourke, O'Rourke, O'Rourke, O,  
Is coming down to burke ye a'!  
But, by my sang, fair tits for tats,  
He'll meet his mark in "Sandy Swats!"  
O'Rourke, O'Rourke, O'Rourke, O,  
Ye watna hoo he'll quirk ye, O,  
Like clay he'll knead an' work ye, O,  
An' bake ye broun, sall "Sandy Swats!"

(*Opens the doors, and calls*) Mick! here Mick, here!  
*Enter* TUBBS.

Yont to the Station, Mick,  
An' wait the twa last trains. Frae ane o' them  
A tall dark countryman o' yours may come,  
An' tak' his seat within the Castle trap,  
Which will be waitin' there to drive him up.

*Tubbs.* But if he cooms inside the first wan, sor,  
Oi needn't wait the second, sure, for him?

*Swack.* Ye Irish eedywut, a-daursay no'!  
Come hame ye Paddy ruffian, hame to me,  
As sune's ye spot him, *an' let on to name!*

*Tubbs.* Not Oi—not even for gold from Father  
Pether's silf! [*Exeunt.*

---

\* A famous local poet.

## ACT IV.

SCENE I. *The Kitchen of THE GRAY SHEEP INN.**Enter TUBBS.**Tubbs (sings)—*

“ Ach ! how my heart leapt bould an' big  
 Whin off I trip't wid dearie !  
 Both hip an' elbow lithe an' trig  
 As e'er left Tipperary ! ”

*Enter PEGGY DISHIE.*

*Spuke even aw Sathan, the ould neighbours say,  
 An' wan will see him !—sure an' that is throe !  
 For, by the Powers, his youngest colleen cooms  
 Whin Oi but sing ov her ! All fair an' fresh,  
 As praties in the marning whin in flower !*

*Peg.* Weel, Rattleheid, what are ye up to noo ?*Tubbs.* Singing swate hymns forninst our marriage day.

Larning an' rehearsing thim I am in thruth,  
 Knowing the toime's so short betwane, ma chree.

*Peg.* Lord-hae-a-care-o'-me ! maun ye splice, tae ?  
 The young folk's a' grown fules sin' Yule round here !  
 Wha is the eedywut ye're gaun to get ?

*Tubbs.* Swate Piggy Dishie is mine angel named,  
 The natest cook an' kitchen maid aloive !

*Peg.* Ye gomerell, an' ye think I'd marry ye,  
 That pruves at ance the eedywut ye are !  
 Me tak' a Roman Cath'lic for my man !  
 I'd suner mairry Kate MacNeeven's son,  
 Wha's six feet high, an' yet is but a bairn  
 In ilka thing he either says or daes !  
 Na, na, nae priest-gull'd loon for me, I trow !

*Tubbs.* No more now, Peggy, let the prastes alone,  
 Yiz are not question'd, sure, to marry thim,  
 But *me*, your own throe bhoy an' swateheart ivermore,



The first-prize spalpeen av this counthry side,  
An' sarvingest o' slaves that kiss yer fut !  
Arrah, what ails ye at the Father praste ?  
Sure I don't bother you wid Docthor Paul ?

*Peg.* It's neither Faither priest nor Doctor Paul,  
But it's the wicked faith ye put in Popes,  
Yer " Vargins " an' yer " Saints "—abune a' count—  
A queer clamjamfry o' misleerit fules !  
An' then, yer saicraments ! besides a' ours,  
Ye still believe an' practeeze " confirmation,"  
Vain " penance," an' " aixtreme ungtkshon," vainer still ;  
Forbye haud on be " transubstansheeashon "—  
A doctrine whilk the common sense o' sheep  
Wad mak' them stint at, could they tak' it in,  
As Guid be praised they canna ! No, Michael, no,  
Ufless ye change ye're no' the man for me !

*Tubbs.* What would ye have me " change " to, purty  
Peg ?

Tell me this night the laste ye'd have me do,  
And, sure, I'll do it, darlint, back an' fore !

*Peg.* Renounce a' supersteeshon, like mysel' !

*Tubbs.* Musha, what's that ? an' what must I re-  
nounce ?

Sure I cast all whin I give you meself ?

*Peg.* Yes, Micky, yes, but, as ye are 'enoo,  
I couldna' think to tak' ye at yer word,  
Our mairried life wad be wan constant flyte !

*Tubbs.* An' what would it be did we live apart ?  
Meself would drown in the first pond I found !

*Peg.* O Micky, Micky, dinna brek my hairt !  
Ye maunna drown yersel', my bonnie man !  
I'm sure a weel-faur'd, clever lad like you  
Wad ne'er do sich a sin for sich as me ?

*Tubbs.* Begorra, thin, I would, tho' Father Pether  
Says that silf-murder is *the* sin av sins !

*Peg.* Gosh, gosh, O gosh ! whatever sall I do ?  
Could ye no promise, Micky, to reform,  
An' no' be *sich* a Cath'lic as the rest—  
No' sae dougmatick about saunts, an' Popes,  
An' consaicratit wafers, an' sic trash  
As Eemages, an' Masses in a tongue

Ye trow nae mair o' than I trow o' that  
The hoodie craws, up bye at Castle Cleuch,  
Wheelin' owre their hich trees, craw morn an e'en?

*Tubbs.* Swate darling, marry me, an' let that wait!  
Ye're all ontoirely wrong about my crade!  
I'm of another cult than that ye think;  
I do not trust in balderdash, but truth,  
Which I do worship, dear, wid me whole sowl!

*Peg.* That I do, tae. But ca' ye stookies truths!  
Or railies, or indulgences that sell?  
Or makin' men lite-bachelors be force?  
I tell ye gif ye think that thae are truths,  
Ye are for me as little's I'm for you,  
So there's an end, and woo me, please, no more!

*Tubbs.* (*Putting his arms round her*).  
Ach! do not cry, me flower in spring-time, don't!  
I shall be what you will, aloive or dead!

*Peg.* Mick! Mick! quit me! I hear the Mistress  
coming!

*Tubbs.* (*Kissing her*). An' so do I, but there's yet  
time for this,  
An' this, an' this, an' this besides, my swate!

*Enter MRS SWACKER.*

*Mrs Swack.* What's a' the rumpus wi' you sweet-  
hairts noo?  
I think, for my pairt, ye should seek Mess John,  
An' that ye canna do't owre early either!  
Am I richt, Micky?

*Tubbs.* Indade, ma'am, that yiz are!  
And sure it is meself you would oblige  
By ordhering Piggy up wid me next week.

*Peg.* Where to, ye gumpus? where should I be  
ordered?

*Tubbs.* The althar, sure, to plidge yoursilf to me—  
Never to go agin until we die!

*Peg.* The Cath'lic "altar," down in Battie's Loan,  
Whare Daidy Peter sleely plucks his gulls?  
Is that the ane ye mean?

*Mrs Swack.* Wheesht, Peggy, wheesht!  
Ye maunna be sae contrumashious, lass,

An' learn to be mair tolerant an' just,  
Folk canna a' be Protestants, ye gowk,  
A guid thing, tae ! There's few like some we ken !  
(*Aside to Peg*). Tak' ye my counsel, an' cleek Micky  
fast.

Let priests an' parsons owre their auld creeds threep !  
Nae creed is aigual to ane's ain guid man ! [*Exit.*]

*Peg.* I'm gaun awa. My time is up, an' mair,  
An' Granny will be wearyin' for her bed.  
Ye needna come wi' me—I ken the road.

*Tubbs.* O wirra, wirra ! So do Oi—to this,  
(*Kisses her*). And till ye give me hope ye stay wid me !

*Peg.* Let go ! let go, or I will shout an' bring  
The Maister here himsel' to speak to ye !

*Tubbs.* Say, thin, what that is ye would have me do ?  
Think ye I'm more a Cath'lic than yourself ?

Ah, Piggy, Piggy ! The thruth is I am now—  
Having not been wid Swacker years for nought,  
But through his influence and converse grown  
The outest doubter of the churches all !

Not that I'm irreligious or profane,  
But, Piggy, I'm no more Cath'lic, dear,  
Than I'm Mohammedan, or Jew, or Grake !

*Peg.* But still a Christian o' some seck or ither ?  
The Maister ilka Sabbath's at the Kirk,  
An' ye gang to the Chaipel down the Loan ?

*Tubbs.* Thru for you ! but we're no more than that,  
And, till we be convirted to be more,  
Just Kirk an' Chapel goers we remain.

Now, darlint, twig your chance ! You marry me,  
An' thin convart me if you can, and Oi  
Do swear to be that you convirt me to,

No matther what it be—Protistanism,  
Catholicism, Judaism, all the same,  
Whatever I'm convirted to by you,  
Afther we're married, sure in that swate faith  
I'll be a burning and a shining loight,  
An' a sthrong pillar in its Timple, too !

*Peg.* Ye are nae Cath'lic noo—deid sure, ye say ?  
Ye've out-an'-out abjured a' Pawpist bosh ?

*Tubbs.* Yes, Musha, an' all other " bosh " as well !

*Peg.* But ye believe in something, surely, still?

*Tubbs.* I can't belave, or disbelave, in owght  
That is beyant the power o' me to know!  
I kape an open moind for thruth an' you,  
In whatsoever guise an' time ye coom!  
So name the day, swate goddess, name the day,  
The thither side o' which convarasion shall  
See a life-proselyte bound at your toes!

*Peg.* That I sall not this nicht, nor ony nicht,  
Until I hear what Granny thinks o' you,  
Efter I've tauld her a' ye've said to me.

*Enter SWACKER.*

*Swack.* Mick, follow me up to the private room.

(*To Peggy*). Be aff, ye limmer, unman men nae mair,  
A-back o' granny, is the post for you! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The PRIVATE ROOM of the INN.*

*Enter SWACKER and TUBBS.*

*Swack.* Biz, Mick, biz! Come forrit an' sit down.  
A customer was here—a wife ye ken—  
Auld clashin' Nancy Cairns, frae Craigfell,  
Yammerin' about this an' that, and onything  
That had an unco in't she'd seen or heard.  
Weel, in her clavers here to me the nicht,  
She spak' o' a big wife—a “Gipsy Queen”—  
Heid o' a Yetholm tribe, camp'd on the moors,  
Somewhere atween Scaurden an' Deidman's Moss,  
An' that this gangrel monarch to Craigfell  
Cam' air this morning, selling heather besoms,  
An' ca'd, of coorse, at Nan's among the lave  
O' ither neibors at the ferm toun.  
Nan sweirs this “*Queen's*” the biggest woman gaun—  
A fair Meg Merrilees alive again—  
Strong, black-a-vice'd, mair stalwart than the “Caird,”  
Or “Sturdy vagabond” of by-gone days.

*Tubbs.* Begorra, masther, she's a Quane indade!  
We'se see her down here I do hope hersilf?

*Swack.* Nae doubt, nae doubt. But hearken, Micky  
mine!

She cam' to Nan's, I said, an' whan she saw—  
As sune, nae doubt, she wad—the kind Nan is—  
A bletherin' rustic gossip every inch,  
She made hersel' at hame, and stalkit ben,  
Taking a bacca pipe as black's her heid  
Out o' her pouch, an' lichtin't at the fire,  
Syne sat doun neibor-like atowre the hearth,  
Glowerin' an' puffin' like to end hersel',  
Until Nan askit was she weel eneuch?  
Wi' that the Gipsy Queen loot out her pipe  
An' stow'd it in her bosie, an' quo' she,  
“Good woman, let me see thy palm to-day,  
“And I will read thy weird, for no more fee  
“Than just one glass of water with good will.”  
“Hout, ay!” says Nan, “my fortune's eithly spey'd—  
“A sair-trasht plooman's wife, arled for the grave!”  
“Thou'st had,” quoth Gipsy, fingerin' at Nan's loof,  
“Nine children—four dead, for only five survive!”  
“Hoo ken ye that, uncanny wife?” cried Nan,  
“I'm sure I'm kenn'd be nane round Yetho'm gate!”  
“No, thou art not, yet read I here,” said Gip,  
“That a great blessing to thee, even now,  
“Is hastening o'er the waters of the deep,  
“That stretch from far Columbia to these Isles!”  
“To me!” screech'd Nan. “Tell me what blessing's  
that?”  
“I may,” the Queen agreed, “before I go,  
“If thou wilt truly answer, and inform  
“Me of the dreadful rumours flying round  
“About some lady who hath disappear'd  
“Mysteriously and suddenly from here.”  
“O, that's the Leddy Maaby!” answered Nan,  
“The roomir's true eneuch—owre true, atweel!”  
“Was she of Castle Clew?” syne quizz'd the Queen,  
“Good woman, tell me all, and, for thy pains,  
“I'll let thee know all that thy palms declare  
“Anent the splendid fortune seeking thee!”  
*Tubbs.* Which, sure the humbug did wid supple  
tongue?  
*Swack.* That's flat—seeing that they were hours in  
tow.

*Tubbs.* An' what came av it—onything at all?

*Swack.* Mick! wha's this "Queen"?

*Tubbs.* Arrah! how should I know?

*Swack.* Ye were at Scaurden last nicht wi' the trap,  
Did ye no' see, or hear, aucht o' the "camp"?

*Tubbs.* The devil a camp or tint ov it saw Oi,  
Or heerd ov either from wan morthal sowl!

*Swack.* Wad ye ken ane again ye said ye saw—  
I mean the tall dark gentleman, wha cam'  
Wi' the express last nicht, an' took his seat  
Within the waitin' car frae Castle Cleuch?

*Tubbs.* Troth, thin, an' that I would! bekase his phiz  
Put me so strong in moind ov wan I knew,  
Long, long ago, in Edinboro' strates—  
The drid detictive we Maclavey call'd.

*Swack.* Nan's "Queen's" that man!  
The man O'Rourke, Maclavey's relative!

*Tubbs.* Arrah, get out o' that! a man a quane!

*Swack.* It's true. Pit this an' that thegither, lad,  
An' say syne what ye'd ca'd else than O'Rourke?  
Still, keep on the alert. Maist-like the morn doun here  
His brushes he'll be trockin' throo the toun,  
Sae, hing about, an', gin ye see the rogue,  
Contrive to vizzy him at quarters close,  
Then hurry back to me as hard's ye dow.

*Tubbs.* All roight, but if ye're roight in this, why!  
thin,

There's no man's head like—

*Swack.* "Swats'," this side o' Cork!

Hooever, let that pass, an' tent me still.

Ye ken the Airmstrongs o' the East-gate end?

*Tubbs.* Av course I do—six brother bachelors—  
Dykers, horse-muggers, crofters—poachers all,  
Jock, Hairy, Geordie, Adam, Ned, and Will—  
A lot as forcible as thim of owld  
From whom they sprung—the owld Moss-throoping  
thaves.

*Swack.* Tip-top! ye skaitch them to a naething, heid  
an' tail!

But wha, think ye's the wildest o' the pack—  
The out-an-outest deevil o' them a'?

*Tubbs.* Whoy, Ned, av coorse, whin he is not too dhrunk.

*Swack.* True for you again! I had waled Ned mysel'. Then, Mick, betimes the morn bring Ned to me; They have in hand some dry-stane dykeing wark Owre at Mell's Hag, an' likely leave for't sune. Sae ye micht need to see him by day-brek?

*Tubbs.* If it's to-morrow morning, sor, ye mane, Why wait till thin? Sure I could go to-night?

*Swack.* Yes, an' it may be safer if ye do.

Say little to him—only, in his ear,  
Discraitley whisper that this job has in't  
Adventure, derring-do, an' fun galore,  
An' rowth o' pickings for the winning hand.

*Tubbs.* If he be in his house, or in the town,  
Depind he's here "slap-bang," as you would say. [*Exit.*]

*Swack (alone).* If Ned is workable, O'Rourke is nail'd,

An' Leddy Maaby may be Hootsman's yet!

God send she may! She couldna better do.

An' I am conscience clear in this mysel',

It being clear to a' whase side I'm on.

I'd brek the law nae mair than they wad do

But for my hindrance. I'd stop them by a ruse

Frae doing that they canna do by law,

And if I brek the law thus aiding law,

The law may vera weel excuse the means,

Especially when they're plied for sich an end—

The mairriage o' twa glorious souls like John

An' bonny Leddy Mab—perfection's sel'—

A Mary Stuart an' a goddess born.

*Re-enter TUBBS.*

*Tubbs.* Hooch, masther, masther, Ned is in the Bar!

*Swack.* Losh, is he? Send him ben at wance, my son!

[*Exit TUBBS.*]

*Enter NED ARMSTRONG.*

*Ned.* Your porter, sir, said that ye wantit me?

*Swack.* Ay, ay, sit down. I'd like a word wi' you.  
Ye hae an uncle in St Fozzel's, Ned?

*Ned.* Yes, "Uncle Ned." I am ca'd efter him—  
He trocks in horses, collie dougs, an' kye,  
An' has some scraps o' land, or maybe mair.

*Swack.* Is he weel off?

*Ned.* Weel, that I couldna sweir,  
But onytime that I've been in \* wi' him  
He aye could meet the lawin wi' his share,  
Be that or grit or sma'.

*Swack.* An honest man !  
Ye've wrocht for Hootsman mony times, I trow ?

*Ned.* Baith for the auld man an' the young ane, tae,  
We've run up miles an' miles o' dykes, forbye,  
Building new stables, sheds, an' cattle coorts—  
Tho' *they* were for that ne'er-do-weel, his laird,  
An' oversee'd by ane that's ten times waur,  
Prim, sleeky Roupemout, the factor carle—  
Ane, ye wad think fresh butter in his mou'  
He couldna melt—he is sae smooth an' kind—  
But, straik him 'gainst the hair, ye sune fand teeth,  
An' tiger jaws that could crunch granite sma' !

*Swack.* Ye'll work at Leddyslove, nae mair, I fear—  
At least for Hootsman—kennelt in a jile !

*Ned.* If *that's* the "job" Mick spak o'—I'm yer man !  
For ten pound sterling down, an' he is here,  
Or onywhere within a ride o' here,  
Be six the morn's morning ! Just say the word,  
An' county jile, or county dungeon, sir,  
Sall not keep him frae you beyond this nicht !

*Swack.* What ! are ye fou, that ye sae miss the mark ?  
John Hootsman's safe—that's no the help he needs,  
No, no ! Look here, my boy. Owre to St Fozzel's toun  
We want a carle convoy'd as sune's ye dow,  
An' kept there till sich time's he may be free'd,  
Without endangerin' Hootsman or his lass.

*Ned.* Exackly ! Easy dune ! I am yer man !  
An' as it is for Hootsman—och ! I'll do't  
For naething and a wullie-waucht o' yours !  
What's the carle's name, an' whare's his house ?

*Swack.* His name's O'Rourke, an' Scotland Yaird's  
his hame,

---

\* Drinking in a public-house.



Tho' he bides here 'enoo—at Castle Cleuch.

*Ned.* At Castle Cleuch! an' doun frae Scotland  
Yaird!!

The devil, maister! he may be a spy,  
Or e'en ane o' the great detective crew,  
Sent doun to help the Markis in his sairch  
For the lost leddy there's sich steer about?

*Swack.* Ye've guess'd it shrewdly—lord jove ye have!  
Haith, ye're a queer ane, Ned! Weel, I am tauld,  
By ane whase kennin' 's sure as truth itsel',  
That it wad either bring, or tend to bring,  
Misfortune to the lovers nearer far,  
If this great hunter out o' mysteries  
Were left to scent out Mab before sich time  
As she an' Hootsman could defy them a'.

*Ned.* I see yer meanin' plain, an' think sae, tae,  
And, gif it's necessar' to lick O'Rourke,  
By hidin' him athort the Moor a-while,  
I'm quite agree'ble. Uncle at St Fozzel's  
Has holes an' corners that could stow a mob,  
An' wadna chairge me ae broun penny piece  
Tho' I did quarter in them for a month  
A' the detective spies that e'er were spaned!  
Gie me his marks.

*Swack.* Ye dinna ken him, Ned?

*Ned.* No yet, but that is naething. What's his  
marks?

*Swack.* His present marks are that he shams as  
“Queen”

O' a grit auncient Yetho'm tinkler tribe,  
Whilk he, or she, declares is camp'd 'enoo  
In a near corrie on the Moorcleuch hills—  
Atween Scaurden an' Deidman's Moss, I think.

*Ned.* Does he pretend he's queen?

*Swack.* So Nan Cairns says,  
An' I believe in my ain sowl it's true—  
For he, togg'd for't, hawkit Craigfell this morn,  
Shammin' to sell broom besoms, an' to spey  
The fortunes o' the cottars gratis free,  
An they but redd to “her” the clashes whilk  
The country side is deaved wi' 'bout lost Mab.

*Ned.* Ha ! ha ! the fox !

*Swack.* Ay, deevlish "fox" at that,  
Being seemingly convinced Mab's hiding place  
Is no' sae far awa' as Jewry is.

*Ned.* Think ye the same ?

*Swack.* Whether I do or no'  
Is a sma' maitter, kennin' Hootsman needs  
Baith time an' opportunity to stem  
This strange an' sudden back-set in his life,  
An' that he may hae baith, it's necessar'  
That Mab be kept meanwhile 'yond meddlement  
O' either gairdian-uncle, peer or priest.

*Ned.* As that's sae, sir, then the haille question is—  
Hoo, an' whan, an' whareabouts this Lon'on loon  
Is to be nabbit an' whusk'd owre the moor ?

*Swack.* Do naething till I give the sign by Mick,  
An' tak him in the mirk by weel-mask'd chields—  
Wha'll treat him as they would a rale live queen—  
Blin'-faulding only whan they must the "jaud."

*Ned.* Not wan stitch o' her kirtle sall be scaithed !

*Swack.* An' whan ye free "her," drive "her" saft,  
asleep,

Close to the City's edge at brek o' day ;  
An' ere ye leave "her" to come tae "hersel',"  
See she's weel haversack'd wi' food an' drink.  
An' 's clad to stand the waather like a Queen !

*Ned.* We'se rig her out to stand auld Scotlan's  
breath

As snug as ony queen it ever cool'd !

(*Rising*) So long, 'enoo ! I may taste in the Bar ?

*Swack.* A mouthfu' only, till this job is dune !

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. BENTS. *A Room in the MANSION-HOUSE.*

*Enter* SIR HUGH, *The TRAVELLER and* DONALD  
SHIELS.

*Sir Hugh (to Shiels).* Come, give us now your  
budget of this news.

*Shiels.* It's in a note by special messenger.

*Sir Hugh.* Well, read the note, and let us have it all.  
*Shiels.* It is from Tipem, the English butler, there :  
(*Reads*) “*Dear friend and brother Major-domo,—By reason of his griefs and cares, which, indeed, are numerous and awful, my Lord the Marquis has deputed me to break through you the impact of this spring-tide of calamity unto Sir Hugh, his relative, and fellow guardian of Lady Mabel Drewe, and god-father of his favourite, the second son of the Marquis, Lord Robert Mickleman—who hath so miserably perished, whilst travelling in search of health, in the fearful catastrophe of Val-paraiso—*”

*Sir Hugh.* O good God ! How ? When ? Young Lord Robert kill'd !

*Trav.* I heard this morn as I came through the town  
The first faint breeze of this blown storm of woe.

*Sir Hugh.* O, was it in the papers ?

*Trav.* No, not then ;  
But from New York it had been cabled here—  
That is, the bare fact of an earthquake in Chili,  
Awful as that of San Francisco was.

*Sir Hugh.* God, God ! O God look down on helpless man,  
And let Thy love infinite be felt now !

*Trav. and Shiels.* Amen ! Amen !

*Sir Hugh (to Shiels).* Proceed. The letter can't read worse than this.

*Shiels (reads).* “*With respect to his ward, the Lady Mabel, she hath been completely lost to us since Saturday night, when she and his Lordship had some cross words concerning her well-known Socialistic leanings, and particularly about her correspondence with the chief tenant on the estate, Mr John Hootsman of Leddyslove—a popular speaker and leader of the people, especially of the farmer and farm servant classes of this acute and industrious hillfoot community—*”

*Sir Hugh.* Tuts ! She'll just have gone a visit to a friend,  
No fear of Mab whilst Mab can mistress fear.

*Shiels (reads).* “*In consequence of Lady Mabel's*

*disappearance, young Hootsman was arrested here when he came to adjust with his Lordship the several clauses of the new lease of his farm, and conveyed by two police officers in a prison van to the county jail—"*

*Sir Hugh.* Stop, stop! The world is bearing puzzlers now,  
Not twins, or triplets, but whole families—  
A monstrous progeny of killing facts.  
Which come full-grown at birth, and make earth hell  
Ere we can see it's not. Young Hootsman jail'd!  
My paragon, the life preserver of my boy  
Twice over—both on land and sea! Hand-cuff'd!  
Shoved in a prison van! and run to jail!!

*Shiels.* Sir Hugh have mercy on yourself, I pray,  
Or you will surely burst or die perforce!  
It cannot be so bad as Tipem writes;  
John Hootsman, sir, is sib to no jail bird,  
And he who snared him there hath trapp'd himself!

*Trav.* I would suggest we wait until we know?

*Sir Hugh.* I know already—for I know the man—  
As dear to me as ever son of mine!—  
And certainty itself is not more sure.

*Shiels (reads).* "Shortly after this exciting episode the mid-day post-bag was delivered at the Castle, and from it we first learned of the South American earthquake and its so lamentable consequence to us. From it as well came to us the first intimation of the serious turn for the worse of the illness of the Marchioness in London, whither she had quite recently gone to consult the great specialist in her class of disorders, PROFESSOR HIFEES, B.S., F.R.C.S.L., M.R.C.P., &c.—"

*Sir Hugh.* Pshaw! Blarney! Her growling midst the rest  
Is as a lap-dog's yowff to thunder is,  
So of what import when earthquakes do crash!  
The fancies of a life-long hypochondriac!  
Go on again.

*Shiels (reads).* "This so sadly fruitful post also brought us the acceptance by the War Office of the Earl of Garford's resignation of his Lieutenant-Colonelship of the R. H. Guards, he having now become, by delicate

*health, utterly unfit for the onerous duties of the position—*"

*Sir Hugh (aside).* Thy soldiering days, poor Albert, have been few !

And those remaining thee be fewer still !

*Shiels (reads).* "*—and a telegram from Scotland Yard informing us that O'Rourke, the celebrated detective, had left for Castle Cleuch by the 10 a.m. express. All this (what wonder!) has upset his Lordship—so much, indeed, that Doctor Blisterwæl, the local physician, ordered him at once to his room, which in fact he kept till Blisterwæl departed, and the chauffeur was got ready to run him in the new car as far as his lawyer's office in Edinburgh and back. With none of these horrible items of news has the Earl of Garford been yet made acquainted, old Blisterwæl sagaciously dreading the evil effect it might have upon his patient in his present enfeebled condition.*

*Dear S., kindly give the terrible substance of this hurriedly-scratched epistle to your esteemed and venerable master, Sir Hugh, in the way which you may think mildest and safest yourself. The Marquis anxiously wishes you to do this, he feeling, he says, utterly unable to undertake this urgent family duty himself at present. I am further desired to say, that you would oblige his Lordship still more by (if possible) informing him, per return messenger, of Sir Hugh's present state—financial and personal—and when it may be convenient for him to call at Castle Cleuch. . . . Of all the many and serious troubles now assailing the Marquis, I consider the running off—or at least the mysterious disappearance—of his angelic niece is testing and afflicting him most, more even than the death of his son—for he has asked, I think, more than a score of times to-day if I thought the great O'Rourke would succeed in re-discovering her? . . . No doubt you and I, Donald, will meet and discuss all these sad—as well as some other matters—over a bottle of Old P. soon. Till which happy time, I remain fraternally yours,—MAT. TIPEM."*

*Sir Hugh.* A bottle of what ? "*Old P.*"—old port, no doubt !

*Shiels.* No, no! Not at all! P. stands for more than port,  
Pale ale, for instance, an old fad of ours!

*Sir Hugh.* P. also "stands" for pounds, which we "stand" you,  
Most times when Tipem with his Donald meets!  
But truce with badinage. Where is the man—  
The messenger, I mean—from Castle Cleuch?

*Shiels.* In my room resting after his hard ride.

*Sir Hugh.* Haste thither, then, and ask him to rest on,  
Until my guest and I have thaw'd ourselves  
Out of our non-acquaintanceship a bit,  
And can with comfort move, and think, and act.

[Exit SHIELS.]

*Trav.* Talking of liquors—port, and other drinks—  
This news would crave a draught from Lethe's stream  
Capacious as its fearfulness for all,  
Whether of kin or not unto the dead!  
I am amazed, and hesitate to tell  
What I, by our compact, should now disclose  
Regarding both your son and your estate.

*Sir Hugh.* Why! summarise it briefly, and be done,  
Render the gist of it concise and terse—  
A thousand leagues aloof all Yankee drawls!  
Jack is still living, and in clover, too?  
He knows, then, he's sole heir—legitimate—  
To this old title and baronetcy,  
Now Major Hugh, his only brother's dead?

*Trav.* He does,  
But permit me a minute to revert  
Unto your interest in the land itself.  
You're now convinced it is one mine of wealth?

*Sir Hugh.* So you assert. But I'm no scientist,  
And therefore cannot my unaided self  
Either affirm or gainsay now its truth.

*Trav.* The whole estate is part of one vast field  
Of most superior minerals, my friend.  
Coal, limestone, sandstone, shale—to an amount  
Which simply is inestimable by man,  
Alike in bulk and value.

*Sir Hugh.* If that's so,  
How is it no one knew it till you came?

*Truv.* It has been known a hundred years, or more,  
And Master Jack, your son, and Hootsman, too,  
Did verify it ere of their young days  
They had a-many given *Alma Mater*.

*Sir Hugh.* But, if these minerals are of such worth, Why have they not been seized on long ere now?

*Truv.* They have been—farther west, and where their depth

Is not so great as here. Supply of means—  
Machinery, and skill, and capital—  
Hath hitherto been all inadequate  
For rightly coping with the lower beds ;  
But now, the lack of such equipment is  
No more a fact, and coal successfully  
Is largely raised from three times greater depths  
Than could be done but sixty years ago.

*Sir Hugh.* What led you on to think of this at all?

*Trav.* At first, I was induced by Master Jack,  
Who, as a geologic student, knew,  
Even when a lad, your local strata well—  
The carboniferous system, every bed  
Between the Permian and Devonian rocks,  
He had discover'd, classified, and styled,  
Along with Hootsman, ere his sixteenth year.

*Sir Hugh.* Ha, ha ! Those boys ! They ne'er were  
separate,

And, being both Jacks, the people joking said,  
They were the truest "Union Jacks" extant!

Well, sir, I cannot but accept your proofs  
That Bents estate is truly what you say.

Well, well, what though? The coal would needs be  
work'd,

Unearth'd, and brought within the reach of trade,  
Ere it were worth to me a copper coin?

*Trav.* Not so. It were as feasible as legal to Assign your rights to some one for a price— Say, either Jack or I, or both of us.

*Sir Hugh.* What price? How might one estimate?

*True. That were impossible. But for these rights*

A draft might be agreed upon and pass'd  
To you immediate—say, a sufficiency  
To liquidate the property in full,  
And for the next five years uphold you in't,  
With all your dignities—pomp, power, and state—  
Intact, as in possession long ago.

*Sir Hugh.* And at the five years' end the auction  
block?

*Trav.* Never! Full restitution of your lands and  
rights,  
Did you then wish, would be provided for—  
And with your present debts and burdens quash'd!  
—You read o'er my credentials, sir, last night?

*Sir Hugh.* I did right thoroughly and well, and found  
Nothing in them of you but honour bright.

*Trav.* Well, what say you? I guess we can agree?  
I'd start and work the mines, and run all risks,  
The other items can be fix'd anon?

*Sir Hugh.* Without conditions?

*Trav.* No. But these only:  
Your written assent to Jack's early marriage  
With Lady Julia, and to his renouncement  
Of all his claims, as lawful heir to Bents,  
In favour of his first and dearest friend,  
The saviour of his life two times in youth,  
John Hootsman, tenant now of Leddyslove—

*Re-enter SHIELS hilariously.*

*Shiels.* (*Wildly*). Yo-ho, yo-ho, yo-ho! Yo-ho,  
yo-ho!!

Stand all aside and let me jump and dance!

(*To Sir Hugh*). If you were mad yestreen, I'm red-  
wud now!

Our boy still lives—as grand as Solomon,  
Riches and honours are upon him heap'd  
As high as they will lie on mortal man!  
Sir Hugh, you rascal, loup and sing for joy,  
And let young Hootsman marry Lady Mab,  
The only lass in Scotland fit to sew  
One button on his trews! O Lord, my God!  
My poor old Master! (*To the Trav.*) Heaven bless  
you, sir!



America itself has few like you !  
 You've done a work since coming here I'll swear  
 Bents never trow'd the match of—

*Sir Hugh.* What, man, what !

You're surely worse than usual altogether—  
Have you not pree'd the old port rather soon—  
Mat Tipem's not here yet, so far's I know?

*Shiels.* O sirs, I cannot speak, I'll burst with joy !  
Look out for a new earthquake here this night  
One not of woe, but rampant boundless glee !

I overheard, as usually I do,  
When I am in the Gallery, every word  
Which then is spoken here, so I know all,  
As verily as I'd been between your knees !  
O then, Sir Hugh, accept the Traveller's bid,  
And have done with this life of stark anxiety,  
Which monstrously is hastening you away,  
Long, long before your time !

*Sir Hugh.* Donald, old friend,  
Too fond familiarity makes you  
Most times my equal with impunity,  
But further do not go and order me,  
As if you were the laird and I the loon!  
Give way, then, to me and this gentleman  
To settle all this matter up ourselves,  
And when we're through, I swear thou'lt know the end.

*Shiels.* Joy carried me away, I "tint my tap,"  
But I've come on't again, so give you way! [Exit.]

*Trav.* Who are your lawyers? What is their address?

Give me *carte blanche* and let me call on them?  
Who are they do you say?

*Sir Hugh.* The old stock still—  
To wit, the Messrs Hum & Haw, 9 Drowsy Square,  
A firm who thriftily have had their fees  
And done their “best” for Bents for centuries.

*Trav.* All very good. I'll seek them out betimes

*Sir Hugh.* About *carte blanche*, no doubt I'll give it you, If, after Jack's conditions are discuss'd,  
They seem to me all right. Just now, most strange—  
Strange, and unreasonable, do they appear.

*Trav.* In what respects?

*Sir Hugh.* In all respects, I think.

First, take my assent unto his marriage scheme—

*Trav.* Your grant of which we'd hold equivalent  
To your resolve to let the past *be* past.

*Sir Hugh.* And meet the Lady Julia, as I did  
In Paris years ago—where first we met?

*Trav.* You need ne'er meet each other once again,  
Should such be your desire—the more so, as,  
I learn 'tis stipulated in their marriage deed  
They are to live in France continuously,  
Where Jack a chateau recently has bought,  
Along with vineyards, and a large demesne.

*Sir Hugh.* And does he mean to give up Bents for good.

*Trav.* Being of a noble mind, his gratitude  
Is as its fountain, and flows nobly forth.  
Remembering his rescuer twice from death,  
Hootsman to Jack is more than brother born.

*Sir Hugh.* But he'll come back and see the old Dad  
yet?

*Trav.* Why, France is not in Jupiter these days!  
I reckon he will much divide his time  
Between his native and adopted lands—  
Which a mere distance of some hours doth part.

*Sir Hugh.* You've said enough. Go into Hum & Haw,  
And tell me "All is settled," on return—  
Much business racks me now as bad's the gout.

*Trav. (going).* I'll catch the city train—I'm in  
time yet! [Exeunt.]

#### SCENE IV. GARFORD.

##### *The Scullery of the GRAY SHEEP INN.*

*Enter TUBBS and PEGGY.*

*Tubbs. (sings).—*

O Piggy, Piggy, Piggy!  
Me lovely Piggy Dishie, sure,  
That is so swate an' trig aye,  
Yez do now what I wish ye, sure?  
Look but at me, an' name the day,  
Let all the gossips gab away,  
'Tis toime now you should have your say,  
Me lovely Piggy Dishie, sure!

Is that not so, me love, me life, me soul ?

*Peg.* I could bet onything ye made that sang !

*Tubbs.* Wan of a thousand that I drame av you  
An' sing meself to sleep wid, night by night.

*Peg.* Mair need ye mourn'd yer sins, an' said yer  
prayers.

*Tubbs.* Oi niver sin, so have no cause to mourn,  
And as for prayers, whoy, they're ne'er out my mouth !

*Peg.* Eh ! O ! ye villuin ! Growin' waur an' waur !  
Hoo daur ye say sich things 'fore God an' man,  
Whan that ye ken, as weel's I do mysel',  
There is nane righteous, no not ane on airth ?

*Tubbs.* Sure I don't say that Oi am righteous, ma'm ?  
I'm clear av that, altho' I niver sin !  
It all depinds on what one manes onesilf.

Come, name the day, me jewel, name the day,  
And I'll grow righteous aftherwards compleate.

*Peg.* I spak' o't to my Granny yestere'en.  
She disna like ye no' being Protestant,  
An's feart ye'll freend the New Theology ;  
But gin ye gie yer word ye'll no do that  
An' promise faithfu' to be that whilk I,  
Efter our waddin', may convert ye to,  
I think I'll lay my loof whare my luvie lies—  
Some efternune this year—in your strong paw !

*Tubbs.* Now blest be all the hours that make this day !  
Sure it's Sint Pathrick's, or at laste Parnell's ;  
For sildom Irish bhoys get such a prize  
As this has given me—Micky Tubbs—bedad !  
Now say, me love, ye love me, and how long  
Ye've cherish'd it for wan who loves ye more  
Tin million toimes than any lass on earth—  
Even more than he does Swacker and his wife,  
Who have been more than parents to us both,  
Yis, more than parents and grand-parents, too !  
Give me a kiss, me flower, me own, me quaine,  
An' let me press thee to this breast o' mine—  
Thy homestead evermore, aloive or dead !

*Peg.* O Micky, Micky ! this great happiness  
Is that sae very great, it seems a sin,  
An' even a pain, to len'then'd out a crinch !

*Tubbs.* You loved me always, darlint, from the first?

*Peg.* Ay, Micky, frae the vera first, my joe,  
Whan Swacker sent us hand in hand to schule,  
An' hame to Granny's ye teuk me at e'en!

*Tubbs.* Me schoolmate ivermore! now name the day!

*Peg.* I canna do that yet. We'se baith get ready  
tho'— *(A bell rings loudly).*

Eh! that's the Maister's bell! Rin, Micky, rin!  
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *A Lone Part of the Highway near Garford.*

*Enter NED ARMSTRONG and TWO OTHERS disguised as tramps, and TUBBS.*

*Ned.* *(To Tubbs).* Shairly it's him?

*Tubbs.* As sure's Sint Pathrick swore it.

*Ned.* The gag an' belt's baith here; whare is the cab?

*Tubbs.* Down by the wather side, as nate's the moon!

*Ned.* Fetch't up ahint the wudd, I hear a fit!

*(To the others).* Stand close, an' mind yer orders baith o' ye!

*(Looking out).* It's him! an' still full buskit as a queen!

Whan I have thrown the belt, sairch him a' owre.

He'll likely hae revolvers—twa or three.

Here he comes! Hide!

*Enter O'ROURKE in his GIPSY QUEEN'S disguise.*

*O'Rourke (soliloquising).* In spite of Swacker and the praste's wife both,

I'll have her sure ere other forty hours

The colleen's swaten'd more her Scotch praste's crib!

*Ned.* *(In ambush).* A thunderin' lee! *(With these words from behind a hawthorn tree a long leather belt like a lasso is suddenly and deftly thrown over the great exploder of mysteries, and he is rapidly bound, searched, and deprived of two loaded revolvers and then carried by the gang to their trap in waiting behind the wood, into which*

*he is gently lifted—blindfolded—and swiftly driven away by his captors up the hill road and over the moors.)*

*Tubbs.* A rapid transformation, by my sowl !  
(*Looks at his watch.*) 'Tis not five minutes since he came  
in soight,

And now he's o'er the moor and *out* of soight !  
Swacker's the man for Nid, and Nid for him !  
Betwane the two, O'Rourke, thy chance was slim !  
Now both are gone ontoirely, I'll haste back,  
An' wid ould Masther have some roaring talk ! [*Exit.*

## ACT V.

SCENE I. GARFORD. THE MANSE GARDEN. NIGHT.

*Enter SWACKER and MRS PAUL.*

*Swack.* Wheesht, wheesht. Hootsman is free, an'  
noo is with  
The Traveller, wham I tauld ye a' about.

*Mrs Paul.* Thank God for that ! The Lady Mabel  
frets,

And yearns and harps so for John's coming now,  
I'm frighten'd night and day she hurts herself !

*Swack.* Kens she aucht yet o' his imprisonment ?

*Mrs Paul.* O no ! I dared not tell her, she'd have  
kill'd herself

Had she but even suspected that, I think—  
She's so wound up in him, her love's so forceful,  
She could not brook such hindrance and survive.  
O when may she leave here ? Their banns, you know,  
Were duly proclaimed in our Parish Church,  
And Doctor Paul for Bents left here to-night.

*Swack.* She leaves the nicht ! Gae fesh her doun  
Saying naething, but that I am here,  
Ready to hurl her furth to John an' liberty—  
Shawl her weel up.

*Mrs Paul.* O Mister Swacker, dear,  
How in the name of all that's wonderful  
Have you this miracle accomplish'd, sir,  
Despite their peers, and priests, and police spies?

*Swack.* Gae bring the lassie down! A' else, some  
day,  
Whan ye come yont to me, ye'se surely hear.

[*Exit* MRS PAUL.]

*Swack. (alone).* I hear the faithfu' Tubbs is at the  
gate.  
"Auld Cobbler" for the road is in rare fettle,  
An' will the distance atween here an' Bents  
Yerk easily ahint him in three hours.

*Re-enter* MRS PAUL, *with* LADY MABEL, *wrapped*  
*for a journey.*

*Lady Mab.* Good Mister Swacker, well! But where  
is John?

*Swack.* Awaiting you, of coorse, along the road,  
Countin' the meenits ages till ye come!  
Tak' haud o' me the noo, and, Mistress Paul,  
Slip in to me some day, an' get yer thanks!

[*Exeunt* LADY MABEL *and* SWACKER.]

*Mrs Paul (alone).* There went the shrewdest and  
the sweetest maid,  
And eke the deepest and the deftest man,  
That e'er Time link'd together arm in arm! [*Exit.*]

SCENE II. CASTLE CLEUCH. *A Room in the Castle.*

*Enter* THE MARQUIS, FATHER PETER *and* TIPEM.

*Mar.* Days flying by, and nothing heard of him!  
His disappearance beats in mystery  
Even that of hers which he came down to solve!  
(*To Tipem*). Have you been at the local constable's?

*Tip.* I have been there six times. At Swacker's, too.

*Mar.* And what said they?

*Tip.* Swacker, at length, did hint,  
O'Rourke's "strange flight" might be accounted for,  
If it were thought he had received a clue

Of Lady Mabel in some distant part,  
And that he'd left straightway to run it up.  
As for the constable, your Lordship might  
As well have sent me to the local fool,  
The idiot man who plays with children's toys,  
And cracks his whip, and sings his nurs'ry rhymes,  
Where'er he goes with "Mammy"—Kate MacNiven.

*Father Pet.* I came now straight up from the County  
Town,  
And 'tis asserted there that Hootsman's free—  
The Fiscal being, through lack of evidence,  
Even reasonable suspicion, forced by law—  
And sense of fairness, too, I fain would think—  
To end his brief imprisonment forthwith.

*Mar.* With reverence, Father, let me thee remind,  
Thou did'st not always think of Hootsman thus!

*Father Pet.* Pardon. I ever thought of him as now :  
A dangerous man, by reason of his gifts,  
Both to religion and society—  
But, I see now, all arts to stifle him,  
Other than moral ones, were worse than vain,  
And would, indeed, rebound from his firm front  
Back on their users, to the serious hurt  
Both of themselves and of the cause espoused.

*Mar.* Now were O'Rourke's time, I'd think, for  
tracing Mab,  
They being, as we know they are, affianced.  
Close watching him would likely early lead  
Our famous "Sherlock" to his wished-for goal—

(*A knocking heard.*)

Prevent that horrid knocking, Tipem, please.

*Tip.* Someone has come. I heard a motor tout.

[*Exit.*]

*Mar.* It may be Rourke, come back with news of  
Mab!

*Re-enter TIPEM, ushering in SIR HUGH SEAFÆM.*

*Sir Hugh.* Good morrow all! I've motor'd up from  
Bents

In one hour neat, by my chronometer.

(*To the Mar.*) The world hath revolutionised, my lord,  
Somewhat I think since we two met before?

Death, flight, arrestment, illness, marriage ev'n,  
Enough for half a lifetime, in a week !  
But I am come to cut the catalogue  
Of these so stressing evils down to-day,  
By changing two of them at least to joys ;  
John Hootsman's free, and well to Mabel married,  
And both are now my honour'd guests at Bents,  
Which they from this time forth will call their home,  
Until their own one's ready—building now !

*Mar.* Bents ! Bents ! !

*Sir Hugh.* Ay, Bents, my lord, which, for full thirty  
years,  
Hath been insolvent—yea, a sad land wreck,  
Whereon myself, her captain, have fared worse  
Than e'er did landless waif, ship-wreck'd at sea,  
Upon a crazy raft or barren rock !

*Mar.* What do you mean ? Is my ward, Mabel,  
there ?

*Sir Hugh.* Our mutual ward, my lord. Yes, she is  
there,  
And there shall she remain while she so wills.

*Mar.* Sir Hugh ! We were as comrades long and  
long,  
And many a raid ran we—all Europe o'er—  
This way and that—alternate right and left !

*Sir Hugh.* Until at Rome you linger'd, and I chose  
Advancing with the age by Nature's law,  
Immediate, where'er Reason pointed Faith.

*Mar.* A renegade from thy Church and Class,  
A Secularist and Radical to be—  
Or something else and worse, but kin to these !

*Sir Hugh.* I deign not even to *hear* these words, my  
lord !

*Father Pet.* Refrain, O friends, from vile recrimi-  
nation,  
And discuss as becometh Christian men  
The present and the future common weal  
Of thy two Houses, now, alas, distraught—  
Even to collapse, with poverty and woe !

*Sir Hugh.* No, Father, no ! Connect not Bents  
to-day



With either woe or want—save in so far  
As Bents is grieved for Castle Cleuch, and poor  
Because he may not his old chum rescue  
From cares, the consequence of Folly's rule,  
Till Castle Cleuch himself abjures that rule.

*Mar.* I ask again what thy veil'd meaning is?  
Thou wert not wont of old to be obscure,  
And much that honour'd style would serve us now?

*Sir Hugh.* And my pride still is terse lucidity—  
Literal lucidity, in speech and act.  
Therefore, my lord, keep mind that I am still  
The guardian jointly with yourself of Mab,  
And may not stand aloof and see her wrong'd,  
Even by my partner in this sacred trust.  
The law of combination for a peer  
Holds just as surely as for lower men—  
Trade unionists and such—who dare coerce!

*Mar.* "Coerce"!  
Dare you suggest that I coerced our ward?  
*Sir Hugh.* More than suggest, e'en state it as a *fact*,  
*A damning fact*, which I can prove at once,  
By your own words! Letters are sometimes "lost,"  
By age as well as youth! *This one was found—*

*(Takes one from his pocket-book, and holds it up).*

I mean the origin of this true sheet—  
By Shon MacNiven on the public road,  
A minute after your new car had pass'd,  
And given to his mother, who in turn  
Let Swacker see it ere she'd pass it on—  
As she had purposed—back to Castle Cleuch.

*Mar.* What is it? Let me see it? Is it mine?  
*Sir Hugh.* Yes, and enough to lay the pair of you—  
Yourself and Father there—fast by the heels,  
Inside the Calton for a term of years!

*(Hands the document to the Marquis, who, ere he has read it through, staggers, and sits down helplessly).*

*Mar.* The note, I must admit, is genuine,  
But it was only *writ*—ne'er *acted* on,  
And would not have been writ, but that herself  
Consented once unto the scheme in it.

*Sir Hugh.* Knowing right well thy purpose had she not !

Coercion from the first hath been thy rule.  
Self-aggrandisement, and the means to sin,  
Thy ill-hid motive force all through thy life !

*Father Pet.* Unknown by me as by the babe unborn !

*Sir Hugh.* I'd fain believe you, Father, all the same,  
You join'd with him to exile Mab perforce,  
The surer to effect your priestly ends ?

*Father Pet.* I did agree to her retreat to Aix,  
Believing 'twas her own free-will'd desire—  
Entirely uninduced by friend or foe.

*Sir Hugh.* Well, well ! But thank your stars, my  
friends,  
For having Hootsman and the Lady Mab  
As your opponents, for had they been placed  
As you are now, and you as they, I fear  
They would have lain to-night in other beds  
Than their own downy one at friendly Bents !

*Mar.* That is not undisputable, perhaps,  
But let it pass. What is that which you crave ?

*Sir Hugh.* As her joint-guardian, your approval of  
Her happy union with John Hootsman—now,  
Or as soon as it seemeth good to you—  
Plus full admission and apology  
Of, and for all your harsh coercive acts,  
Of which she was the victim here for years—  
The silent suffering victim, much too proud  
Either to breathe complaint, or sue for aid,  
By writing meek appeals to me or anyone.

*Mar.* Seeing how things have gone—poor Robert  
kill'd,  
And on a bed of sickness Albert laid !  
For sake of peace, I will relax and say  
That in my striving to secure her weal,  
And settlement with one of her own rank,  
I may at times have overstepp'd my rights ;  
But, if I did, I did it for her weal—  
Or what I in my soul believed her weal.

*Sir Hugh.* And eke your own enrichment ?

*Mar.* Well, of course !

*Sir Hugh.* My lord, had you exceeded your top wish,  
You would not have ennobled Mab one half  
What she hath done herself by marrying John,  
For in himself is Nature's noblest found,  
And one his deeds make heir to an estate,  
To which your own, Moorcleuchs, is as a bog,  
A bog of peats, to gem-paved Eldorado!  
Your Lordship had my letter yesterday?

*Mar.* I had, and thought it wonderful, of course.  
Who is this Traveller, this new Yankee god,  
This Western magician with the waves  
That waves a dreary beach of scrub and weeds—  
Worthless for all but donkeys' pasturage—  
Into a field of wealth incalculable—  
Limekilns, stone quarries, and coal pits and all?

*Sir Hugh.* A partner in the mighty iron works  
With resurrected Jack in Pennsylvania.  
No more of this from me—see him himself,  
He'll visit you before the month expires.

*Re-enter TIPEM.*

*Tip.* Father Peter, you are asked for in the Hall.

*Father Pet.* O that's our acolyte! Excuse me  
friends. [*Exeunt FATHER PETER and TIPEM.*]

*Enter O'ROURKE. Unannounced and undisguised.*

*Mar.* O'Rourke! O'Rourke!! Whence do you  
jump up here?  
In stupefaction have we all been lost,  
Since you to us were "lost"; and now, restored,  
Your restoration doubly stupefies  
Even those your loss quite stupefied erstwhile.  
Where in the name of heaven have you been?

*O'Rourke.* I'm darned if I know! But, sure, this  
morning,  
I found mesilf a-waking in a ditch,  
A dry ditch on the roadside, south by aist  
Of Eëdinboro town. Stuck in me fisht  
A five-pound note, an' by me side a sack,  
Stow'd full of grub an' grog—the very besht!

So here Oi be, amazed as mooch as yeez,  
Who wor so 'mazed at my amazing "loss"!

*Sir Hugh.* But what took you away?

*O'Rourke.* Och, ax no more!

I was kidnapped the third night av me stay,  
An' thim who skaim'd an' carried through the thrick—  
Divils, whoe'er they wor, in head an' hand!—  
I wid me sowl excuse fur their dixturity!

*Enter DOCTOR BLISTERWEL.*

*Mar.* Well, Doctor, now?

*Doc.* No pain—but no amendment.

He must have quiet, absolute and long.  
In that lies much of hope, and but in that.

*Sir Hugh (to the Mar.).* Since such is so, I'll not  
go up to-day,

But call again.

*Mar.* O'Rourke, you'll come with me?

*O'Rourke.* Ten minutes, yes. Thin back to London,  
ho! *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE III. GARFORD. THE TAP-ROOM of the GRAY  
SHEEP INN.

*SWACKER discovered redding up.*

*Swack. (alone).* Things arena gaun sae bad; John  
Hootsman's free;

An' that dear bonnie lass, young Leddy Mab,  
Is by his side at Bents, as safe as Jean;  
While that guid ither sowl, puir auld Sir Hugh,  
Has throo the Yankee Traveller found his son,  
An' his estate pruned to be worth some mair  
Than what frae Adam's time to this it seem'd—  
A wilderness o' weeds an' winnelstraes,  
Fringed round wi' links an' rocks an' blae sea waves.

*Enter TWEEDIE.*

Hullo! Sandy Tweedie! What's braucht ye here,  
Up a' the gat frae Bents? Is it Coom's debt?

*Tweed.* Yes, Sandy, but I've gat it aff at last,  
Tho', hang it, it hung fire sax towmonds guid.

*Swack.* Coom's slow but sure. What's gaun on  
doun by Bents,  
Bides still the Yankee at the Sea Horse Inn?

*Tweed.* "Yanky!"  
He's nae mair Yanky than I am mysel'!

*Swack.* Hoo ken ye that?

*Tweed.* Himsel' I ken it throo.  
He tauld me in a crack we had ae nicht  
He was a Scotty, tho' no' a Scotty born,  
For that his faither, native born o' Bents,  
Did aimygrate, whan only in his teens  
To Painsalvany in Amairiky—

*Swack.* (*startled*). The Devil hear to this! What  
is his name?

*Tweed.* That I can tell ye, Sandy Swats, an' a',  
For, hang it, jist last nicht, I had his note,  
About some rods he wants for borin' coals.  
It's in my pouch, dad! hang it—here it is!  
His full name, Sandy, is (*reads from the note*) "Abe John  
Bright Steele."

*Swack.* Great Jupiter! Give it to me, at wance!  
This man's a multi-millionaire—an' mair! (*Studying  
the note*).

Steele? A native born o' Bents? Ye donnart ass!  
What was yer wife ca'd 'fore ye mairried her—  
Was't no' Mag Steel? Think, think!

*Tweed.* Of coorse it was!  
A weel-kenn'd fack! Her faither, Airchie Steel,  
For lang, lang years the grieve at Leddyslove,  
Had but twa dauchters—Mag an' Kate, ye ken,  
An' Mag I gat, an' Dave MacNeeven, Kate.

*Swack.* Lord's mercy, man! did ye ne'er think o'  
that,  
Whan ye had read this note?

*Tweed.* No, hang it, no!  
His name is Steele, but there's ten thousan' Steeles.

*Swack.* Heard ye ne'er Mag, or e'en auld Airchie  
speak

O' ony freend o' his that gaed abroad?  
Hae! drink up this, an' think.

*Tweed.* Thank ye! Here's luck!

Noo, whan ye speak o't, yes ! I've heard him aft  
 Tell o' his brither, Wull, wha ser'd his time  
 Wi' Briggs, the engineer, down in Linkside,  
 Syne jined the Coonard Steam Ship Company,  
 An' ne'er was heard of more.

*Szack.* Ye fib, you gowk !  
 This Traveller is Wull's son—or I am daft !—  
 An' Kate, an' Mag, an' you, afore ye dee,  
 May yet ride in a coach an' fowre a-piece !  
 What train is yours ?

*Tweed.* The ane that leaves at twal.

*Szack.* Mak' ready, then, an' I will see you hame ;  
 I should see Hootsman onywey this week. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *The Sea Shore near BENTS.*

*Enter LADY MABEL HOOTSMAN and her HUSBAND.*

*Lady Mab.* How pleasant is this day, tho' barely  
 spring,  
 And such a number, John, of birds about !

Do you know any ?—See, John ! What are these ?

*Hoots.* These ? Flocks of terns, and geese, and  
 guillemots,

And there are gulls, and gannets, jags, and kittiwakes,  
 Curlews, and plovers—migrating mostly,  
 Departing northward some, and lots arriving  
 From genial southern quarters, near and far—  
 More wonderful each one the more observed.

*Lady Mab.* O I must know them fully, by-and-by !  
 Was it a bird, John, Master Jack pursued  
 When on the mountain cliff you saved his life,  
 That being the second time, as I well know ?

*Hoots.* No, 'twas a flower, a little Stone-crop flower,  
 He wish'd to have for scientific use.

*Lady Mab.* How was it ? Tell me—I *so* long to hear !

*Hoots.* To reach the prize, one had to creep across  
 The smooth face of a rock as steep's a roof.  
 Jack dared the awful feat, but stuck mid-way,  
 And there lay flat upon the precipice,  
 Unable to progress or retrogress,  
 When I espied him from a neighbouring peak.

*Lady Mab.* O dear! Was the cliff high he lay upon?

*Hoots.* Six hundred feet from the next lower one,  
And from the basement of the hill itself  
Six times six hundred.

*Lady Mab.* O! O God! poor Jack!  
How *did* you save him, John?

*Hoots.* With mighty toil,  
I got a-top the rock he lay upon,  
Then tore up into strips my farmer's plaid,  
Pants, shirt, and other wear and made a rope,  
And dropt the hasty make-shift down to him.

*Lady Mab.* And did it serve?

*Hoots.* No, dearest, it did not,  
For; though he caught it at my thirteenth cast,  
We found it much too slim to risk his weight.

*Lady Mab.* Alas! alas! But how was he saved,  
then?

*Hoots.* He wound the ta-rag tether round his wrist,  
Whilst I its other end held fast in hand,  
And thus we waited till relieved next day.

*Lady Mab.* Next day! Alone upon that dismal  
height  
The whole night long, having nor food nor drink?

*Hoots.* And not too many togs! But it kept fair  
And on the road that skirts the hill—far down—  
Ere twelve o'clock, I spied Some Thing draw near—  
A market gardener in his van it proved,  
Who heard my cries for help and heeded them,  
And in due time, assisted by two herds,  
Had us convey'd, unconscious, to his house,  
Where soon with warmth and food he brought us round.

*Lady Mab.* O John! you had been lost but for these  
men—  
But who is this approaching with such strides?

*Hoots.* Lo! it is Swacker! Something's happen'd  
him!  
He hurries like the man late for his train.

*Enter SWACKER, apparently in high glee.*

*Swack.* Mornin', my Leddy! Everything's a' richt!  
I'm only here to hae a freendly crack  
Wi' Maister Hootsman about odds an' ends.

*Lady Mab.* But you will join our luncheon ere you go? If so, I'll leave you now, and so save time?

*Swack.* Trowth, ay, my Liddy, it may be as weel. My news ye'se hear belyve—guid tidings a'!

[*Exit* LADY MAB.]

*Hoots.* In one word, Swacker, what is on your mind?

*Swack.* Twa households—Kate MacNeeven's at The Craig,

An' Sandy Tweedie's, down in Linkside here.

The Yankee Traveller's cousin to them baith!

Here is the proof o't frae the Session Clerk. (*Shows a paper*)

Ye'se read it efterhand—it's nocht but truth!

The Traveller's faither was ca'd Wullie Steel

A younger brither o' auld Airchie Steel,

For lang your gran'-dad's grieve at Leddyslove.

His daughters, Mag an' Kate, were a' his bairns,

An' Mag, in time, becam' wee Tweedie's wife,

An' Kate, the hedger, Dave MacNeeven's ane.

"Wull" was a fitter—ser'd his time wi' Briggs—

Syne gaed to sea, as engineer a-board

A liner, rinnin' 'tween the States an' here,

An' sae in time becam' to Airchie lost—

Maist likely owin' to him flittin' sune

Frae Falla Mains down here to Leddyslove,

An' letters consequently gaun astray—

As mony did in the first awkward days

O' great Sir Rowland's Penny Post, atweel!

*Hoots.* No doubt. But does the Traveller know of this?

He's at the Sea Horse still, and toiling hard.

*Swack.* Nane kens but Tweedie an' mysel' as yet,

For tho' the Traveller's seekin' for his freends,

There being no' a Steele in a' Linkside,

He hasna struck the trail o' ane o' them!

*Hoots.* He err'd in not consulting you at first.

He is immensely rich, and as kind-hearted,

And will, no doubt, if they prove relatives,

Both the MacNivens and the Tweedies lift

Up from their sloughs of poverty and toil,

And roost them in safe seats of ease and peace.



*Swack.* I'se mak' that sickar ere I leave Linkside!  
Hoo is your young Coal Company ava' ?  
I noticed in the *Mid-day News* they had  
Made you their *Praisident* at their recent meet,  
As weel's the Trav'ler *Chairman o' Directors* ?

*Hoots.* That's so. The railways, too, now run  
with us ;  
New lines are shooting out, and many pits  
Will be up-casting wealth within the year.  
Our shares found seekers ere they weel were out,  
And holders now are deem'd a "lucky lot."

*Swack.* Prosperity crouns ilka spec ye jine !  
I ne'er heard o' a Hootsman failing yet !  
There's guid-luck in their vera name, I trow !

*Hoots.* With greater truth might I return your praise,  
Witness your latest triumph, if no more,  
The *Restored Farm Folk's Club*, the age's boast !  
Six hundred members drawn to't, ay or no,  
From out a populace as sparse almost  
As Twentieth Century ghosts in town churchyards,  
By nothing but your will and homely tongue !

*Swack.* Sirss ! wait a wee, the Club's weel mindit o' !  
Whan are ye gaun to gie't your first address ?  
Baith yours an' Leddy Mab's were promised us ?

*Hoots.* Yes, in the days before O'Rourke's advent !  
Since which, like wilder'd cattle in a town,  
A maze of wonders we've been driven through !  
I fear those speeches must be still deferr'd—  
Perhaps till after our deferrèd trip  
To Jack's Chateau in France. When do you meet ?

*Swack.* First Friday ev'ry month. The Committee  
Ilka alternate week, on ony nicht.

*Hoots.* Well, then,  
Let them know this, first chance ; and, furthermore,  
Present the members in our separate names  
Each with a copy of those famous books :  
"Progress and Poverty," by Henry George,  
And "Nationalisation of the Land"  
By Doctor Alfred Russell Wallace, and  
Exhort each man to con them carefully.  
The volumes have been rail'd to your address.

*Swack.* They'll a' think mair o' you than ever noo,  
Gif that they can—a thing I muckle doubt.

*Hoots.* They'll have cause—"muckle mair"—in times  
to come,

Take my assurance straight.

*Swack.* What! is the ferm let?

*Hoots.* The Marquis in a note apologised,  
And begg'd me to forget our differences,  
And take the land again.

*Swack.* An' have ye dune't?  
I heard, twice owre, they've haen nae offers for't.

*Hoots.* Then you heard bosh. You know my cousin  
Joe—

He whom, some years ago, to learn to farm,  
I got placed under Jope of Rowthy-barns—  
Great Jope, the world-famed agriculturist?

*Swack.* The laddie, Joey Hootsman? Yes! Is't him?

*Hoots.* It is! He's got it—on tip-top terms too—  
And takes possession forthwith!

*Swack.* Jeerooselem!

There still will be a Hootsman then beside us?

The Poo'rs abune be praised wi' micht an' main!

Tell me but this—for I maun hurry aff,

An' see the Traveller ere I catch the train—

Whan do ye leave to tak' yer honeymoon?

And, O! mak' my excuse to *her* this time,

But I'se come back, first leisure day I have.—

Here is the Linkside road. Say whan, say whan?

*Hoots.* Next week—but you'll be duly notified,

And o'ersee mine, I hope, while we're in France?

*Swack.* Ye'll no' stey lang?

*Hoots.* The honeymoon, no more!

But, first, in Garford I will call on you—

On Thursday—afternoon, or evening time,

When I have settled things with Mistress Paul.

*Swack.* Hooch! That's the mairriage day o' Micky  
Tubbs!

I've gien them our Big Room to haud their ploy in!

*Hoots.* O, man! O, man! Mick is a genuine soul!

*Swack.* Sae genuine that his hinmaist pey frae me  
Sall be the Inn itsel' whan I retire!

*Hoots.* Not yet? You're in your prime.

*Swack.* I wad, next week,  
An I could find some ither canny berth.

*Hoots.* Become our Factor!

*Swack.* Are ye needin' me?

*Hoots.* Greatly! Both Lady Hootsman and myself.

*Swack.* I'se think it owre, an' whan we meet up bye  
We'se sattled—ay, or no. Enoo, I'll flee!  
We've blethered far owre lang—Ta-ta at wance!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.    LINKSIDE.    A ROOM *in the* SEA HORSE INN.

*THE TRAVELLER discovered at a table writing.*

*Trav. (alone.)* The strain involved in floating  
companies,  
Commensurately with ideal ones—  
Such as ours must and shall be, if live born,  
Is taxing to a man not now a youth.

*Enter SWACKER.*

Ho! ho! Old friend! You have forestalled me quite,  
Though I was firmly fix'd to see you soon.

*Swack.* I couldna thole to wait till you cam' up  
Efter I fand what ye are seeking for—  
Thae living relics o' your kith an' kin,  
At least the main bits o' them—Mag an' Kate.

*Trav.* Mag and Kate? great Greeley! who are  
Mag and Kate?

*Swack.* The lawful dauchters o' yer faither's billie,  
Auld Airchie Steel, the grieve o' Leddyslove  
For thirty years an' mair afore he dee'd.—  
Mag, honest Mag, sair-taigled, eident Mag,  
Is wife to Sandy Tweedie, blacksmith, here;  
An' Kate, the clever-tongued, God-fearing Kate—  
New Woman, Suffragette, an' Socialist—  
Is e'en the widow o' an ill-starr'd chield,  
Wha tint his life saving his maister's gear.

*Trav.* Are they in poverty? Are they distress'd?  
And are you sure that they are whom you think?

*Swack.* "Sure," quo' ye? Ye no' ken me. *Read that!*

*(Gives him an official-looking document)*

It is twa extracks frae the Session Beuk,  
Made an' gien me by Tammas Broun, the Clark,  
This vera day down here, sir, at Linkside!

*Trav.* *(after perusing carefully the somewhat diffuse paper).* Most wonderful! and after my long search!  
How did you find them out? In vain all round  
I raked the depths for what, not seeking aught,  
You have discover'd, 'neath my very nose,  
Life-size, upon the top! Ten thousand thanks,  
And, as you hint they're steep'd in poverty,  
O sir! take this *(handing him a bank note)* and give it  
them for me,

And drive with me to-morrow to The Craig!

A gentleman—a mining engineer—

I'm fix'd to see to-night, I may not slip.

*Swack.* Ne'er heed! The morn' ill do. Come ye to me  
An' I sall drive ye to The Craig, atweel,  
As proud as ca' ye into Paradise!

*Trav.* God bless you, Swacker. That is settled? Then  
Look for me at your Tavern prompt at noon.  
What sort of lady's Kate? How old is she?

*Swack.* The same's yersel'—or something there  
abouts.

The sort for you—great-giftit, an' hard up!

A rauckle carlin, few daur tackle to!

*Trav.* Hath she no children?

*Swack.* Yes, ane, a bard—"the wonder of the age"—  
Wha'll rhyme ye for a snap as deaf's a god,  
Gin he's no busy cairtin' hey or strae!

*Trav.* A second plough-boy Robbie Burns, I guess?

*Swack.* Ay, ay! a workman musical an' mighty  
baith—

At either chants or cairts worth ony ten,

Whan his wee horses hae nae broken legs!

Ta-ta! Auld Tweedie, I'll salute as I gae bye. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI. *The Same. Before TWEEDIE'S House.*

*Enter TWEEDIE and MRS TWEEDIE, meeting.*

*Mrs Tweed.* Eh, Sandy ! a puir tea, I trow, the nicht—  
A red-herrin' only, an' a crust o' scone !  
An' you sae hard wrocht, tae, my puir guidman !

*Enter SWACKER, loaded with provisions.*

*Swack.* (*throwing the parcels down*). There, an' be  
hang'd ! Fetch here the lave wha likes.  
I'll be the donkey to no mortal man !

*Mrs Tweed.* What ! Maister Swacker ! What is  
wrong, ava' ?

*Swack.* The Devil ! The Traveller sends ye thae,  
Because, he says, he's fund out ye're his freends—  
Cousins, or something—but speir him yersel's,  
Or else send Sandy to him,—I am aff,  
The Garfuird train is due at five fifteen. [*Exit.*

*Mrs Tweed.* The same auld man ! But what's thir  
things ava' ?

*Tweed.* Hang it, lug them in ! I'se tell ye a' inside.  
[*Exeunt, carrying in the groceries, etc.*

SCENE VII. THE CRAIG. KATE MACNIVEN'S *fireside.*

*Enter KATE, SHONNIE, and NANNY CAIRNS.*

*Kate.* 'Deed, Nanny, was I ! Sair forfochen lass,  
An' maist forfairn, tae, wi' my ill-luck,  
For, weel-I-wat, I had my trail for nocht !  
Jean said he wasna in— he'd left ere twal,  
Wi' little Sandy Tweedie for Linkside.

*Nan.* That's you're guid-brither, Kate, Yes, I ken,  
Jess Coom, the auld smith's wife, said he'd been here.

*Shon.* (*sings*).

Maister Swacker's far awae,  
Aw'm shair he'll no be here the day ;  
Our wames'll suffer for't, aw say,  
As am as yap's a soo !

*Kate.* Wheesht, Shonnie ! Haud yer tongue ! Haith,  
Nanny Cairns,

I've miss'd the Leddy an' John Hootsman sair  
 E'er sin' thae troubles cam', an' noo that Swats—  
 The only bield that's left me—strays a-wee,  
 I'm strein'd to drap a'maist wi' fag an' weariness!

*Shon. (at the window).*

Ho-ho! ho-ho! ho-ho!  
 Maister Swacker an' anither man  
 Are jumpin' at the door out Micky's van!

*(A knocking heard.)* [Exit SHONNIE.]

*Kate.* Come in!

*Enter SWACKER, carrying a big basket.*

*Swack.* Company? Hoo's a', Nanny? Are ye dune?  
 The gentleman outside has business here,  
 An' maybe he wad like Kate be hersel'?

*Nan.* That's true, guidman! I maun hame, ony  
 wey;  
 This is our ferm folk's denner hour, ye ken. [Exit.]

*Swack.* O Kate! I no' ken hoo to speak! Shake  
 hands, Kate!

That man ye see outside's the Traveller,  
 And wha but he! Your ain full cousin, Kate!  
 Your Uncle Wullie's son—a millionaire!—  
 Yet leal an' simple mindit as yersel'—  
 A vera gentleman in word an' deed!

*Kate.* Uncle Wullie? 'Deed, ay! I've heard o' him!  
 An' is that gentleman in truth his son?  
 O Sandy! Sandy!—Help me throo wi' this!  
 I'm weak as water, I've been ill a' week,  
 An' ablins I have taenna food eneuch.

*Swack. (Perceiving at once her real state).*

I see! Guid gracious, ye are stervin', Kate!  
 Sit down! Tak' that. *(Taking a flask and a parcel of  
 sandwiches from the basket, and placing them before  
 her).*

I'll haud yer cousin gaun until ye eat them up.  
 Rap whan ye're dune.

*Kate.* Send Shonnie in—the bairn's gaspin' tae!  
 [Exit SWACKER.]

SCENE VIII. *Outside the Cothouse, the TRAVELLER standing by the head of the horse in the trap.*

*Trav.* Though I am Yankee born, this house, this scene,  
Seem strangly quite familiar unto me—  
As some old haunt known well, long, long ago !

*Enter SHONNIE from the house.*

*Shon.* (*coming forward to the Traveller*). Are ye haudin' the horse, ma mannie? It's Micky Tubbs's Cobbler, aw ken him fine. He'll no' rin awa' as lang's aw'm.here, for tho' he's soople, he's no' half as soople as ma new ane, an' he's no' on wheels either like mine. Aw bocht him frae Maister Swacker jist the ither day, an' a fine soom he cost me—guess hoo much? Ah-ha, ye canna ! Weel, aw'll tell ye—nae less than a smokin' cap, an' a new sang book aw fand owre i' th' Howes, but he's worth his price.—Ho-ho ! here he comes his-sel !

*Enter SWACKER.*

*Swack.* Shonnie ! In to Mammy ! She's sich a feed !—Pies, curn-baps, an' plates o' whangs o' cheese !

*Shon.* 'Od-have-a-care-o'-me ! has she a' that ?  
They maun hae fa'n like hail-stanes doun the lum.

[*Exit.*

*Swack.* I've tauld her a'thing. She's beside hersel'.

*Trav.* I long to know her—you have sketch'd her so !  
Her struggles hard, and Fortune's harder hits,  
Years of self-sacrifice, maternal cares,  
Mixed love and worry for her weakling boy !  
Yet, notwithstanding, for the multitude  
Ne'er-ending thought and travel, far and near !  
Come ! let us pass inside.

*Swack.* Let her rap first.  
I tauld her we would wait till she was dune  
Eatin' her frugal denner. (*A tap on the window heard*)

Hark ye, that's her !

Come on, ne'er mind the horse—auld Cob will stand,  
Until he's driven, like a landed Tory ! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX. *Inside the House.*

*Present, THE TRAVELLER, SWACKER, KATE, and SHONNIE.*

*Swack.* Nae nonsense. Here we are. Shake hands,  
an' syne  
Fa' hard to wark, for our slack time is short.

*Trav. (To Kate).* My friend! I've heard your story.  
Then, at once,  
Please say if you would wish to live up here—  
I mean near Garford—or would rather shift  
Back to the very calf-ground of our race,  
Down near the sea at Bents?

*Kate.* O, sir! the sea  
I durstna stey n'ar, for puir Shonnie there!  
He's only seen it ance, and, O, dear sir,  
The fricht it gied him nearly endit him!  
It fairly brak me down to hear his screams,  
An' whan I brang him hame, for weeks—for months,  
He saw it in the visions o' the nicht,  
An' dree'd the terror owre an' owre again,  
Skirlin' like ane in Bedlam wi' the blues!

*Swack.* Imagination dings him nicht an' day.

*Trav.* Poor, poor fellow! (*To Kate*) Well, you will  
know that house—  
Call'd Garvie Vale, south side of Garford town,  
I see it is for sale—could you live there?  
You would be near old friends, and frequently  
I might run up from Linkside pits myself,  
After returning from my trip to France.

*Kate.* *Garvie Vale!* What! That Garvie Vale  
down bye?

Losh, sir, the house is a twa storey house—  
Forbye its garrets, cellars, an' hothouses—  
An' weel micht lodge an Empress on a throne,  
Wi' a' its lawns, an' plots, an' gairden chairs!

*Swack.* The vera place for Shonnie! Made for him!  
He'd sing there like a pairrick a' day lang!  
An' gif yer cousin does present ye wi't  
I'll manage your removal there mysel'—  
If, Madam Catherine, it be your will.



*Trav.* You would be near our friends the Tweedies too,

As they return to Garford presently.

*Kate.* Is Sandy giein' Linkside Smiddy up?

*Trav.* He's going to retire, and, for that end, I hear that he has purchased Hadden's land, Intending there to build his future home.

What say you then to Garvie? Is't a deal?

*Swack.* Kate! let *me* speak for ye, as ye aft hae dune, An' say "it is," slap-bang!

*Kate.* But, mercy me,  
That house wad need a tricht o' furnishings!

*Trav.* Which I'd supply—even if it needed *two*.

*Swack.* An' I'd fit up—altho' ye double doubled it! Weel, say that's sattled. What about the means? Could ye, Kate, get alang in Garvie Vale On what ye're makin' here by knittin' socks, Added to that our Poor Law Shonnie grants?

*Trav.* Neither my cousin, nor her stricken boy, Need ever be beholden to the rates For but another bite—if they accept, What I now humbly here do proffer them: An adequate annuity for each, Beginning now, and ending but with life!

*Kate.* I hae nae words that could half say my thanks, Sae I'll say naething but God bless ye, sir! Ye've prued yersel' to me a freend atweel! A double freend, for reasons no' to name, An' whilk are far abune me to excuse, Tho' I cou'd faced them by the force o' want, An' seeing naething else for us but death, Whanever Maister Swacker bade atowre! You are my cousin, Uncle Wullie's son, Tell me your Christian name, that I may worship it In unison wi' Swats' and Hootsmans' anes! Ye'll mak' a trinity that heaven will find It fell hard to deny the blessing to That I'se petition for ye morn an' e'en!

*Trav.* My name is more uncommon than myself, Compounded as it is of those of two

Stars of great magnitude in Fame's high vault—  
 Abraham Lincoln of America,  
 And John Bright of the Mother Country here—  
 Who were my father's idols in his prime!—  
 Abbreviated, as our method was,  
 Even in my early days, down to "Bright Steele"!

*Kate.* A gallant name, nae doubt, but, wi' your leave,  
 I'se much prefer to ca' ye "Cousin John,"  
 That seems to sound mair hamely, nice, an' kind?  
 Shonnie wad mak' dreid havoc o' the ither!

*Swack.* Ay! a rhyme for "Aubraham" nicht fickle  
 pruve  
 For even Shonnie. But, dod! had we haen time,  
 I'd tried him at it e'en this efternune—  
 But we maun aff—this is Mick's mairriage eve,  
 An' Peg wad augur ill were I awa!  
 Come doun the morn an' arrange the flittin'  
 An' "Cousin John" will stey till this is dune?

*Trav.* Gladly—at least one day. Come, Shonnie, too?

*Shon.* (*much uplifted*). *Sings—*

Micky Tubbs an' Peggy Dishie,  
 A gloris waddin' day aw wish ye!  
 Whan doun at Swacker's on the spree,  
 Peg aye was awfu' guid to me!—  
 Giem' me scones, an' milk to drink,  
 An' whiles a bawbee, tae, o' clink!

(*Dances round.*)

Fal-all-dee-loo! baith guid and bonnie,  
 Was aye young Peg, an' kind to Shonnie!

*Trav.* A miracle! How does he it? Take this!  
 And ta-ta, both of you, till the morrow comes.

[*Exeunt TRAVELLER and SWACKER.*]

*Kate.* What's that he's gien ye? Let me see it,  
 sonny. (*Looks at the present.*)  
 Preserve us a'! What's this?—a ten-pound note!!  
 If he is rich, it winna be for lang—  
 Sawing his bank-notes braidcast onywhare!  
 My certie, but he'll hear o' this the morn!  
 But, Shonnie, let us yont to Maggie Glen's,  
 I'm keen to hear noo hoo the Markis is,

For, sin' that accident, he's no' been weel—  
But, lord sake there's his man, as white's a clout !  
(*Goes to the door and shouts.*) Hey, Maister Tipem !

*TIPEM comes to her, startled looking.*

*Tip.* Mistress MacNiven ! O his Lordship's dead !  
He has succumbed unto the injuries  
Which he sustained in that sad accident,  
When, motoring from Bents to Castle Cleuch !—  
Within a stone-cast of his own Park gates,  
The new car slid into the old dry ditch—  
Killing the factor, Roupemout, at once—  
That skirts the "Near Cut" leading to the Lodge.  
I speed to telegraph the news to Bents,  
To London, Paris, Rome—to all the world,  
For poor Lord Garford's on his dying bed,  
And may not even hear of this fell stroke—  
Which will leave Lady Mabel, after him,  
Sole lawful heiress of these vast estates ! [*Exit.*

*Kate.* Eh, sirss ! but this is sorry news, an' yet,  
Tho' he'd been ten times waur than what he was,  
He had been human still, therefore his end,  
Sae painfu', eldritch, grim, may weel in us  
The memory o' his fauts—greed, Papish weys,  
An' life-lang wastefulness—end evermair !  
Come ! Shonnie, let us in an' hae some tea,  
An' thank the Giver o't, an' His leal lad,  
Our new found Cousin John, His servant born !  
[*Exeunt*

SCENE X. GARFORD. *The "BIG ROOM" of the GRAY SHEEP INN.*

*Enter HOOTSMAN and SWACKER.*

*Hoots.* This room's dismantled ?

*Swack.* Ay—for the dance to be,

Efter the grand dejeuner in the Tent,

*Hoots.* Well, are they well married now ?

*Swack.* That they are !

Man, I ne'er saw the tane or tither o' them  
Look half as weel's they did in yon Manse room,

Before grave Doctor Paul an' a' the croud.  
Peggy was charming—buxom, sweet, an' fresh,  
The "op'ning gowan wat wi' dew" a' owre!  
An' Mick, our jolly, clever, manly Mick,  
The vera pictur' o' pure Irish bliss!

*Hoots.* Where are they now?

*Swack.* They're a' down i' th' Tap—  
Whare a' the waddin' gifts are spread abreid—  
Twa hunder o' them—for the warld to see  
Under the Traveller's ciceroneship—  
A' shaking hands, an' wishing joy a' round,  
For, say the twentieth time sin' twal o'clock!

*Hoots.* Yes, yes, of course. And it may be as well  
If we do snatch this opportunity  
And discuss our affairs, and settle them—  
If that to-day be possible to do?

*Swack.* Ay, ay! Go on—as short as sand itsel'!  
Were ye up at the Castle 'fore ye cam?

*Hoots.* After his father the old Marquis died,  
Last night Lord Garford sent for me to come,  
And he received me in such friendly wise,  
O Swats! I felt as if I could have ta'en  
His ills upon me, if so he might live.  
But, O, that might not be—yet wonderful  
Is he to look at, sitting up in bed,  
Well knowing he'll ne'er rise from it again,  
Albeit his trouble lets him linger months.

*Swack.* Kens he now o' your new relationship?

*Hoots.* His doctor told him everything, he said,  
So soon's he had perceived no bad effect  
The awful story of the motor smash,  
And its resultant deaths, had had on him.

*Swack.* The ditch they coupit in's an open trap,  
An' should have been fill'd in whan motors cam'.  
O'Rourke himsel', they say, was bouch'd in it!  
But tell me o' the Yearl—the new Markis noo!—  
He'll ne'er be fit to steer his heritage,  
Thae grit estates o' hill an' lowland farms?

*Hoots.* No. I am to do so for him, and if you  
Would take the factorship—do, Swats, at once,  
And so relieve me of a world of cares!

*Swack.* Succeed auld Roupemout himsel', ye mean?

*Hoots.* Yes, and administer Bents' lands besides.

To you, an old-experienced farming buck,  
The work would not be bothersome a bit ;  
No present leases will expire for long—  
Saving those of Hogg's, and Cowe's, and Sanderson's.

*Swack.* Hogg's gaun to Africa—the Lord be praised!  
An' as for Sanderson, he's drucken dune,  
An' threatens to succumb afore his tack!  
Hard-strugglin', honest, thrifty Wullie Cowe  
Should hae his place revalued, an' sit still,  
At what a man can live, an' let live at ;  
John Hetherbel is snifting efter Hogg's  
An' Peter Stoure on Sanderson's has een—  
They're weel-doing shavers baith, an' sworn freends!

*Hoots.* But have they capital for such fine farms?

*Swack.* Jock Hetherbel will hae, an' as for Stoure  
The ferm is sma', an' he can cadger weel,  
Nae fear o' Pate!

*Hoots.* Well, but your factorship,  
What say you now?

*Swack.* I do agree to grip it—  
Your ferm policy being that of auld,  
As on the Stump and in the Press declared?

*Hoots.* Consideration, justice, mercy are,  
Have been, and shall be, our whole policy.  
Well, you'll remove and take your duties up  
At Tander Brae, the Estate Offices,  
Where Roupemout, as in a fortalice,  
Den'd like a Russian autocrat, and ruled  
O'er forty miles of Scotland, north and south!

*Swack.* Ay—by my sang!—an' noo whare “Swats”  
will brush

Injustice an' a' tyranny frae thae miles,  
As erst he soopt the pipe-ase aff his bar!  
Say that ye'll favour Stoure an' Hetherbel  
An' I'm yer thrall, Lord Hootsman, bound an' sworn!

*Hoots.* Both Stoure and Hetherbel shall have those  
farms,

If you approve them and their capital—  
But, hush, the marriage folk are at the door!

*Enter, arm in arm, MR and MRS TUBBS, MR and MRS TWEEDIE; and, singly, MRS SWACKER, KATE and SHONNIE MACNIVEN, the TRAVELLER, HORSMAN, STOURE, and many others—all of whom shake hands with HOOTSMAN, and then mix and converse promiscuously.*

*Swack.* Mick, Jean craved me for a mairriage gift for you,  
But I did pit her aff until the day.

*Tubbs.* Only a little thing I wanted, sor,  
Some thrifle, showing ye wor plazed wid me.

*Swack.* Weel, I'm nae freend o' hole-an'-corner wark,

An' sae afore this croud I'll name my gift,  
An' the conditions, which ye maun respect,  
Gif ye wad have what noo I proffer ye—  
To wit, this Inn, an' a' that it contains,  
For five years at the rent o' forty pounds,  
Paid me per annum freely.—Efterhend,  
If ye, in Peg's opinion, hae dune weel  
The haill o't to yersel—House, Inn, an' a'!

*(Loud applause, and a voice, "Jist like Swats!")*

*Swack. (continuing).* That is condition first; the second is,

That ye, slap-bang, do tak' anither name,  
An' let "Tubbs" sink, as low as tubs can sink  
That lack a bottom an' are left to sink.  
The new name I propose is "Dishie," Mick,  
It is your lady's—a guid cross between  
The English "Dishington" and Irish "Tubbs,"  
A sort o' Saxon-Celtic true blue Scot!  
What say ye, Mick?

*Peg (intervening).* The vera thing, atweel!  
"Tubbs" ne'er was meent by God for man or beast!  
It's no a name to ca' a black-a-moor!  
Eh, Maister Swacker, hound him on to mine!

*Tubbs.* I lave it all to Piggy, being now  
Undher a promise to becoom convarted,  
In crade and practice, to all she succeeds  
In making me belave is throe an' roight!

*Swack.* I'll have the Sign this vera week re-letter'd  
 As—" *The Royal Garfuird Gray-Sheep Inn :*  
*Drink, grub, an' beddin', prime, for man an' horse :*  
*Proprietor (or Renter) "Michael Dishie,*  
*Successor to the sair-lamentit Swats,*  
*Of happie memorie!"* (*Loud Laughter*).

*Enter LADY MABEL HOOTSMAN, MRS PAUL, and SIR  
 HUGH SEAFARM, attended by DONALD SHIELS.*

*Shon (recognising Lady Hootsman, he runs to her, and  
 sings)—*

Govy-dickie! Govy-dickie!  
 Ken ye wha has gotten Micky?  
 Peggy Dishie's gotten Micky,  
 An' a' the toun cries, "Govy-Dickie"  
 Fal lal de lal lay, fal lal de lal loo,  
 We'se a' at the waddin', eat pies an' geet fou!

(*Great laughter*).

*Kate.* Shonnie! Wheesht, wheesht! It's owre  
 sune yet to sing.

*Lady Mab.* I pray you, do not heed us—laugh away,  
 A marriage party should not mirth restrain;  
 Tho' our stay must be short from Castle Cleuch,  
 Because of what is there of care and death;  
 But we could not, being here, but visit you,  
 And give an earnest of our ardent love,  
 And warmest wishes for the future weal  
 Of those whom we have known so long and well.  
 (*Applause*).

My husband and the Traveller and I  
 Have talked about your revived Club together,  
 And now do see our way jointly to gift  
 The members of it with a spacious Hall,  
 Library, and a Reading Room to match,  
 If that they kindly will accept of them  
 On this condition only—That Ned Armstrong  
 Be duly chosen architect and builder.

(*Much clapping of hands and other applause*).

The site of them would be Hare Shaw, on land  
 At present owned and till'd by Mister Swacker,  
 Who'll give it gratis—without charge or price—

As he, he says, will have enough of charge  
In his new factorship at Tander Brae.

(*Renewed loud applause*).

(*To Swacker*). Hand me a glass of wine, sir, if you  
please,

That I may drink their healths before we go.

(*Taking the glass*). Mister and Mrs Dishie, *Here's to ye,  
An' may there ne'er be waur amang's than this!*

(*Hear, hear, and great applause*).

We start in matrimonial yokes together,  
Two pairs, to pace our destined tracks through life!  
O may we ne'er run counter to our good,  
And at our goal find what was worth our race!

*Fareweel to a' our several freends at wance,  
Until we meet again safe back frae France!*

(*Great and prolonged applause*).

*Exeunt MR and LADY HOOTSMAN, SHONNIE, and  
MRS PAUL.*

*Sir Hugh.* What Lady Hootsman and her husband  
said

I won't repeat, but approve every word,  
And fain would to them add a few of mine.

(*Hear, hear, and cheers*).

Among the members of the restored Club  
There are a number, doubtless, keen to be  
Possessors of a holding of their own,  
Either as owners, or as renters simply,  
To such I'd point the way straight down to Bents,  
Where all arrangements may be made henceforth  
With our new factor, Alexander Swacker—

(*Deafening applause*).

Whereby the laudable desires of all  
May be most amply served and gratified. (*Hear, hear*).

*Hors.* I'm awfu' pleased that Maister Swacker, Sir,  
Has been appintit factor o' the Bents,  
As weel's o' grit Moorcleuchs estate an' a',  
Kennin' for certain hoo they'll flourish noo!  
But I am no' sae sure about sma' farms,—



Few ploomen hae the brass to start ane wi',  
Altho' it was nae lairger than a plot.

*Trav.* Mister Horsman, if those would call on me—  
*Men fit in all ways else to farm land—*  
I might be able to encourage them!  
I've seen it done, both in the States and France,  
And 'twould be practicable at Bents as there,  
And even more so, with your large consumpt.

*Sir Hugh.* I think so also. But we must be gone—  
I see how Donald's fretting to be back  
With Tipem at the Old Port bins again!

*Shiels.* I fret, Sir Hugh, but not for Tipem's port,  
But, rather, now the talk's of your affairs,  
For fear you'll mess them—as ye've always done,—  
So please shake hands with all, and do so now!

[*Exeunt SIR HUGH and SHIELS, loudly applauded.*]

*Swack.* (*approaching the Traveller's coterie*). Haith,  
sirs,  
Richt wordy waddin' guests ye prove yersel's!  
As weel hae Calvin ministers as you!  
The forlorn lasses yawn as they wad sleep!  
Jean! is your banquet ready in the Tent?

*Mrs Swack.* Ready an hour syne, by the new toun  
clock!

*Swack.* Then hook yer leddies, gents, an' fallow me!  
We'll come back here sae sune's we've fill'd oursels,  
An' dance an' sing, an' speechiffee an' booze,  
Till e'en the stoutest cry "Eneuch for ance!"

*Exeunt MRS DISHIE, arming SWACKER, KATE MACNIVEN,  
the TRAVELLER, and the others following in like order.*



# OTHER PIECES.

## THE LOVE OF LIFE.

("TO BE, OR NOT TO BE?")

Annihilation ! nothingness !

Death absolute—unknowing end !

All unperceiving—woe, or bliss,

Or peace, or strife, or foe, or friend—

A dead thing, like a stone, to lie—

A neutral all eternity ?

I'd rather live, if man had choice,

A thousand ages in a slum,

'Midst slum surroundings—raucous noise—

*All that to moral men may come—*

Than sicken, sink, and be no more,

Like a spent wave upcast inshore !

To hail no more the gladsome spring.

Nor note her flush o'er bleak earth steal ;

To hear no more the woodlands ring,

No more the summer sun to feel,

Nor clasp of friendship, nor the joy,

And meed of love—bliss, *sans* alloy !

Than this, could I fore-known, I would

Ten thousand times have never been,

For, then, choice possible, 'twere good

Timely to shun all evil seen,

And, by an act of will, defeat

That which, without it, I would meet ?

But, "being" 's *fact*, so I'd still "be,"

For *being* ever wars with *death*—

Tho' *our* annulment's "certainty"—

(So the old dismal prophet saith)—

And but a matter of the days,

Or months, or years, despite delays !

'Tis writ—"Man giveth up the ghost,  
And where is he?" Ah! *where* is he?  
In Death's eternal midnight lost!  
Or wakening in Life's morning—free,  
And strong for flight from world to world,  
Till the last shred of sin is furl'd?

What whispers Nature's self? Are there  
No felt pulsations in man's soul  
Bespeaking likelihood of fare,  
And life when earth hath swallow'd whole  
His husk of clay? Or must ev'n faith  
Cower its white wings and roost in death?

I wot not. Progress is her law—  
And not Destruction—ceaseless change—  
Which, from mollue to man, didst draw  
Through myriad years this wonder strange—  
That, when need rose for further power,  
She, prompt, stood ready to endower!

All races shrink aghast from death,  
The more endow'd the more aghast;  
Therefore, with *need* dame Nature hath  
Their faith and hope perfectly cast,  
Commensurate with each desire,—  
Though some to endless life aspire!

In this hope nourished, I survive,  
Awake, alert—albeit "old!"  
Around me—millions teem alive,  
Behind me—millions in the mould!  
Before me—rushing millions rise  
To fill the void the former flies

O'er this part-visionary crowd  
Of present, past, and future folk,  
War faith and doubt in shine and cloud,  
Their ancient feud—shock after shock—  
Renewing for the final good  
Which yet shall bless the multitude!

## BLACK AGNES OF DUNBAR

## PART FIRST.—MONTAGUE'S COMMISSION

Like ane sea-born leviathan,  
Dreepin' brine frae limb an' crest,  
Behauld Dunbar,\* invasion's path in,  
Ages on a' sides opprest.

See her stronghold, ever braving  
Faes in shore, an' air, an' sea;  
Owre its Keep, alternate waving  
A' their banners loose an' free:

Now for Baliol, neist for Edward,  
Syne for Bruce of Bannockburn—  
Ev'ry victor, weel or ill-faur'd,  
On her turrets gets his turn!

England, neth her brisk Third Neddie,  
Feeling some reviving spunk,  
Lang years after his slim daddie  
Had to sheer despair her sunk,

Glower'd towards Dunbar an' shiver'd,  
Kenning conquest owre the Scots  
Was as bosh, whilst "undeliver'd"  
Stude that strength, whare noo it rots!

"Leave't to Us!" cried this young Edert,  
"Leave the ruckle to Our power,  
And arraign me ev'n in Jethart  
Gifna sune We ding it owre!

---

\* "Dunbar Castle stands at the north end of the town in a situation peculiarly wild and romantic. It is founded upon a reef of rocks that project into the sea, and which, in many places, rise like bastions thrown up by Nature to guard these stern remains of feudal grandeur against the power of the waves, that yet force their way through rugged caverns and fissures in the stone, and, with a thundering noise, wash its dark foundations."—*The History of Dunbar*, by James Miller, Ed. 1859, p. 9.

“To this wark We’s set on twenty  
Thousan’s o’ our stoutest knaves,  
Airm’d wi’ picks an’ rams a-plenty  
To owre-coup it in the waves.

“Summon me Arundel quickly,  
And wi’ him hail Montague!  
Baith maun pack, or weel or sickly,  
To this last grand Siege, I trew!”

Whan they cam’, out-spak’ King Neddie :  
“Arundel, an’ bauld Montague,  
We’re for Gaul, sae mak’ ye ready,  
For Dunbar We leave to you !

“Yerk ye to it, ding it sheerly,  
Souce it in the brine for aye !  
It has cost Old England dearly  
Sin’ our gran’-dad Lang Shanks’ day !

“Hurl it into Lammer Haven ! \*  
Put its boor-cubs to the sword !  
Naething lats, for noo that raven,  
Cospatrick, its forsworn lord,

“Flits unshackled throo the Hielands,  
And, with Douglas, gluts his gorge  
On the fat bucks of those free lands,  
Lustier than our St George !

“Sae his ladye wards his castle—  
E’en that Scots-key cleped Dunbar !  
Jesu ! with a wench to wrastle,  
What can stay ye dogs of war ?”

---

\* The old port of Dunbar—immediately below the Castle.

Up-spak' Montague the noble—

“Sire, this mission grieves me sore !

I'd as lief besiege a coble

Stalking partans \* on that shore,

“As that Scotch barn, whare a woman

Lords it owre a batch o' boors,

Nae mair valiant than their common

Gray goats on the Lammermoors !”

“But,” rejoin'd far-keeking Neddie,

“Whilst We, tae, those clowns contemn,

Before a' wad We be rid aye

*O' the houff that houses them !*

“'Tis the gateway to their Kintra ;

The rock fastness that hath barr'd

Frae rare spoil our Southland gentry,

And their conquest doth retard.

“Wharefor, Montague, depart ye !

And, whan We frae Gaul hie hame,

Hail Us wi' this news, my heartie—

*'Naething's left o't but the name !'*

“Syne, belyve, wad come the final

Of our tuilzies for the land,

Which ev'n Cæsar couldna win all

Wi' the airth at his command !

And our princely aith we swear ye,

Sune's its conquest's proven true,

Our HIGH GOVERNOR sall there be

No man but THE MONTAGUE !”

---

\* Crabs.

Monty crouchit—loutit humble,  
As a vassal meted out  
Honours that precluded grumble,  
An' the lack of "means" to boot !

" Sovran liege lord ! Royal Edert !  
Here, afore ye on my knee,  
For that stake I'd swear with glad heart  
To daur aucht on land or sea !

" Ere this year is ae mune aulder  
Dunbar's ruckle laigh sall be,  
And its Ladye's doup feel caulder  
At the bottom o' the sea !

" Brummel, my young engineer chief,  
Has devised me a machine,  
With whilk ane may bring to sheer grief  
Wa's the thickest ever seen !

" In the woodlands here at Berwick \*  
He's been at it sin' we came ;  
Logs of aik, an' beech, an' lerrick  
Doth comprise its monstrous frame !

" Run to Dunbar's rock-like ramparts,  
It will shield a mining crew  
Of some scores of navvy stalwarts,  
Worthy of their dam—THE SOO !

" Sae, my liege, this Wonder's titled  
By admirers, sib an' frem—  
Multitudes whase wits are kittled  
Wi' the merits o' this gem !"

---

\* It was at Berwick that Montague received the chief command of the forces intended for Dunbar.



“We have heard o’t ; therefore, forward !  
 Lug it to Dunbar the morn !  
 We gae South, while you gae Norward—  
 Baith to deeds heroic borne !

PART SECOND.—THE SIEGE \*

The Ladye † awoke by break o’ day  
 And a wilyart dame was she,  
 Crying wild aloud, or yea or nae,  
 All unto her maidens three :

“Ho, Dods ! Peg Dods ! ho, Merrilees !  
 Ho, Nell MacGregor, tae !  
 Whare are ye, hussies ? Fetch my claes,  
 My sooth, it’s n’ar noonday !

---

\* “In January 1337, William Montague, Earl of Salisbury, together with the Earl of Arundel, to whom the King had left the chief command of the forces in Scotland, attempted this enterprise” (the Siege of Dunbar) “with a large army. At this important crisis, the Earl of Dunbar was employed with the Guardian in reducing the fortresses in the North ; so that the defence of this fortress devolved upon the Countess, a lady who, from the darkness of her complexion, was commonly called *Black Agnes*, and whose vigilant and patriotic conduct has immortalised her name.” —*Miller’s Hist.*, p. 43.

† “Agnes, Countess of Dunbar, was daughter of the celebrated Thomas Randolph, Earl of Moray, and sister to the Earl of that name who fell at Duplin ; and of his successor who was made prisoner in the affray with Count Namur, and who was at this time a prisoner in England. These circumstances inspired sentiments of resentment against the English in the breast of our heroine, which neither the stratagems of art could surprise, nor the terrors of danger dismay. The Castle, which was newly fortified, from its situation on rocks nearly surrounded by the sea, was deemed impregnable. But against the natural strength of the fortress we must bring the most consummate generals of the age. Arundel was afterwards constable at the Battle of Cressy, and Salisbury commanded the rear at the Battle of Poitiers, while the besiegers were the chosen troops that had been victorious in the late invasions.—*Miller’s Hist.*, pp. 43-4.

“Ane rin for Brand, the lang Captain  
Owre all my men-at-arms;  
Anither to Christie—our out-look swain—  
To hear hoo the Southron swairms;

“Anither to Provost-mairshal Dan,  
And bid them all repair  
Up to the Watch Tower, man by man,  
Gin their craigs frae the rape they’d spare!

“Ha, here comes Christie! News—news—news!  
What news frae the ruif o’ the Keep?”

“Ladye, O Ladye! eneuch to arouse  
An’ drive the deid out o’ their sleep!—

“A Southeron swairm fills up the gap  
’Tween the moorlands an’ the bree!  
This Peel is held in their living trap  
As a ship in ane stormy sea!”

“What stores, what stores? Ca’ Kelly here  
My Purser an’ Provider!  
Ho, Brand! an’ Provost Dan, O dear!  
Dunbar—guid luck betide her!—

“Dunbar’s beleaguered by a swairm  
O’ the ill-thieves frae the South,  
Showing again auld Scotland haim—  
An’ she be na sunk in sleuth!

“Our lord the Yearl is i’ th’ North,  
Sae mayna Dunbar see  
Till Winter’s gane for a’ his worth,  
His Courier says to me.

“But, Yearl or nane, I vow by Christ,  
An’ a’ the saunts thegither!  
Dunbar sall keep Auld Scotland’s tryst  
Tho’ Tophet’s hordes draw hither!

“ Randolph Moray’s dauchter Nan  
Sall ne’er defame her sire !  
Dunbar is hers, an’ lat wha can  
Win it ‘gainst her desire !

“ Kelly ! what reck ye in the Keep ? ”  
“ A fouth, dreid Ladye, for sax ouks \*—  
Meal frae the mill, fish frae the deep,  
An’ rowth o’ geese an’ deuks !

“ Notarie Notman, my auld freen’—  
A Scot baith slee an’ true—  
Says twenty thousan’ Southrons keen,  
Led by grit Montague,

“ Invest Dunbar, a’ sides, this day—  
Deid-set to wrack this Peel,  
An’ raze it to the rocks for aye,  
’Spite a’ our pith an’ skeel ”—

“ Ay, ay, auld man !—there, haud thy peace,  
Until thou’s looten free !  
Look to thy girnels, deuks, an’ geese,  
*An’ thou wad shun the Tree !* †

“ Brand !—Captain, Maister-man-at-arms,  
What credit haveth thou ?  
Is there ‘mang a’ thy harum-scarums  
Nae loon can please me now ? ”

“ Yes, ma’m ! The porter at the gate—  
Joe Imrie o’ The Inch—  
Kens something that he fain wad state--  
*He micht serve at a pinch ?* ”

\* Weeks.

† The “ Woodie-tree,” or gallows.

“ A heidy knave ! I like him weel !  
He's ane whase quest's ne'er vain !  
Stand all abeigh—the loon's richt leal—  
Bring him to me amain !

Ho ! he is here ? Porter, my friend,  
Say what thou would'st with me.”  
“ Great Ladye ! that whilk weel may end  
Me on thy Woodie Tree !

“ For I'm in league wi' Montague,  
An' sworn to ope the gate  
At nune this day, to lat him throo,  
That he on thee may wait !”

“ Now Jesu comfort thee, my man,  
As happie as I wis !  
For me—for this, thy weel-laid plan,  
Thine age wi' rowth I'se bless !

“ Gae back, and do what thou hath sworn—  
At noon—to Montague ;  
But, than his band—*wha'll ne'er return !*—  
Nae Southron else lat throo !

“ Lat the portcullis drap, slap-bang,  
Sae sune's this wooer's won !  
He'se needit little, by my sang,  
Whan our short courtin's done !

“ An' it work weel this ruse, young Joe,  
Thy meed sall be nae crinch !—  
Thou shalt all vassalage forego,  
And sit rent free at Inch !

“ Noontide is nigh, hie to the gate,  
And usher in this storm !  
Here, in this South-side Tower, I'se wait,  
And note how thou perform !”

Punct at the hour, bauld Montague  
She saw ayont the fosse,  
What time slee Joe the draw-brig slew  
To let the Southrons cross ;

Besides, some thousan's o' his force,  
Nae far atoure, mark'd she,  
Cheering their leader on his course,  
An' roosin' Joe richt free !

Athort the draw-brig in a trice  
Begoud to race the band,  
Their leader in their midst, fu' nice  
Squired by ane ca'd Copeland.

This henchman spied young Joseph smile,  
An' keek up at the Tower,  
Which gart the knave jalouse some wile  
To get within her power

The person o' that General great,  
E'en the bauld Montague,  
Sae, to mak sure, contrar' to state,  
He round before him flew.

Doun the portcullis instant crash'd,  
Joe weening Mont was trapp'd,  
Till, turning round, he stude abash'd  
To see what had mishapp'd—

Copeland was in, Montague out,\*  
Was e'er sae foil'd true man !  
Wi' mony an aith withouten doubt  
He wad his owre-haste ban.

---

\* "Finding the arts of assault unavailing, Salisbury next attempted to gain the Castle by treachery. Means were employed to bribe the porter who had charge of the gate. This he agreed to do, but disclosed the transaction to the Countess. Salisbury, at the head of a chosen party, commanded this enterprise in

But Brand an' Provost-mairshal Dan  
 Weel venged him on the lave—  
 Ilk at a rape's end swith they ran  
 Tower-hicht abune the wave !

For this Montague logs an' rocks,  
 Against the Stronghold hurl'd ;  
 But as the fiercer grew his knocks  
 The merrier Agnes skirl'd,

An' bade her maidens three rax owre,  
 An' mi' their dowlies dicht,  
 The stains his shots made aff the Tower,  
 As weel's to flout the wicht !

Syne naucht else wad his ire appease,  
 Whan three-score o' his crew  
 He saw deid-dangling in the breeze,  
 Than ordering furth THE Soo !

Its sicht \* the Ladye on the Tower,  
 Gart to Montague cry—  
 " Come on, Monsieur ! bravo, Monsieur !  
 Thy heroine o' the sty

---

person, and found the gates open to receive him. The officiousness of John Copeland, one of his attendants, saved the general from the snare. Copeland hastily passed before the Earl, the portcullis was let down, and the trusty squire, mistaken for his lord, remained a prisoner. Agnes, who from the southern tower observed the event, cried to Salisbury jeeringly, 'Adieu, Monsieur Montague ; I intended that you should have supped with us, and assisted in defending this fortress against the robbers of England.'—*Miller's History of Dunbar*, pp. 46-49.

\* "The Sow was a military engine, resembling the Roman testudo. It was formed of wood, covered with hides, and mounted on wheels, when, being rolled forward to the foot of the besieged wall, it served as a shed or cover to defend the miners, or those who wrought the battering ram from the stones and arrows of the garrison."—*Border Minstrelsy*, Vol. I., p. o.

“We greet wi’ glee, tho’ we, this nicht,  
Had fondly hoped that thou  
Wad sup with us, and with thy micht  
Have aided us to cowe.

“Some thievish knaves, wha brag they’ve come  
Frae hame Dunbar to wrack,  
But wha, ere lang, may sigh for some  
Guid wind to waft them back !” \*

Red-wud, Montague rair’d an’ raged  
“Lug out that Soo !” he cried :  
“Now let Satanic strife be waged,  
All rocks an’ wa’s defied !

“Mine ! nether mine, an’ countermine !  
Haul every engine furth !  
Steep tower an’ dungeon deep in brine,  
And our Soo pruve her worth !”

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\* “During the siege Agnes performed all the duties of a bold and vigilant commander. When the battering engines of the English hurled stones or leaden balls against the battlements, she, as in scorn, ordered one of her maids, splendidly dressed, to wipe off, with a clean white handkerchief, the marks of the stroke. The Castle continued to ‘laugh a siege to scorn,’ when the Earl of Salisbury, with vast labour, brought that enormous machine, the Sow, to bear against the walls ; but, like the Roman at the Siege of Jotapata, it rung harmless against the rock. The Countess, who awaited the approach of the new engine of destruction, being full of taunts, exclaimed :—

‘Beware Montagou  
For farrow shall thy sow !

(meaning the men within it) when a large fragment of the rock was hurled from the battlements, and crushed the cover to pieces, with the poor little pigs (as Major calls them), who were lurking under it. And although there is no royal road to poetry, upon the authority of this couplet, Ritson has admitted Agnes into the list of the Scottish poets !”—*Miller’s History*, pp. 44-5.

The Ladye, skirling, lootit down,  
 Bidding great Montague—  
 “Beware!”—(in tones heard owre the toun)—  
 “For farrow shall thy Soo!”

Instanter owre the ramparts crash’d,  
 Doun throo puir grumphy’s banes,  
 As muckle rock as micht have smash’d  
 A Kirk to chuckie stanes!

THE SOO, an’ a’ her “pigs,” bedeen,  
 Sank out o’ sicht for aye;  
 Nane o’ her breed has e’er been seen  
 Doun to this vera day!

And, forthwith, Montague the siege  
 Changed to ane close blockade;  
 An’ wrate to Gaul an’ tauld his liege  
 The subtle shift he’d made!

#### PART THIRD.—THE BLOCKADE

The Ladye sat up on her Watch Tower hie,  
 Leisurely scanning a’ airths at will;  
 To her Provost-mairshal chatting was she,  
 An’ wonnerin sair why their faes were sae still.

Quo’ she to the Provost—“Dear Provost Dan,  
 Rin down to the Porter an’ fesh him to me;  
 It’s time we were thinkin’ an’ makin’ some plan  
 Or sune ilka saul in this Castle maun dee!”

“Auld Kelly, our Purser, an’ Store-keeper baith,  
 Was here wi’ a phiz n’ar as long as his airm,  
 Gruntin’, an’ greetin’ wi’ mony an aith,  
 Like a man dung clean gyte wi’ dule an’ alairm!”



“ He declares that his girnels, an’ bunkers, an’ kegs  
Are as toom an’ as dry as his ain innards are !  
Sae ‘ his Ladye ’ he counsels, beseeches, an’ begs  
To surrender aff-han’ this great strength o’ Dunbar !

“ Awa an’ bring Imrie the gateman to me !  
He’s worth ten o’ ye a’ for a big brainy heid !  
He contrived the Soo’s end, an’ my faigs it was he  
Wha’d hae taen MONTAGUE, gin his scheme hadna  
gley’d !

Whan the Porter cam’ up, quo’ my Ladye to him,  
“ Young Joe, I’m distress’d, an’ sair nettled, atweel !  
A’ our meal-boats are toom, that were fou to the brim  
Whan the English sat down to wrack this our auld  
Peel ! ”

“ Ma Leddy,” Joe says, “ ma dear Leddie, look here !  
It’s a fack I loot slip the rogue Muntygee,  
An’ for doin’ sae beastly forfeited, I fear,  
The gloris reward I was promish’d by thee ? ”

“ I’d renew it, dear Joe,” quo’ the Ladye belyve,  
“ I’d renew and add to’t a gowpen o’ gowd,  
Gin thou’dst only ane plot to relieve us contrive,  
An’ lead free Dunbar out aneth this black cloud ! ”

“ Ma Leddie, Gude keep thee ! I sall ettle at it,  
Altho’ the job’s kittle—as kittle’s can be !—  
Gif thou’lt niffer the gowd for thy maiden sae sweet—  
E’en Peg Merrilees, wha’s sae dear groun to me ! ”

“ Peg Merrilees, Joe ! My souple hand-maiden ?  
A wild gipsy jilt, a ward o’ Auld Faa’s ! \*  
Surely my back wi’ its burden’s owre-laden  
Whan on it I buckle a *third* wooer’s cause !

---

\* Query—Would this ancient gentleman be the father or an ancestor of the family of the Faas, or Falls, who were connected with Dunbar as merchants down to at least the end of the eighteenth century, as one of them, Provost Faa, entertained Burns when on his visit to the town in 1788 ?

“ For lang-backit Brand, an’ gleg Provost Dan,  
Hae been on their knees for my twa ither maids !  
An’ Mess John Buchanan’s to tie them aff-han’  
As sune as thae siegers lat louse the daft jades ! ”

“ Weel, ma Leddie,” laughed Joe, “ we’s be tied a’ at  
ance  
Buchanan’s a priest that could knot a haill toun !  
Sae, an thou consent, frae this task I’s e no’ wince  
But relief to Dunbar sall I bring sure an’ sune ! ”

“ Now my benison wi’ thee gang wharever thou gangs !  
Leave thy post at the yett whane’er thou incline,  
An’ thou start, lad, at ance, an’ allay our dreid pangs,  
Baith Peg an’ the gowpen o’ gowd sall be thine ! ”

“ Yon wee pirate’s postern that butts on the sea,  
Whare quate Lammer Haven lies lown as a dub,  
As lang’s I’m awa keep thou open an’ free  
An’ never alloo there the sma’est hub-bub.”

“ What is’t, lad, thou wad do ? maun e’en I no’ ken ? ”  
“ Na, na, genty Leddie, bide thou yet a wee canny !  
I maun aff to THE INCH, syne frae there, a’ my lane,  
Find ma wey to THE BASS, tho’ it cost me a penny.”

“ Weel, weel-a-weel ! tak’ thine ain way o’t, Joey,  
An’ gae awa thou ere cometh back Kelly  
Wi’ his lang-windit plaints me mair to annoy,  
’Bout his barrels as toom a’maist as his belly.

“ Ho, Kelly ! What now ? Tell thy waest tale first !  
An’ gif we’re to starve, man ! *to starve’s but to dee.* ”  
“ My Ladye it is ; but starvation’s accurst,  
The vera rats shun’t, baith on land an’ on sea !

“ Whan our pantries were fou the rattons were here,  
In swairms n’ar as grit as thae English at airms !  
But they’ve gien up their siege it doth plainly appear,  
An’ wisely fa’n back on the roundabout fairms !

“ O my Ladye, consider ! What *are* we to do ?  
Our fish winna last owre Monday morn !  
An’ as for our meal, there wad not be enoo  
For a soup for a mowdywart, I could be sworn !

“ ‘ Low rations,’ say thou ? They are e’en noo sae *low*  
That they canna be *lower*, sin’ we’re eating grass,  
An’ dockens, an’ nettles, an’ sourocks that grow  
In the chinks o’ the wa’s an’ the causey, alas ! ”

“ Weel, Kelly, I say, hing on as ye dow,  
But ‘ surrender ’ there’s nane—anither week yet !  
An’ ablins or than this blockaad stick-an-stow  
Some yauld freen’ o’ ours at defiance ’ill set !

“ Nae time for mair words !—that dictum’s my mind !  
Send Brand, Captain Brand in speed up to me ;  
And, auld man, tak’ tent ! *lat my hope hae thy wind,*  
*Or it may be waur tint on our slick Woodie-tree !*

“ Speak nae word o’ fear to a saul in this Peel !  
I wad dee twenty deaths ere ance I’d cry hain !  
Tho’ the last herring bane, an’ the last lick o’ meal  
Were ahint me a week, yet my course wad be plain !

“ Send the Captain to me—but, na !—he is here !  
Be thou aff an’ awa, an’ throttle thy fricht !  
Ha, Brand ! thou art dreeing this famine, I fear,  
Sax feet sax o’ bouk ’ithout fude is a blicht ?

“ Trowth, my Ladye, it’s that, an’ a drouthy blicht, tae !  
It’s coming ten days sin’ I slocken’d my spleen !  
What wi’ hunger an’ drouth I’m fa’n awa sae  
That my bouk in my claes is to seek ilka e’en ! ”

“ Yet thou wadna ‘ capitulate,’ gie in, or flee ? ”  
“ By the lord, no ! nor wad ony my men,  
Tho’ they’re knawing their boots, an’ aucht that they see  
That’ll chow, sook, or swill, an’ help to stey pain ! ”

“ Brand, gie me thy loof ! thou art worthy thy bride,  
Even Helen MacGregor, that maiden so proud !  
An’ whan endit’s this siege—weal or wae us betide—  
Thou shalt have wi’ thy princess ane pension o’ gowd !

“ Meanwhile, stap thee doun, and appoint to the gate  
A warder for Imrie, wham I, by Ninewar,\*  
Have dispatch’d to the North on ane message of state  
Anent our relief to my lord of Dunbar.

“ And, as thou gae bye, thou sall see i’ th’ yaird  
Our freend Provost Dan, wham thou’lt bid rin up here,  
As swith as he dow, for I’ve that maun be heard,  
An’ kenn’d by him tae—e’en throughly an’ clear.”

“ Quite so, my Ladye. He’ll be here in a blink—  
For Dan’s as a Jew whan the main-chance is track’d ! ”  
“ I trow sae are ye a’—even Brand is, I think,  
Nae slack for himsel’ whan a garrison’s sack’d !

“ Ho ! Merrilees ! Here ! Ken thou whare thy Joe’s  
gane ? ”  
“ Oh, weel-I-wait, no ! has he gane frae the Peel ? ”  
“ He has gane to The Bass,† wi’ a scheme o’ his ain,  
An thou help him safe back it sall serve thee richt  
weel.

“ He’ll slip by the port that leads in by the Haven,  
In the deid o’ the nicht—some nicht afore lang—  
An’ the wey thou canst aid him’s to croak like a raven  
Ben that hole in the rock baith eerie an’ strang.”

---

\* A place on the Biel estate, about three miles west from Dunbar, supposed to have been then in the occupancy of Joe Imrie’s grandfather, the then Governor of the Bass.

† The celebrated rock island, which is situated two miles off the East Lothian coast at the mouth of the Firth of Forth, and a few miles north-west from Dunbar. It is about one mile in circumference, contains the remains of an old fortress and state prison, and is otherwise famous for the vast numbers of gannets and other sea-birds which annually frequent it,

“ My Ladye, I’ll do’t ! Oh, I see his trick fine !  
He wants me to croak sae’s to guide him safe in—  
An’ he’ll mind hoo the croakin’ we learn’d langsyne  
Aff the corbies yont by at the Brig o’ the Linn ! ” \*

“ Ay, ay ! Start the nicht, an’ craik till the daw,  
Ilka nicht till he’s back.—But hist to thy cell,  
For here comes gleg Dan, in response to my ca’,  
To see gin the strength o’ our faes he can tell.

“ Ho, ho, Provost-mairshal, I’ve spoken to Meg !  
The limmer’s fair daft wi’ delicht at the news—  
Sae daft, that afore me she’d fa’, an’ she’d beg,  
I wad help her to get thee as fast as I choose ! ”

“ The Saunts keep thee, Ladye, for ever an’ ever !  
For afore I’d lose Meg I wad hing on the Tree,  
Play the deil wi’ my panuch, an’ damn my ain liver,  
Or skyte clean aff this Tower an’ droun i’ th’ sea ! ”

“ Thank The Lord for the gift, then, of a nicer berth,  
Whilk I, His puir servant, do now proffer thee !  
Imrie’s gane on my errand, an’ comes by the airth  
That throo Lammer Haven inlets frae the bree.

“ But the time’s a’ uncertain—save it’ll be nicht,  
An’ n’ar the deid hour—sae, Provost, I want  
Thou should’st see ev’ry e’en that a’thing is richt  
For his safe coming in wi’ some freends to this haunt.

“ Alang wi’ grit Brand, thou sall hae a force ready  
To secure his back passage in case o’ dispute ;  
Every peak an’ pint gaird, ev’ry cliff, lown or giddly,  
Thou sall see has its kite, an’ its sea-hawk to boot !

\* East Linton, six miles west from Dunbar.

“And lat thou hear the gree, I swear to thee, Dan,  
 Meg Dods, as thy bride betrothed an’ avow’d,  
 Thou sall lead to Mess John, an’ have free frae my han’,  
 The moment thou’rt mairried, a laird’s waucht o’  
 gowd !”

“I sall for that prize—The Lord abune kens !—  
 I sall do what I dow, tho’ the ships on the seas \*  
 Are as thick as skep bees whan they cast frae their dens,  
 An’ sting interlopers as aft as they please !”

#### PART FOURTH.—RELIEF AND VICTORY

Frae Dunbar to The Inch,† frae The Inch to The Bass,  
 Joseph push’d on wi’ speed ;  
 He was wae for his freends, he was wroth for his lass,  
 An’ fatigue didna heed.—  
 The spirit o’ man, whan it’s quicken’d by love,  
 Owre the warst human ills soars scaithless above.

To the auld Captain there—(his grand-sire o’ Ninewar)—  
 Spak he bauldly an leal ;  
 “John Imrie, my gutcher,‡ I’ve come straucht frae  
 Dunbar,  
 To speir thee o’ thy skeel  
 Gin it canna rede me to ane fine Scottish Chief,  
 Wha for fame ’ithout end wad insure our relief ?”

Now, this auld couthie carle o’ some aughty odd year  
 Was King-proud o’ young Joe,  
 An’ gif ony on airth he thaucht o’ as his peer  
 He did never say so.  
 “Ay, speir me,” cried he, “thou last chip o’ Ninewar,  
 For thou’rt no my Joe’s ‘Joe’ an thou save na Dunbar !

---

\* The vessels comprising the sea-part of the blockade of the town and Castle.

† A country place a few miles north-west from Dunbar, traditionally owned by Imrie.

‡ Grandfather.

"I mysel' raced wi' Wallace!—focht lang by his side,  
E'en afore Stirling Brig!  
To red Loudon Hill did I first wi' him ride,  
An', lad, wasna I big!  
On the back o' a Gallowa baith o' us sat,  
Yet it wasna that lang till to Fenwick \* we gat!

"Sin' Menteith's cursit deed, I've jined in wi' The Bruce,  
An' was at Bannockburn!—  
An' some Border raids, tae, but, sin' ever this truce,  
Here I've served Scotland's turn,  
In this Strength o' The Bass, whare, frae dungeon to  
cairn,  
I do rule like a King, an' have for't a King's fairin'."

"Wow, granfaither, wow! A' thae stories sae rare  
Thou'st me scores o' times tauld!  
Sae what is the use o' palaaverin' mair,  
Stannin' here i' th' cauld?  
'Tisna stories but *stores* that I'm efter the day,  
An' gin I no get them Dunbar's dang'd for aye!"

"Ha, ha, my Joe's 'Joey,' an' *my* joy, as weel!"  
Laugh'd aloud the auld man;  
"Thou cam' spaishily here to see an my skeel  
Couldna jerk up some plan,  
Thy famine-struck Strength o' Dunbar to retrieve,  
In spite o' the Block that noo hugs it sae steive?"

"Richt, granfaither, richt! the richt nail on the heid  
Thou hast strucken at last!  
An' gin' thou can help me, save us! help me wi' speed  
To this blessing's up-cast—  
For onless it's served sune it'll no serve ava',  
An' Dunbar an' its Peel wi' stervation mun fa'!"

---

\* The English Officer in Command at both the first and second conflicts at Loudon Hill. Wallace was not present at the first, but his father and elder brother were, and both of them were slain. In the second combat the Scots were under Wallace himself. Fenwick was slain, and the Scots, as was usual when Wallace led them, were entirely victorious.

"Stap in to my Pailace—to my Chateau marine,  
     The maist gorgeous on airth!  
 We've a guse on the speet, an' a keg in the bin,  
     For we downa thole dairth!  
 An' atweel, lat me say, we are feastin' at lairge  
 A maist hungry tyke—jist the man for thy chairge!"

To the great Feeding Ha' in the Castle o' Bass,  
     Whilk was aucht feet by fowre,  
 Like twa brocks lang acquaint our sib heroes did pass  
     An' sat down in atoure,  
 Whare, close by the glim, on a muckle round stane,  
 Sat a knight in his airmour pikein' a bane.

"Sir Alexander, sir!"—quoth auld Imrie to him—  
     "This is Joe frae Dunbar!"  
 "Haly Christ, can it be! then he's surely in trim  
     To stey frae it afar!  
 For, by what I hear o't, the end o' it's near,  
 An' the Southrons are bent to down-hammer it sheer!"

"Na, na, Sir," cried Joe, "by the Haly-rude, na,  
     Gin there's ane left alive  
 O' our Auld Scottish Knights wi' the least spunk ava  
     Yet to daur an' to strive!—  
 A Chief o' the Spirit o' her wha now hauds  
 Dunbar 'gainst sich odds wi' a wee wheen Scots lads!"

"She's as stour as her dad, an' as guid as a Saunt—  
     Ay, as Marg'ret the Queen!  
 I could dee for her fifty times owre did she want  
     Without weetin' my een!"  
 "Halt a wee!" cried the Knight, "Kens thou no' a  
     wey in  
 To the Peel frae the sea, ane nicht ettle an' win?"



“Wha art thou? tell me that, ere I speak yea or nay,”  
    Answer’d canny young Joe:  
“I’m a Scot and a Knight! ask thy grand-sire to say  
    An I’m trusty or no’!”—  
Instanter bawl’d out our auld Imrie richt sprucie  
“He’s Sir Alexander Ramsay o’ Dalhousie!”

Joe was ta’en on the bit wi’ suprise an’ grit glee,  
    For lang, lang by repute  
Had he kenn’d o’ this Knight, sae they sune did agree  
    The Blockaad they wad shute,  
An’ cairry relief—fude, an’ a’ kind o’ stores,  
In the mirk o’ midnight, to the famish’d indoors.

A’ that day was weel wair’d cramming fou the Knight’s  
    yacht—  
    Ca’d “THE LASS O’ COCKPEN”—  
Wi’ boatloads o’ geese, a lairge general fraucht,  
    An’ some forty waled men;  
And at midnight’s drear hour, laden down to the rail,  
On their mission o’ ruth our twa heroes set sail.

A wild nicht was their freend—muneless, stormy an’ mirk,  
    In the bleak week o’ Mairch,  
For THE LASS O’ COCKPEN ne’er her rudder did shirk  
    Throo-out the haill sairch  
For a gap in the fleet, an’ the mou’ o’ the Haven,  
Till wysed intil her dock by ane craik, craikin’ raven!

Then the eldin was thrawn on the muckle Ha’ fire,  
    The fou yill barrels broach’d;  
An’ ilk ane was pang’d to his outmaist desire,  
    Lang ere morning approach’d,  
What time Joe an’ Sir Knight, on a job o’ their ain,  
Slippit slee frae the Peel wi’ a squad o’ guid men.

In the huts an' the howffs o' the fat Southron loons,  
     In the dusk o' the daw,  
 Thae Scots play'd at "drums" wi' claymores on the  
     crouns  
     O' the indwallers braw !  
 Nor back to the Peel wad a saul o' them set,  
 Till the feck o' their faes their "deservings" had met.

Montague, dumbstruck at this turn o' the game,  
     Strade out-side his marquee,  
 "What ! Shall't be said that a wench made me tame ?"  
     To himsel' mutter'd he,  
 "Yet the plain maitter is, I am doubly dung owre,  
 Bythae damn'd Castle wa's, an' their Witch in the Tower !

"The best half o' my camp baith routit an' robbit !  
     An' haill troops o' men slain  
 Like a wheen harried wasps whilk some callants have  
     mobbit,  
     Forbye prisoners ta'en !  
 It is waur than THE SOO, muckle waur than Cope-land  
 —An' it a' to be tholed frae a weak wench's hand !

"I swore, tae, to the King, I wad lay this Peel flat  
     In the ooze o' the sea  
 Ere ane change o' the mune, or to Gaul he had gat,  
     An' behauld what I be !—  
 Flabbergastit outricht ! duped ! cozen'd ! spalpeen'd !  
 Wi' a witch set up owre me to fleer like a fiend !

"My ae satisfaction is that I strung hie,  
     Wi' the teuchest o' tow,  
 Yon rogue by the neck wha daur'd foist upon me  
     His accurst wooden 'Sow' !  
 That infernal machine, why, the Witch wi' ae stroke  
 Like a snail's buckie crusht an' rhymed into a joke !

“Noo, what’s to be dune? Can the Castle be ta’en,  
       ’Spite our grit loss this morn?  
 Auld Arundel thinks no, an’ threeps trying is vain,  
       Wi’ deep, ill-hidden scorn!  
 Should I send a White-flag, an’ request her to name  
 Whatna fee she’d propone, did we gang our ways hame?”

“It should be something guid, seeing Dunbar’s the chief  
       O’ the keys o’ this land;  
 Also, what’s been our loss, an’ what noo is my grief  
       That this Peel still maun stand,—  
 No ae chippin’ the waur o’ the warst we could do  
 Wi’ our best catapults, or yon monster, *The Soo!*”

Yes! I’se send a White-flag, for it’s plain she’s relieved,  
       Tho’ the deil hoo ’twas dune,  
 It clean coves me to guess, but whae’er it contreeved  
       He’s nae yip o’ the mune!  
 The Blockaad is sae close baith by sea an’ by land,  
 Surely warlocks this witch maun hae in her command!”

In the Peel a’ was mirth—love, courtin’, an’ feastin’,  
       While up high in her Tower  
 The Ladye, fu’ blythe, wi’ her Purser sat jestin’  
       Whare he’d stow the grit dower,  
 Whilk that mornin’s Sortie had sae cuist on his hands,  
 Whan a White-flag they saw drawing nigh owre the  
       sands.

In a jiffey up ran Captain Brand frae the Yaird,  
       Like ane man in the fits,  
 Wi’ a scrip frae Montague, wharein he declared  
       It was past mortal wits  
 Dunbar for to tak’ or ding owre i’ th’ sea,  
 What indemnitie, then, did he leave’t, wad she gie? \*

---

\* “Thus unsuccessful in their attempts, the assailants turned the siege into a blockade, and closely environed the Castle both by sea and land. Amongst the ships were two large Genoese gallies, commanded by John Doria and Nicholas Fiesca. But

She hee-hee'd, an' she leuch \* till her twa sides were  
sair

Lang afore she could speak ;

"This wee note," she said syne, "is ane wail o' despair  
Frae a saul that is sick !

Brand, rin down, like a man, an' tell the envoy  
That I'm sorry our air does his maister annoy,

"But that I do howp, whan he backs to the South, †  
As he mints to do soon,

He will yet be restored to the freends o' his youth  
The same auld harmless loon !

And as for 'indemnitie,' gin he's no had enoo  
He can have for dessert the remains o' his *Soo* !

"Or, we'll wake it, an' send it across in a coffin—  
A fit meed for his jigs !—

But gif here in twa days its owner is loafin',  
Lat him look to his pigs !

The hunter wha trick'd them sae grossly this morn  
Wi' ten times mair pith to the sport sall return !

---

famine was threatening to effect what force and art could not achieve. In consequence of the protracted siege, the garrison was reduced to the utmost extremities for want of provisions ; this intelligence reached Sir Alexander Ramsay of Dalhousie, a bold and enterprising officer, who having procured a light vessel with a supply of provisions and military stores, sailed in a dark night, with forty chosen companions, from the contiguous rock of the Bass, and, eluding the vigilance of the enemy, he entered the Castle by a pastern next the sea, and brought relief and refreshment to the desponding soldiers. Next morning, Ramsay made a smart sortie on the besiegers, killing and surprising them at their posts, and taking many prisoners ; and the same night he completed the glory of his stratagem by passing from the Castle in the same manner, and with the same safety with which he had entered."—*Miller's History*, p. 49.

\* Laughed.

† "The English having vigorously prosecuted the siege for six weeks, were compelled to abandon this hopeless enterprise ; Salisbury even consented to a cessation of arms."—*Miller's History*, p. 49.

“ Meantime, Maister Kelly, bring up Mess John to me,  
     Wi’ my maids an’ their *beaux* ;  
 And, likewise, dear Purser, *mind the big coffers three*,  
     An’ this siege-farce we’ll close  
 Wi’ the triumph o’ love, wut, an’ valour thegither  
 On the ae an’ same day that invasion we smither !

“ Aff ! Here cometh Sir Knight ! Oh, my maist  
     gallant Sir !—  
     Pray this bluntness excuse !—  
 But thou’st boozled their ‘ block,’ gart our famine play  
     birr,  
     An’ gien Monty the blues !  
 He’s fa’n sick o’ Dunbar, says his coming was rash,  
 Sae he wants to gang hame—gin I’ll gie him some cash !

“ Ho, what, Brand again ? ” “ My Ladye, frae Monty—  
     Anither scrip for thee ! ”  
 “ Ha, the rascal in pride refuses my bounty—  
     (Haps the lichter to flee ! )—  
 But he proffers affhand, for anither day’s grace,  
 A full stoppage o’ weir ’gainst the haill Scottish race ! -

“ Captain Brand ! Captain Brand ! send the messenger  
     back !  
     Lat the gongs sound a pæan !  
 An’ bid Monty at noon, gin he finds his time slack,  
     In our Chapel here be in,  
 To assist at ane righteous reprisal wi’ me,  
 Whan his last an’ warst faes fall to my maidens three ! ”

Sune’s Father Buchanan, the Mess John o’ Dunbar,  
     Had cleikit the couples,  
 The Ladye stept furth, like the true Queen o’ War,  
     An’ preen’d to their lapels  
 Her medals o’ merit, an’ bade Kelly aloud  
 Hand to each on the spot their due portions o’ gowd !

Syne Sir Knight an' Monty made it up owre a glass,  
     But gaed slap on the spree,  
 An' fient haet did devald till Sir Knight for The Bass  
     At midnight teuk to sea!  
 And ere the week's end, a' were scatter'd afar—  
 Baith the sieged an' the siegers that met at Dunbar.

---

“BY AND BY?”

[WRITTEN AFTER READING OF THE DEATH OF A FRIEND.]

I more and more do ponder  
     The more they slip from me,  
 And ever, ever wonder  
     If our old friends we'll see  
 Once we have pierced the “Dark Divide”—  
 In heart of which they now abide,  
 Or come out on its heavenly side,  
     All pain and peril free?

Are they thus really faring,  
     Those old friends that were here?  
 Are they, in strict truth, sharing,  
     On some far golden sphere,  
 Celestial joys, than which earth's best  
 Is as a mock, a cheat, a jest,  
 A plain plague as a “pleasure” drest,  
     A joy that turns a tear?

May we indeed forgather  
     Beyond that fallen “Veil”?  
 One of them greet as “Father,”  
     And one as “Mother” hail?  
 Whilst midst the wildering forms around,  
 “Sisters” and “brothers” might be found.  
 Whom erst on earth's grief-stricken ground  
     We oft would weep and wail?

The scene must needs be "heaven"  
That witness'd such rejoin !  
To earth no spot's been given  
One whit enough divine !  
Environment for it beseems  
Only Elysian meads and streams—  
All radiant with stellar gleams  
That ne'er on earth did shine !

Ambrosial breezes wafting  
Would there make me and mine  
As gods—ourselves ingrafting,  
Near some new "Tweed" or "Tyne" ;  
In a bright perfect "heavenly home,"  
Round which for ages we might roam  
Scot-free from all "the wrath to come"—  
All penury and pine !

At this "home," too, betimes,  
What visitants might call !  
Great souls from all the mundane climes,  
Earth's rare ones—big and small—  
Pilgrims to the Empyrean Heights,  
Seekers of Fame's envied delights,  
Old bards, and modern rhyming wights,  
Whom she ignores withal !

Can aught like this be real ?  
May we with reason hope  
That death one day shall free all,  
And give our spirits scope  
To range the Universal Whole,  
From star to star, from pole to pole,  
Empowering each remorseful soul  
Dead sins like rags to drop ?

Yes ! this, or something better,  
 Each one to his degree,  
 When "flesh" no more shall fetter,  
 May well our "portion" be !  
 Immutably the Moral law  
 Demands that Justice from the maw  
 Of death all sentient beings draw,  
 And set from sorrow free !

---

HAECKEL.

[VERSES TO A MATERIALIST.]

Hae I read Haeckel, speirest ye ?  
 Troth ay, a' owre, Och-hon-a-rie !  
 And lang his "Riddle" \* shored to be,  
 Despite a' clatter,  
 The only riddle furth for me  
 That wad haud water !

Hail weeks owre this dreid "silencer"  
 I brooded close, unfit to stir,  
 Unable even ane lown demur  
 To breathe again' it,  
 And swithering whether to defer  
 Or straucht retain it.

When life's sun's blearin' in the wast,  
 And our eild days grow sair owrecast,  
 Haply, ere a' the glim be past,  
 Things may assume  
 A gloaming look—foretelling fast  
 Mair than death's gloom.

---

\* The now world-famous book—*The Riddle of the Universe at the Close of the Nineteenth Century*, by Ernst Haeckel, Ph.D., M.D., LL.D., and Professor at the University of Jena, Germany.



A Hesper and a starry host  
May mak' up then Sol's glories lost,  
And twin us o' our bumptious boast  
That we kenn'd a'—  
'Cause thro' day's bounds—frae coast to coast—  
Nae mair we *saw*!

Great luck it is Nicht follows Day,  
And on our optics streams straightway  
Her loosen'd locks, whose myraid ray,  
Surpassing thocht,  
Far glimmers 'yond the "Milky Way"  
Till Wonder's nocht!

Haeckel subscribes the theory hoo  
'Twas *motēs* at first that cam' an' grew,  
And did time after time renew  
And stock afresh  
Wi' whirling orbs the boundless blue,  
*Sans* fuss or fash!

Mind, madness, living—*deeing*, even,  
Yea! a' that is ilk side o' heaven,  
Thae Atoms *had*—(but werna *gīven*)—  
Full power to mak'!  
And syne, when a' a-while had thriven,  
To burn the pack!

"Thus, a's been dune," the Haeckels' shout,  
"Wi' deil the least help from without!  
And we defy our faes to rout,  
Wi' wut or reason,  
From this impregnable redoubt  
One styme that be's in!"

Troth, Pate, I grant thou weel may say,  
Gif there be aucht than what braid day,  
And e'en, and morn do plain display  
An' set afore us,  
It's ta'en some deil fell wizard way  
To come Nick owre us!

Still, *It may be!* for wha can guess  
The mystery o' ane blade o' gress,  
Whilk hourly underfoot we press  
    In heedless mood!  
And if not *that*, lord, Pate, how less  
    *Infinitude!*

What if a crinch of what we *know*—  
(Which is but as a dub, or so,  
Unto the vast Atlantic's flow  
    And billowy bree)—  
Does sometimes tend your sage to show  
    Nae gods there be?

This vera fact—this circumstance—  
Man's crass mountainous ignorance—  
A'maist infinite—doth enhance,  
    And lend full scope  
His yearning faith—despite mischance—  
    To wed with hope!

Wherefore, O Pate! perceive thy wrang,  
Recant, recant, ere its owre lang!  
Tho' Haeckel and his daurin' gang  
    Renounce the gods,  
And tho' they look baith clark an' strang,  
    Yet what's the odds?

Anent what's hid, and what's to be,  
They ken nae mair than you or me,  
Yet prove this fact—they either lee,  
    Or are sand-blind  
To what's a prime necessitie  
    For a' mankind!

## BYRON.

[A RUSTIC BOY'S ESTIMATE OF HIM SIX AND FIFTY  
YEARS AGO.]

In our keen, verdant young days, in all our wide reading,  
What bard so majestic, so sounding as thee?  
Thy grand-rolling "stanzas" attained without pleading  
The top of our wonder, and rapture, and glee!  
When ablaze like a meteor thy eloquence spouted,  
And swept through thy verse with the air of a star,  
We deem'd folk demented, purblind, or besotted  
Who could scan and not worship thy "Dark Loch-  
na-garr!"

Thine oceans and mountains, thy shipwrecks and storms,  
Thy hurricanes awful on sea or dry land,  
Were sheer glories to us in their fieriest forms,  
Rushing rampant and rare through thy "cantos" so  
grand!  
Then what were Sir Walter, or Wordsworth, or Southey,  
Old Christopher North, Jamie Hogg, or Dunbar?  
Why! Milton himself grew tedious and frothy,  
And tasted but wersh after "Dark Loch-na-garr!"

Thy heroes and heroines, Corsairs and Harolds,  
How splendid they loom'd through their gloom in thy  
page!  
And though seldom of ours, but of Eastern worlds,  
Once they made their *devoirs* they became all our rage!  
Heavens! how fine, with "Mazeppa" or "Beppo" the  
witty,  
To tear o'er the Orient like the Centaur—  
Albeit 'twere leagues from the old Granite City,  
The *dearest*, 'cause *nearest* our lov'd "Dark Loch-  
na-garr!"

Were "Manfred" and "Cain" past our best comprehension,

We skipped them instanter—"Don Juan" the same,  
Excepting those parts needing no reprehension—

(For our "Creed" in those days was much more than  
a name! )—

But lightnings and thunders, volcanoes and oceans,

Cataracts and cyclones in wild tumult and war,

Were all blessings entire, and prolong'd our devotions

At the shrine of our Idol—e'en "Dark Loch-na-garr!"

Ha, ha! who could match thee? Ha, ha! narry one!

To a boy of twelve thou wert more than a bard!

Apollo himself might well deem himself "done"

When thy Muse in full blast up in Delphi was heard!

Did any ass question this doctrine of mine

His bray was cut short with a jerk and a jar!

And he and his heresy render'd supine

By recitals ecstatic of "Dark Loch-na-garr!"

But alas! ah, alas! naught on earth e'er secure is—

Even poets immortal to prozers give place!

Little boys grow big ones and find out how poor is

The view they once had of the chiefs of their race!

Then away with a rush, resolutely and "manly,"

Abjuring their "playthings," and, drifting afar,

Divinity catches, and a Knox or a Stanley

Hide in mists theologic e'en "Dark Loch-na-garr!"

Time ran on, and, with it, the youth into manhood—

Incessantly ranging new regions of lore,

And Destiny quizzing, to make the old plan good,

And find out for man what she hath in her store!

Alas! all the prozers, e'en more than the poets,

This so simple project did misrate and mar!

And their most subtle science hearin did but show its

Opaqueness—more dense than e'en "Dark Loch-na-garr!"

## A LOWSE BULLOCK.

[ON AN EAST LOTHIAN FARM IN AUGUST.]

Hoity-toity, neibors an' freens !  
Freedom is fine whan the curly greens,  
Wi' poddies an' hoolins o' pease an' beans,  
Eat thus on a Lammas mornin' !  
I lick my sweet lips an' look out for mair,  
Streik mysel' straucht an' route like a bear,  
Syne gallop awa wi' my tail in the air—  
A' callants an' collies scornin' !

Chain'd to a stake sin' Candlemas tide !  
Stervin' on faather nae bullock can bide,  
With rank-rotten neeps, an' tatties beside,  
A "Tin Tam's Cuddy" wad bock at !  
Oh, na, na, Dirler !\* "Johnnie" is free—  
An' sall fare better afore he dee !  
Wow ! an ye doubt 'im—look here and see,  
Syne seek ye some other to joke at !

Awa', awa', wi' my tail i' th' air,  
Fleeter and free-er than reynard or hare !  
Swith as e'er Provost ran back to the chair †  
He bauldly vacated a week !  
Doun by the Tyne, an' up the Back-loan,  
Throo the yitt fields, O Dirler, comes "John"  
Blawin' an' snortin' like Sawtan's first son,  
Half-hid in a war clud o' reek !

---

\* A tenant farmer, and the owner of "Johnnie," the "Lowse Bullock."

† Alluding to a memorable episode in the official term of one of the Provosts of Haddington.

Hashin' an' trampin' to mire an' to muck,  
 Acres o' corn afore it's in stook !  
 Surely, O Dirler, ye "Johnnie" mistuck  
     Whan ye tied him sae short to a stake !  
 Awa throo the country, yinkin' my heels—  
 Freedom's regain'd amang the green fiel's !—  
 Spurning the divots an' dust like the deils  
     That spurn the fire flude o' the Lake !

Awa' to the Moors, to the Lammers sae blue !  
 Look, look, doited Dirler, look at me noo !  
 Nae mair to a stake tied up like a coo  
     That gies milk to yer maids i' th' mornin' !  
 Awa' like a laird o' the land do I flee,  
 Awa' to the Moors, unfetter'd an' free !  
 Defiant of halters, byreman an' thee—  
     An' the souplest o' collie dowgs scornin' !

---

### JONATHAN HALL,

[BANKER AND LITTERATEUR (DIED MARCH 17TH, 1905).]

He passes from us swiftly as a day,  
 A sprightly spring day in mid-winter met,  
 That leaves behind it, radiant as its ray,  
 A repute which lone hearts would ne'er forget,  
 A memory of warmth and comfort set,  
 Midst life's tempestuousness, and dread essay  
 Of troubles, that unceasingly do fret,  
 And wear in suffering our lives away !  
 Ah ! now no more that spring-like voice we hear !  
 No more his hope-inspiring presence feel !  
 No more his critiques cultured will us cheer !  
 No more his loving care our sorrows heal !  
 But, hence, thro' days on earth death-parted be—  
 Driven as chance directs o'er life's tumultuous sea !

EDINBURGH, *March 18th*, 1905.

## PRESTONKIRK CHURCHYARD.

[MARCH 21ST, 1905.]

As March was wending to its doom,  
A crowd of silent mourners came,  
And straightway gather'd round a tomb—  
An open tomb, yet lacking name.

Tho' large that crowd, I held it well—  
I hold a larger one below!—  
A multitude no man can tell,  
Nor numbers of its thousands show!

For ages I have drawn them in—  
Within my bourne aye to be!—  
Where all are safe from care and sin,  
And sorrow, pain, and povertie.

This day to me I fondly drew  
A Chief I long have long'd to have!  
A Chief too good—I shrewdly knew—  
To keep on Earth outside a grave!

Wherefore I took him to my heart,  
What time The Angel soar'd away,  
Winging to Bliss his better part,  
So nobly won—now his for aye!

## LOOKIN' OWRE THE KIRKYAIRD WA'.

Eh, ay! ye do look fou an' fozy,  
Wi' a' our freends drawn to thy bosie!  
But, tho' they a' seem quate an' cosy,  
An' naucht may wrang them,  
I still wad rather stey wi' Josey,  
Than step amang them!

Out on thee for a sorry glutton,  
That arena pleased wi' a' thou's gotten,  
But maun be gobblin' still what's putten  
    Doun at the yett—  
Caring for folk's waes not one button,  
    Gif thou but *get*!

Is't ever a guid plan, I wonder,  
Frae a' ane's living freends to sunder,  
An' rush that bonnie swairdie under  
    Till they come too?  
I think it's aye a thunderin' blunder—  
    Lord knows I do!

I'se keep outside as lang's I dow—  
It looks the *sure* side onyhow ;  
I couldna trust thy grip, I trow,  
    Wan wee thoom's length ;  
It ne'er would slack, but keener grow—  
    I ken thy strength !

What is't that puts the shake on me  
Whane'er thy grassy plat I see?  
Is it because I'm feart to dee  
    An' mak' my hame  
Amang thy mools eternalie,  
    *Sans* even a name?

It weel may be, sin we *guess* weel  
Thy crawling worms we shanna feel  
Doun in thy ugsome, lichtless biel,  
    Yon smelling den,  
Whare mouldering banes and skulls reveal  
    How we shall fen'.

In yon lone corner in the east,  
Lies —— an' hath lain, the vera least,  
Some fifty towmonds—she whase breist  
    My young lips prest,  
What time it held the only feast  
    “ Sam ” could digest.



Around her now are gather'd nine  
 O' the first offspring o' her line—  
 Titties and billies dear o' mine !—  
     Forbye a brood  
 O' ither freends—whilk, I opine,  
     Has grown a croud.

And there they lie ! O God, how still !  
 Speech ? laughter ? music ?—nil, nil, nil !  
 No' even a grane, as sleepers will,  
     The soundest o' them,  
 Gie furth at times, or lown or shrill,  
     As lungs bestow them !

But little graneing can be whare  
 Siccan sheer dumbness seems the share  
 O' ilk puir cratur wha doth fare  
     The bounds within  
 O' this Wa's round, that never mair  
     Owre-loup shall yin !

For forty thousan' years hae ran  
 Sin' the first Paleolithic man  
 In some weird desert's lonesome span—  
     Thy predecessor—  
 Sank, an' hath lain to this sin' than,  
     *Sans* force or pressure.

What means it a' ? O Lord ! O Lord !  
 Millions o' multitudes are stored  
 In what the gross room doth afford  
     O' this airth's crust—  
 Whilk, maugre rocks, sure its haill hoard  
     Is now Man's dust ?

Yet this huge airth is but a dot,  
 A sort o' atomie, I wot,  
 A chip, an aizel, a dwarf mote,  
     A spark flung free  
 The fiery Sun, ere he had got  
     To cool a wee !

An' even the fiery Sun himsel'  
 Is nae mair, as our *Savants* tell,  
 Than but a vera' ord'nar swell  
     Amid the droves  
 O' rival chiefs that crowd pell-mell  
     The stellar groves.

He's but a chick to some they ken,  
 Just lairge enech to leave his lane,  
 Sae far's his nearest neibor ane—  
     In measured miles  
 Some twenty millions—a' as plain  
     As that kirk's tiles !

What's he to "Sirius?"—(Lord look on us!)—  
 Or them like "Alpha Orionis?"  
 Bah! much less than are Shetlan' pownies  
     To dromedaries,  
 Or city smouts to "Country Johnnies,"  
     An' their bang dearies !

An' then he is so close at hand,  
 He's aften like to bizz our land !  
 O' million miles he does affstand  
     But ninety-three !—  
 A snail's stroll, as *Savants* have fand,  
     To swarms that be !

There's twenty million suns at least—  
 No' counting hosts they haena faced,  
 Whilk, they declare, can weel be traced  
     To flare ayont him,  
 Sae mony leagues, that they, a'maist,  
     It whups to count them.

An' still the haill kenn'd host combined—  
 Suns, planets, moons o' ev'ry kind,  
 Comets—wi' peacock tails behind,  
     A treat to see—  
 Meteors, an' bolts—baith "live" and "blind"—  
     May weel but be

A vera, vera tiny bittie—  
A suburb o' great Being's city,  
A skitch, a toothfu', a mere spittie  
    O' an Atlantic—  
Or grains o'ts sands, whilk, tho' fell gritty,  
    Wee birdies can pick !

Beyond this Universe, wot I,  
Haill sets o' universes lie !  
Space shows nae bounds, then why, oh why,  
    Thou wi' thy "lens,"  
Mete ye it but the paltry fry  
    O' orbs thou kens ?

"Groups," "constellations," "clusters," seen  
Should wyse thee on, ye gowks, I ween,  
Thro' "milky ways," an' "mists," that screen  
    Still far'er warl's,  
Yea, till thou's left to grape bedeen  
    Like sand-blind carles.

The inner e'e me mair reveals !  
A dizziness upo' me steals,  
Imagination fags, an' reels,  
    Syne shies awae,  
But leaves a memorie that seals  
    It truth for aye.

Sich whirling spheres, space, speed, and size,  
Amazement stretches 'yond surprise  
As far's the Coogate's neath the skies,  
    Or mind's owre nicht—  
Beyond conception everywise—  
    Transcendent sicht !

Past *telling* it is, and, to *thocht*,  
It is a glorie like to nocht !  
Men by sic visions plump are brocht  
    Themsel's to ken !—  
Some potter'd clay, made to be wrocht  
    To dust amain !

Throo the space wilderness—beyond  
 The borders whilk do *Savants* bound,  
 Can Fancy pierce—yea, the profound  
     Abyss on hie  
 Beyond “Beyond”—the nurs’ry ground  
     O’ WHAT’S TO BE!

But *that* is nondescript, because  
 It lies outside o’ a’ kenn’d laws;  
 And, therefore, haply seldom fa’s  
     Within the reach  
 O’ ony needfu’ rhymers’ claws,  
     Whate’er’s his streetch,

Sae we’ll stoup doun, an’ leave aloof  
 This boundless, awesome starry roof,  
 An’ at the ither end tak’ proof  
     O’ Nature’s wark—  
 No’ pleased except baith horn an’ hoof  
     We’re lootens mark.

Hence our star-gazing loom we niffer  
 For ane that shaws things unco differ—  
 The keeker that to thocht’s e’en stiffer  
     Than that with whilk  
 We scour’d the lift wi’ scarce a sniffer,  
     An’ nocht did bilk.

This keeker shaws what *wee things* are—  
 A needle is an airn bar,  
 A dot’s a splairge o’ dirty tar,  
     A germ’s a craitur,  
 Mair fierce an’ terrible by far  
     Than maist in Natur’.

A wee, *wee* tate o’ drumlie waitter,  
 Is shawn to haud a ferlie greater  
 Than ony Jupiter or Saitur’  
     That ever wobbled  
 In rings round fires, or ither maitter,  
     Till they get habbled.

A single drap o' bluid's a hive  
 O' countless beings, lithe and live,  
 That for a living fecht an' strive,  
     As teuch's the giants  
 Wha Fate at Flodden did survive  
     An' bade defiance !

Forbye, thae craiturs hae as guid—  
 Tho' sma'er—microbes in their bluid  
 As we've in ours—chiels wha for food  
     Will soom an' scour  
 Like crocodiles in Nilus' flood,  
     An' aucht devour !

“Size?” Size is stuff! Ilk inch o' cawk  
 Doth forty million inseks mak'  
 A “kirkyaird” roomier far, alack,  
     Than this shall us,  
 Wha maun sink in't, an' ne'er come back,  
     Howe'er we fuss !

A pinch o' scent frae a musk-deer  
 Perfumes a house for thirty year,  
 An' doth as lairge at last appear  
     As at the start,  
 Tho' heaps o' bits o't doubtless steer  
     Richt far apart !

Weel, what is't syne, sin' Bulk's nae mair  
 Than what's the odds 'tween Stout and Spare?  
 Why! that Saul's a'thing ev'rywhare—  
     Character, worth—  
 An' naething wi' it dow compare  
     In heaven or earth.

Saul sees the stars, invents a glass,  
 By whilk Man can around them pass;  
 Tells their richt wecht, describes their mass,  
     Cause, course, an' speed,  
 Distance, an' destiny—alas,  
     Aft sad indeed !

Saul marks behind the Past's abyss—  
E'en from Sol's nebula to this ;  
Reads ilka age without a miss,  
Till Man, "to-day,"  
Swithers gif he should ban or bless,  
Or work or pray.

"I hae sae muckle dune," quo' he,  
"That, were it richt to tak' the gee,  
I fain wad aft lie down an' dee,  
Like ane age-struck !  
But what were Cosmos wanting Me?—  
Rot, waste, an' muck !"

A joke, ha, ha ! Saul sees I trow,  
Man ne'er was wanted mair than now,  
For what he kens ilk side the bow  
O' the star mesh,  
Is as a strae but of a mow  
That's still to thresh.

His race is only but begun,  
He has nine-tenths o't yet to run !  
Until the cause o' a' thing's fun',  
An' purpose, tae,  
Nae stop, nae rest, nae ease is won,  
Nor shall he hae !

Being born for life, and no' for death,  
Man must keep moving in his path,  
Be't mountain gorge, or level strath,  
Waste, forest, sea—  
On, on for aye—nae halt he hath,  
While he is he !

"Then what mean thae kirkyairds ava?—  
Men's evanescence, sure, they shaw?"  
Ay, here they do, but yet not a'  
Their haill careers,  
For men, being saul's by Nature's law,  
Do find fresh spheres.

Wot thou that maitter's mair than saul,  
Because 'twill gulp thy carcase all?  
Out on thee, Samuel! turn, and bawl  
Thy fears to fools,  
Wha think, because what's up doth fall,  
Naucht else it rules!

Why, isna maitter prued to be  
"Compressible infinitlie?"\*  
Then, a' the mighty globes on hie,  
The haill, vast number,  
Micht be squeezed throo a needle's e'e,  
An' leave nae lumber?

Some trow that's sae, *I* wish it was—  
If, neath the ægis o' her laws,  
Nature left ane, despite his flaws,  
His conscious Me  
In a "Hereafter" furth the claws  
O' poortith free!

Then naucht than Saul micht be extant,  
For whaten else wad ony want,  
If they'd the all-sufficing grant  
To live, an' be  
A striver in some heavenly haunt,  
Not fruitlesslie?

That a' seems clear—though, I confess,  
Sometimes it looks but a fond guess,  
Father'd by craving for redress  
Of sufferings here,  
An' "compensation"—naething less!—  
In some fit sphere!

Sae I'll slip back to whare at first  
I frae this Kirkyaird upward burst,  
As frae a vile plague-spot, accurst  
By pain an' death,  
Wi' nae mair help to "face the worst"  
Than what's in "faith!"

---

\* *Vide* Sir Isaac Newton's "Principia."

The "General Saul" I'd fain believe in,  
 An' growing proof o't be receivin';  
 But what aft sends me back to grievin'  
     Is the new thocht—  
 That death a' individual leevin'  
     Micht bring to nocht.

Within the "Universal Saul"  
 To be absorbed for "good and all"  
 Whanever death shall on us call,  
     Or auld or young,  
 Is to my will as bitter's gall  
     Is to my tongue.

Nay, to me aft, whan serious bent,  
 The doctrine—that, whan breath is spent,  
 We'll in Man's race at lairge be blent,  
     An' live on in it,  
 Seems like for death giein' 'prisonment  
     To rogues wha win it.

The upshot, sirs, I take to be  
 The same's it was—that, till we dee,  
 We canna ken our destinie,  
     If even then,  
 For if death's death, an' is nae lee,  
     We'se *never ken!*

Let *Savants*, priests, an' Haeckel-ers,  
 Scripture, an' science taickle-ers—  
 Harmony-murd'ring caickle-ers!—  
     Squall as they may,  
 They'll ne'er to that add mickle, sirs,  
     Doun to Dooms-day.

Awa! hame, hame, to tea an' Tib—  
 The lass wha has a gab richt glib,  
 Whether on gospel or on fib  
     Her effort's wair'd!  
 Nae doubt she'll sune the "truth" unsnib  
     O' this Kirkyaird!



## “HAIRYOOBIT.”

[A PUP OF OBSCURE ORIGIN.]

O wha wad hear a true bit,  
A true bit, a true bit,  
Ye wha wad hear a true bit,  
    Draw in to our fire-en'.  
It's a' 'bout Hairyoobit,  
This unco hameint new bit,  
Our doggie, Hairyoobit,  
    That I wad let ye ken.

I coft him for a saxpence,  
A saxpence, a saxpence,  
I coft him for a saxpence,  
    Frae twa stravaigin' men!  
An' wow, he was a grue bit,  
That month-auld Hairyoobit!  
A gruesome but a true bit—  
    A whalp wu'th ony ten!

I took him hame and nurst him,  
Wi' brose I near-haun' burst him,  
Tho' loud yauld Tibbie curst him,  
    Whan first I brang him ben!  
But when she better view'd him,  
Wow! she flate nane! she lo'ed him,  
An' kiss'd, an' pook'd, an' poo'd him,  
    As gin he'd been a wean!

Quo' she—“Wee Hairyoobit!  
Wee, bonnie Hairyoobit!  
Fat, fluffy Hairyoobit!  
    Mak' this fire-neuk yer den!  
The bairns'll a' draw to ye,  
With milk and meal stow fou ye!  
Baith auld an' young will lo'e ye,  
    As sune's yersel they ken!”

This wey was Hairyoobit  
 Establish'd in his new bit—  
 His weel-won an' his due bit,  
     Our peerless doggie's den !  
 A mongrel messin was he,  
 But gentle as ane lassie,  
 An' only snell and saucy  
     Wi' wild stravaigin' men !

Noo, e'er sin' Tib he'd got at,  
 Whaur'er she gaed he trottit,  
 Till ae black day—deil rot it !—  
     He cam' na wi' her hame !  
 Far down The Walk\* she tint him—  
 Some “blackgaird” shunk ahint him—  
 Some fiend—sure, Sawtan sent him !—  
     An' made her pet his “game.”

His grit loss Tib distrackit,  
 Her heid it fairly crackit !  
 She but to Mucklebackit  
     Rin hame and mak' her mane !—  
 “Sam ! Sam ! wee Hairyoobit,  
 My wee, droll Hairyoobit !  
 Our doggie, Hairyoobit,  
     We ne'er sall see again !

“I've gane this day an' lost him !  
 A loon—Auld Hangie roast him !—  
 On's red-het branders toast him !—  
     Has stoun him—bouk an' bane !—  
 Sam, Sam ! we've tint a true bit—  
 A genuine, throo-an-throo-bit—  
 In fozy Hairyoobit,  
     Whase like on yearth there's nane !”

---

\* Leith Walk, Edinburgh.

## DREAMS.

I.—A DOG DAY'S DREAM JAUNT TO THE  
PEASE BRIG.\*

Frae the city's din an' worry  
Behold us scramble, hurry-scurry,  
Frae the cars at Musselburgh—  
At last at lairge—aince mair!—  
In the open—breathing free!—  
In our glorious calf countrie!—  
In the breezes aff the sea,  
An' auld scenes—"past compare!"

---

\* On the coast, near Cockburnspath, and about forty miles east from Edinburgh. As a late able and highly-esteemed writer remarks, in his book of East Lothian "Sketches":—"Who that has resided in East Lothian for even the briefest period has not heard of the romantic beauty of Pease Burn, or learned something of the engineering skill that spanned its deep gorge with a solid bridge of stone? The fame of both has penetrated far and near, and from Land's End to John o' Groats visitors have found their way to the Lammermoors, under the shadows of which they nestle. Very lovely are thy green banks, oh Pease! and thy beauties will linger within the memory so long as nature's beauties have the power to charm. . . . The burn, which takes its rise among the Lammermoors, and which passes, in the last few miles of its course, the beautifully-wooded hill of Penmanshiel, crosses the highway between Dunbar and Berwick. The road follows pretty closely the bendings of the coast, and opens up from time to time some very fine views seaward and landward. . . . The ground is famous as that on which Cromwell inflicted a decisive defeat on the Covenanters. This narrow strath between the hills and the ocean is also famous for victories of another character. Here have been won some of the most famous triumphs of Scottish agriculture; for nowhere over the length and breadth of the country will farming be found to be conducted on more scientific principles, or more successfully, than in the six or eight miles that intervene between Dunbar and Cockburnspath."—DAVID CROAL.

In our new brakes, swift as wind,  
 Tirnent an' Gledsmuir's \* left behind !  
 Our gallant naigs to haud or bind  
     What leather could avail !  
 By Knox's toun—Crocker's hedges—  
 Linton's "Pencraigs," "linns," and "bridges"—  
 To Dunbar we whisk like midges  
     In an evening gale !

Change o' teams—syne on again,  
 Fierier, fiercer than yon twain—  
 Johnnie Coup, and' Ned the Vain, †  
     Frae 'Pans an' Bannockburn !—  
 Our merrie maidens skirl'd an' laugh'd,  
 Our men folk joked, an' smoked, an' quaff'd,  
 Our Jehus made our chariots waft  
     Like cluds the Mairch winds spurn !

But lang ere we the Brig had reached,  
 Thae same lads glower'd like chields bewitch'd,  
 And even Roslin's Sel' impeach'd,  
     An' swore that gif Skateraw,  
 Doonhill, the Lammers, Dunglass Dean—  
 (An' mony ithers in between)—  
 Were whupt by aucht in Aiden's Scene,  
     It was before the Fa' !

John Knox scream'd out to Andry Lang ‡—  
 "Thou base desairtor ! by my sang  
 This dings to dirt thy southland gang !  
     An' wha caused it but me ?

\* Towns passed through on the route by road from Edinburgh to the Pease.

† Edward II., King of England, who fled from Bannockburn, after the defeat of his army by the Scots, along this highway, as did latterly Sir John Cope after his defeat by Prince Charlie in the "forty-five" at Prestonpans.

‡ As this rhyme was suggested by a real dream, I intentionally wrote it in the broken, fragmentary, irrelevant and non-possible way in which I believe almost invariably *real* dreams *are* dreamed.

I'm it's true maakar—certain shair !  
 My Pairish Schule—whan we were puir,  
 Began it a'—ye needna stare—  
     Ask Chammers or M'Crie !”

“ Weel dune, bauld Knox !” laugh'd Robbie Burns ;  
 The Auld Licht folk—(noo in their urns !)—  
 Were grit down dingers' whan, by turns,  
     Each won ‘ the tug o' war ’ !”  
 “ Ha, ha ! that's so, my deathless freen !”  
 Rair'd Wattie Scott—“ but, Wolf's Craig\* seen,  
 Amazement frae thy god-like een  
     'Twill soon pluck from afar !”

Fast Castle 'twas in truth we saw,  
 But “ Wolf's Craig ” ca'd it ane an' a',  
 An' it an' Wattie Scott did blaw  
     As yearth's one peerless pair !  
 Outrageous then our chariots flew,  
 Mair furious our contentions grew,  
 A noisier, mair Bohemian crew  
     Ne'er argy-bargied there !

Slap ! by the foot o' Penmanshiel,  
 We sudden on the Brig did wheel !  
 “ The Lord preserve us !” cried ilk chiel,  
     “ Is Willie Arrol † here ? ”  
 “ I am !” rair'd Willie frae the glen,  
 “ I'm here, with twice twa hunner men !  
 Pic-nicing, tae ! sae ye may ken  
     Here's rowth o' baps an' beer !

\* Fast Castle, the “ Wolf's Crag ” in Sir Walter Scott's celebrated romance of “ The Bride of Lammermoor,” on a prominent headland east of the Pease ravine.

† Sir William Arrol, LL.D., late M.P. for Ayrshire, the celebrated builder of the Forth and Tay Bridges, and the designer and contractor of the magnificent new North Bridge of Edinburgh.

"Doun by the Mill the swaird we press,  
 Whaur Knox an' Burns, wi' 'Racer Jess,'  
 An' 'Cutty Sark,' could skip the gress  
     In reel or strathspey brave!  
 We Glesca folk, be it declared,  
 Your love for this gran' brig hae shared  
 Wi' a' the world—sae hae we dared  
     To view it like the lave."

Sir William Arrol—canny man!—  
 Feenish'd his toast as he began:  
 "What brig's like this? name ane wha can,  
     It wad me muckle please!  
 O had this pearl been dune by me,  
 Hoo gladly a' I'm worth I'd gie!  
 Hoo lovingly this dram I'd pree  
     To him wha built the Pease!"

Sae we our chariots saucht again—  
 (This time yerk'd to a railway train,  
 At Co'path, on the line ca'd "Main")—  
     In tears we wended wast;  
 We did this 'cause Sir Weelim said,  
 It was a new train he had made—  
 A train that didna "rin" but "slade,"  
     As cluds do in a blast!

A "sliding-rod" frae Co'path, streetch'd  
 Richt wast to whaur wee Joppa's\* beach'd,  
 Ran throo our cairriage-roofs, an' switch'd  
     Them throo mid-air, I trow,  
 Just like a string o' wild-deuks, keepin'  
 Straucht for the moors when corn's a-reapin',  
 An' harvest folk wi' sweat are dreepin'  
     An' sairs drench'd painch an' pow!

---

\* The most eastern suburb of Edinburgh.

Doun n'ar the sands o' Portobelly  
We slap were set, syne bauld Sir Willie  
Lap on a dyke, an' (noble felly !)  
    Made a' as clear's the faem  
About his sliding train—but hooch !  
Just as the mystery frae its cleuch  
He by the limbs was hauling—sheuch !  
    I wauken'd here at hame !

---

II.—THE ONLY TIB!—HER LATEST  
    “UNCO DREAM.”\*

“ O' a' the dreams that e'er I dream'd,  
By nicht or day, last nicht's ane seem'd  
As it henceforth should be esteem'd  
    To bear the gree,  
An' its forerinnars a' be deem'd  
    Unworthy me !

“ I thocht, the day being fine an' dry,  
We were out walking, Sam an' I,  
When, a' at ance, wham should we spy—  
    Without a fib !—  
Upon a car—upmountit high—  
    But 'Sam' an' 'Tib' !!

“ The car, by guid luck, stoppit soon,  
An' our twa auld folk lichtit down—  
Our vera sel's—frae cuits to croun—  
    Our doubles lookit—  
In a' we've oval, square, or roun',  
    Or straucht, or crookit !

---

\* A fact of the *last* “Dog days.”

“ They saw ’s as sune as we saw *them*—  
Fient haet surprised—nor we, the same !  
Sam—my ane—leuch, as gin his wame  
He wad rive open,  
As Number Twa ‘ Sam ’ forward came,  
Saying ‘ They’d been shoppin’ ! ’

“ Says Sam the First to Number Twa—  
‘ My Ither Sel’, we puff an’ blaw,  
This day’s sae het—come ! let’s withdraw  
An’ have some beer !  
I watna hoo the deil ava’  
We meet ye here ? ’

“ To whilk Sam’s Better Sel’ rejined--  
‘ We meet, for we are of one mind,  
Being both to-day by thirst inclined  
To pree somewhat ;  
And, also, that Old Tib behind  
Seems much distraught ! ’

“ The ither Tibbie laugh’d at this,  
An’ thocht the Sams no’ far amiss,  
For that e’en swipes wad taste like bliss  
To folk sae het ;  
Sae ben the Buffet o’ MacBryce  
The fowre o’s set.

“ Sam (Number Wan) had ‘ *wheich*, ’ of course,  
But Number Twa he couldna force  
To lip aucht else than what baith horse  
An’ nowte drink aye—  
The jorum that in Talla’s source \*  
First sees the day.

---

\* Edinburgh’s new water supply.



“ ‘We are thy Better Selves,’ quo’ he,  
My Tib of thine, and I of thee ;  
And tho’ we never couldst agree  
    Since we were born,  
Wouldn’t it be wiser far for ye  
    To us to turn ?

“ ‘Let the Old Samuel die the death,  
And old Tib follow suit in faith,  
And be ye us till mortal breath  
    Leave thee at last—  
Two saved souls, as the Scripture saith,  
    All dangers past ?’

“ My Sam bang’d up, an’ claw’d his heid,  
Syne toss’d his tippie aff wi’ speed,  
An’ quo’ he—‘Number Twa, indeed,  
    For lang years back—  
I’ve had in mind your pious rede  
    Slap-bang to tak’.

“ ‘Whyles ev’n I’ve thaucht I’d ta’en it sure,  
An’ had it in my grip secure—  
Till yont our gate, wi’ phiz demure,  
    My Tempter cam’,  
And did me than an’ there allure  
    Wi’ some new flam !

“ ‘Ye are my Better Sel’, ye say ?  
Then, stan’ yer hand afore ye gae,  
An’ I’se believe nae far astray  
    Thy words are spoken,  
Nay, dub them Truth’s, this scorching day,  
    By that same token !

“ ‘But, Number Twa, before we part,  
Reck ye *my* rede—crawl nae sae smart !  
My Better Sel’ thou aiblins art,  
    For private reasons ;  
But *Ither Sel’s*, sin’ I did start,  
    Man, I’ve haen dizzens !

- “ ‘I’ll rise, the auld familiar *Me*,  
But, ere I sleep again, may-be,  
Tib there will fifty Samuel’s dree  
Of diverse kinds,  
A’ wide a-part as sky an’ sea  
In moods an’ minds.
- “ ‘For our heredity is such,  
An’ of a’ types we share so much,  
That seldom do we tine the touch  
Of one or other  
Of the forefolk that in us hutch,  
To botch or bother.
- “ ‘Whyles like the apes we flaunt an’ feign,  
Whyles, stane-age folk, grub, grind, or grain;  
Whyles, Cannibals, gorge on the slain  
Of beaten tribes,  
Straucht frae our butcher, wha, as kane,  
Their gore imbibes.
- “ ‘The savage, prehistoric man;  
The Aborigines wha ran  
Wild o’er our hills, clan warring clan,  
Picts, Romans, Scots,  
Ere Norse an’ Saxon heavy han’  
Laid on their throats.
- “ ‘Norman an’ Medieval Knights;  
Crusaders, palmers, priestly wights;  
Inquisitors, whase work affrights  
Hangmen to ape—  
Witch-burners, wha pat ‘Faith’ to rights  
Wi’ fire an’ rape.
- “ ‘My Better Sel! a’ these, an’ mair,  
In our lang makin’ had a share!  
Sae what we were at birth—a pair  
Of new antiques—  
We were as we were ‘fashion’d fair,’  
Like Paddy’s breeks.

- “ ‘(An unco Joseph’s garb, indeed !  
A patch o’ plush, an ell o’ tweed,  
A blaud o’ frieze, of seek a screed,  
A’ tags an’ tails,  
Held fast or loose wi’ twine an’ threid,  
Or preens an’ nails !)
- “ ‘Thus we’re dump’d here, *sans* let or leave,  
To live or dee, to joy or grieve,  
And meet our doom without reprieve  
Whan time is fit,  
And in the mools at last receive  
Fate’s fellest hit !’
- “ ‘True, true,’ Sam’s Better Sel’ agreed,  
‘We *were* born so, old man, indeed !  
But that’s but half of our whole screed,  
For then began  
Environment to mould and knead  
The future man ?’
- “ ‘Was’t not through *circumstance* that I,  
Thy Better Self, came by and by,  
And, in thy soul, betimes didst cry  
Like cradled child,  
Yelping for pap—nor soft nor shy,  
But loud and wild ?’
- “ ‘Midst our surroundings, sure, we two,  
Strong fractious cubs, increased and grew,  
Alike somewhat in carnal view,  
But, in things higher,  
As variant man, as false and true,  
Or wet and dry are.
- “ ‘Since birth, with scarce a truce, at war  
We two have been—the same as are  
Our Tibbies now, yea ! similar  
To all mankind !  
Struggling and striving, near or far,  
Their *ends* to find.

“ ‘The problem is—Which is to rule,  
 The wise one, or the wayward school?  
 Dost thou elect to play the mule,  
     As in the past?  
 Or to let me ingulf the fool  
     Downright at last?’

“ As sune’s Sam’s Better Sel’ speir’d this,  
 I thocht in my dream Sam up-ris’,  
 An’ met the query wi’ a hiss,  
     An’ a great grane,  
 Syne throo the Buffet croud did brise,  
     As gyte he’d gane!

“ Whan we gat hame, preserve us a’!  
 Wha think ye in my dream I saw,  
 Snod in our ain bed, but us twa,  
     As cosh as craws—  
 Sam snoring as Niag’ra’s Fa’  
     War’ down his hause!”

### III.—PEGGY, THE HENWIFE’S DREAM

[AS RELATED BY HERSELF.]

“ On the wings o’ the wind did I flee,\*  
 Frae the dyke-side whereat I did fa’,  
 Coming hame frae the blythe waddin’ spree  
 O’ Andra Scott’s up at Cocklaw:  
 The nicht was sae mirk, an’ the road sae a-gley,  
 I sat still to come tae, for a wee.

---

\* “Generally dreams are wanting in coherence; all probabilities of ‘time, place, and circumstance’ are violated. Friends long since dead appear and converse with us; and events long since past rise up before us with all the vividness of real existence. We may be conveyed to the antipodes, or even to worlds beyond our own, without the difficulty of the distance at all standing in

- “ But, what wi’ the feast, the punch, an’ the fun,  
I dover’d clean owre in a heap,  
Jist as a spring gell o’ wild, wastlin’ win’  
Tore up to me on the hill steep;  
Yet I didna rouse up, but lay quate as a neep,  
Or a baaby fresh rockit asleep.
- “ In a jiffy, I thaucht, I was whuppit clean up  
An’ hoisted aloft by the gell—  
As a wean by its nurse to its breid-meatie sup,  
Whan it waukens an’ threatens to yell—  
Awa’ throo the East, ay or no, an’ pell-mell,  
Wi’ a pith as of Cloutie himsel’!
- “ Owre Duddyston, Pinkie, Carberry hills—  
Out owre that famed trinitie—  
I was blawn like a clud that Auld Reekie spills  
Frae her murky an’ dun canopie,  
Whan it downa haud mair till some o’t distils  
In a blash whan Waather John wills.
- “ Awa’ throo the East—ee’n to whare I was born—  
In a zig-zag, swallow-like flicht,  
Benorth, or besouth, as the gusts teuk their turn,  
Or sweil’d round in their madness outricht,  
Like broken-out fiends in sad plicht,  
Ettlin’ at freedom that nicht.
- “ Frae the moors to the sea, frae the sea to the moors,  
Out throo a’ the shire o’ my birth,  
I was blawn here and there, I was blawn for lang oors,  
Up an’ down ’tween the lift an’ the yirth,  
Like a doo whan a hurricane scoors  
Owre the toun, displayin’ its poo’rs.

---

our way. We are not aware of the grossest incongruities, probably because we are unable to test the probability of the phenomena by our ordinary experience; hence nothing that we see or do in a dream surprises us.”—*Chambers's Encyclopedia*, vol., III., p. 666.

“ There’s Cockinny ! \* I cried, ’neth whare I noo flee,  
 An’ thonder’s the Pans † an’ Tirnent ! ‡  
 An’ that park that I see is whare Gairdner § did dee,  
 An’ Johnnie Cowp’s || mantle was tint,  
 An’ the bays aff his broos amaist ere he kent  
 War’ stown an’ to Charlie war’ sent.

“ Ho ! Ormiston Ha ! an’ Elphyston Toor !  
 Whare Wishart was nabbit lang syne !  
 Chrichtoun ! ¶ an’ Wintoun ! \*\* — the tane n’ar the moor,  
 The tither owrelookin’ the Tyne—  
 Neth that ‘ tane ’ or that ‘ tither,’ an’ I had the poo’r,  
 Hoo gleg my auld wings wad I coo’r !

“ Lord save us ! there’s Soutra, Humbie, an’ Keith, ††  
 Whare Hornie his witches train’d lang !  
 We escaped frae him noo by the skin o’ our teeth,  
 Because slap down on Saltoun we sprang—  
 N’ar tirling the kirk, whare Burnet the bang,  
 Schuled Fletcher ††† that ‘ Union ’ was wrang.

\* Cockenzie.

† Prestonpans.

‡ Tranent.

§ Colonel Gardiner of Preston, an officer in the Royalist Army, who fell at the Battle of Prestonpans, within sight of his own family mansion, September 20th, 1745.

|| Sir John Cope, Commander of the Royal Army at Prestonpans, who fled precipitately from the field after the first and only furious charge of the Highlanders, and only drew bridle after reaching Berwick, fifty miles distant.

¶ The magnificent ruins of old Crichton Castle, near the head of the river Tyne, about fourteen miles west from the county town of East Lothian.

\*\* “ Winton Castle, on the Tyne below Crichton, is,” as Green truly says, “ admittedly one of the very finest examples of Renaissance architecture in all Scotland.”

†† All in the extreme south-west of East Lothian, and notorious in the histories of witchcraft.

††† Andrew Fletcher of Saltoun, whose tutor, then the parish minister, became afterwards the celebrated Bishop of Salisbury. Fletcher, famous for his patriotism, was strenuously opposed to the union of the Parliaments of England and Scotland, as is well known.

“ Port Seton ! Port Seton ! \* It n’ar set me a-greetin’,  
 Tho’ aloft in the cluds I did flee !  
 Here Mary, Queen Mary wi’ Bothil gaed treatin’—  
 Ere a week Darnley’s widow was she—  
 Galivantin’, an’ feastin’, an’ eatin’  
 Wi’ a bla’gaird waur than Beast Beaton !

“ Gledsmuir noo, Gledsmuir noo, comes neist intil view,  
 Whare Robison † wrate his grit beuk ;  
 An’ the witches war’ brunt upo’ green Birlie Knowe,  
 Doun in Samilston’s ‡ cosy bield neuk ;  
 Whare Yittmeal was made a’ the warld did cow,  
 Whan wi’ brose folk did themsel’s stow.

“ Boglehill ! Aiberleddy ! Bankrief ! §  
 Gosfuird Pailace, Gairdens, an’ Wuds ! ||  
 On the wings o’ the wind, sirss, fu’ brief  
 Is the vizzy o’ them frae the cluds,  
 Whan about ane wild flaffers an’ thuds  
 In tatters her braw waddin’ duds !

\* Seton House in this district “was a famous resort of Queen Mary. Only two days after the murder of Darnley she arrived here on a Sunday, and was attended by Bothwell, Argyll, Huntly, Seton, Lethington, and Archbishop Hamilton. The conduct of Mary on this occasion is hard to reconcile with a widowhood of two or three days’ standing. She and Bothwell openly amused themselves at archery, and having won a match against Seton and Huntly, the losers entertained the winners to dinner at Tranent. The house where this strange royal gathering was held was an old one at the foot of the town, a hostelry of very long standing, and only recently removed.”—Mr Green’s *East Lothian*, pp. 85-6.

† Robertson, the historian, was parish minister of Gladsmuir from 1743 to 1758.

‡ Samuelston, where, in 1661, thirteen witches were burnt. The place was also long famous for its oatmeal mills.

§ Well known places on the Haddingtonshire coast.

|| The seat of the Earl of Wemyss, and far renowned for its magnificent House and beautiful Gardens.

“ Govy-dick ! there’s Spinelsfuird ! \*    Bye it I’m taen—  
     Carriollin’ like a vex’d craw !—  
 Yont to Leidinton, † slap, amaisht ere I ken,  
     Syne belyve owre Bowton ‡ I blaw,  
 Whare Burns’s mither an’ brither hae gane  
     To a tomb n’ar as honour’d ’s his ain !

“ But I manna halt noo !    Owre Inglesfield Toll—  
     Or the place whare that toll used to be—  
 In a blink I am whiskit, body an’ sowl,  
     Like a thrissle tap jist sheuken free  
 On the brusk harvest breezes to flee—  
     The trigest airship ye can see !

“ Ho ! owre the dark forests o’ Yester § I sped—  
     Owre the Auld Kirk, the Castle, an’ ‘ Ha’,’  
 Ca’d the ‘ Goblin ’ ane, sin’ e’er it was said  
     It was fashion’d by Cloutie’s imps sma’  
 For its laird Sir Hugo to fa’  
     Plump intil his trap guid an’ a’ !

---

\* Spilmersford, near Samuelston.

† Lethington or Lennoxlove, the seat of the old Maitlands, near Haddington.

‡ Bolton, a village two miles south of Haddington, in the churchyard of which lie interred the remains of the mother of the National Poet, together with those of his brother Gilbert, and several of the latter’s family.

§ “ The seat of the Marquis of Tweeddale, whose family has owned the estate since the 14th century, through the marriage of the original Sir William Hay to the heiress of Sir John Gifford of Yester at that early period. It is a strange fact that since the Giffords, who are said by Chalmers to have been relations of William the Conqueror, were in possession from at least the 12th century, these lands have been in the hands of the two families for 800 years. Of the Giffords the most celebrated was Sir Hugo, the so-called necromancer, who in 1268 built the old Castle of Yester, with its strange Hobgoblin Hall. For centuries a superstition existed that it was even built by supernatural agencies, and that the perfect state of its masonry proved this.”—Mr Green’s *East Lothian*, pp. 246-8.



- “ Wi’ a swish, an’ a gush, an’ a rush to the north  
 We swoopt down on the ‘Goat’s toun’\* unquell’d,  
 But on the peak o’ its Steeple†—for a’ I was worth---  
 I was hankit an’ close pris’ner held!  
 Ay, lang tho’ I ruggit an’ yell’d,  
 On the tip o’ its peak was I held!
- “ On the spire o’ Saltoun I had catch’d coming bye,  
 But sune, I trow, tore mysel’ free;  
 But noo, on a pinnacle muckle mair high,  
 I was speetit as clean as a flee!  
 What was I to do? dangle there till I’d dee,  
 Like a second fa’n Deil? Sirss, a sair doom to dree!
- “ In a wee the day brak’, an’ tho’ the gell still  
 Held on, an’ was e’en indeed higher,  
 Fu’ sune a’ the streets did wi’ multitudes fill—  
 Glowering up at me stuck on their spire;  
 An’ some volunteers, led by their bit Squire,  
 Brang their guns, an’ on me open’d fire!
- “ But tho’ scores o’ leid bullets they ettled my airt  
 Fient a ane o’ them scuff’d e’en the tags  
 O’ my auld waddin’ togs—ance sae stylish an’ smert!—  
 Noo flaffin’ a’ like a wheer rags  
 O’ auld-warld banners an’ flags,  
 Or the duddies o’ scaur-craws an’ hags!
- “ Guid time had I, sirss, to owre look the bit toun  
 Whare Knox the Reformer was cleckit,  
 An’ thae mix’d Samils Three—Sam Smiles,‡ an’ Sam  
 Broun,§  
 An’ Sam, the sedate Mucklebackit,||  
 A Zealot that, gin he’s no’ chackit,  
 Is eneuch to drive Auld Cloutie crackit!

---

\* Haddington.

† The remarkably tall spire above the Town House.

‡ The author of *Self Help*, *Lives of the Engineers*, etc.

§ Samuel Brown, a grandson of John Brown, the famous preacher and commentator of Haddington, was distinguished as a great chemist, and the uncle of the author of *Rab and His Friends*.

|| A more or less known scribbler, and all-round “Revivalist” in his day.

- “ An’ weel could I note a’ the places o’ fame,  
Frae my fine ‘coign o’ vantage’ up there!—  
Jeannie Welsh’s dad’s house, an’ Croal’s hinmaist hame  
Were as plain as thae chicks on that fluir!  
An’ the Kirks an’ the brigs—an unco met pair—  
The auld an’ the new—I e’ed a’ wi’ fond care!
- “ Weel I mindit John Broun, Irving, Carlyle,  
Doctor Cook, an’ the Sams aforesaid,  
An’ a chiel frae the Close that was lang ca’d the Goil,  
But whase name an’ address I’ve mislaid;  
Forbye dizzens mair—noo a’ deid I’m afraid—  
But wha ‘characters’ were whan I was a maid!
- “ In a rap it fell nicht, wi’ the gell risen noo  
To a hurricane high aff the wast;  
On my toor in the cluds I back an’ fore blew—  
Like an inn’s swingin’ sign in a blast!—  
Till, slap-bang, in a gust I was round the spire cast,  
Thence slung like a stane frae a sling at the last!
- “ The neist place I saw was the back o’ the Bass,\*  
As out owre by the May \* I was blawn,  
Whare a queer swirlin’ gust—the same airt I did pass—  
Forced me back by Nor’ Berwick affhan’—  
The jummeltest toun e’er yet made by man  
The auld an’ the new—mean, middlin’, an’ gran’.
- “ Syne owre the Gowff Links—baith the Wast an’ the  
East—  
Like some broken-lowse mad-cap balloon—  
I was whiskit alang at a rate that increased  
Aye the far’er awa I was blewn;  
Sae Audim, Whitekirk, an’ mony a toun  
I kenn’d brawly lang syne, I flew whizzin’ aboon!
- “ An’ whan crossing Dunbar, hoo fine I could see  
The Toun House, the Castle, an’ Kirk!

---

\* Islands in the mouth of the Firth of Forth.

By the licht o' the Mune, whilk at times shone a wee,  
 I kenn'd even some folk in the mirk—  
 Men leaving the pubs—men o' mony a quirk  
 Whan anything ill for themsel's is to shirk !

“ But the boats in ashore, an' the ships out at sea—  
 (Lord owrelook us in pity an' mercy !)  
 Hoo they reel'd in that gell—jist like fules on the spree  
 In some auld-farrant herrin'-drave farcie !—  
 Which ye're owre young to mind o', I daur say,  
 But which lacking, mak's siller there scarce aye !

“ Sirss ! Eh, I was gled to be blawn far'er east,  
 Oot atowre o' the sick'ning sicht far !  
 For thae boats in the sea I could never digeest  
 Sin' auld Millar's beuk \* did me sae scaur  
 Wi' its tales o' tempests an' war,  
 Whilk sae aft hae wrackit Dunbar !

“ But oot o' the frying-pan intil the fire  
 I fell whan I blew frae that toun  
 Owre what was as dowie as Hedintoun spire—  
 The tap o' Doon Hill, † whare Cromil, the loon,  
 Knockit owre an' tred down in the mire  
 As routhy a hairst as e'en *he* could desire ! ‡

“ An' what made it waur was—the gell a' at ance  
 Fell down low as a saft April breeze !  
 Insteid o' cluds noo, owre clods did I prance—  
 Noitin' my shins, an' skinnin' my knees !  
 An' hadna a gust come an' gien me a heeze,  
 I'd knockit my brains oot 'gainst Thurston's big  
 trees ! §

\* “The History of Dunbar,” by James Millar.

† Where the army of the Scottish Presbyterians was defeated by Cromwell on September 3, 1650.

‡ Three thousand of the Scots fell, and ten thousand of them were made prisoners, in this disastrous combat.

§ Thurston Estate, in the parish of Innerwick, is one of “the most beautifully wooded in the county, the contrast between the masses of fine old trees and the bare hills around them being strikingly beautiful.”—Mr Green's *East Lothian*, p. 207.

- " The clachan o' Innerwick's stuck on a brae,  
 Which by guid luck I only jist scuff'd,  
 Itherwise, I am sure, that had been my last day,  
 For that hillside's wi' muckle stanes stuff'd,  
 An' had I against them been whuff'd,  
 By naucht else could I mair been rebuff'd !
- " It was fortunate, tae, that still the wild gell  
 Which bure me frae the crib o' John Knox,  
 Did favour me noo, an' indeed only fell  
 As I blew into dear Aul'hamstocks !\*  
 Whare for centuries a' our auld folks  
 Were ruitit like Lammermuir rocks !
- " But, Guid save us a' ! wha is yon at the door  
 O' the hoosie wharein I was born ?  
 My faither, I sweer ! that's been deid owre a score  
 O' lang years come Candlemas morn !  
 But his wraith, ye're jaloosin', I'se warran',  
 Did my dream to sheer nonsense sune turn ?
- " Weel ! It is true that by the dyke-side—  
 But a Scot's mile, or sae, frae Cocklaw—  
 I open'd my e'en baith at ance grey an' wide  
 Whan I deem'd the auld faither I saw—  
 Lord keep an' preserve us ! in 's auld claes an' a',—  
 Stan'in' plump at the door as in days lang awa !
- " Hoo I leuch, sirss, to mind that in a' my lang flicht  
 I'd haen nocht but a gell for my team !  
 An' losh, hoo I stared whan our Clock cam' in sicht,  
 In our ain cosy kitchen fire's gleam,  
 To see that this journey supreme  
 Had ta'en less than a half hour to dream !" †

\* The next village to the east of Innerwick. "The road from Innerwick to Oldhamstocks' village is surprisingly pretty, and in places finely wooded, especially round the site of the Branxton. If Oldhamstocks is quaint in name, it is almost quainter in reality. It contests with Garvald, the position of being the best hidden village in East Lothian."—*Charles E. Green's Book*, pp. 207-8.

† "One of the most remarkable phenomena of dreaming is the rapidity with which long trains of thought pass through the mind.

## IV.—EAST LINTON REVISITED.

## A TYNESIDE DAY-DREAM.

"Should auld acquaintance be forgot,  
An' never brought to min'?"

—BURNS.

*"In July month, ae bonnie morn,  
Whan Nature's rokelay green  
Was spread o'er ilka rig o' corn,  
To charm our roving een," \**

A train rushed furth Auld Reekie's bourne,  
Out throo high Calton clean,  
'Screaming fareweel wi' lordly scorn  
To a' the dingy scene  
That glorious day!

Jam! Portobello's swung behind—  
Squeal! shriek! throo fields an' wuds,  
Snorting dark breathings on the wind  
To flare like April cluds—  
On, on! Steam Stalwart warms up now,  
By farms and gardens fair—  
'Neath brigs—owre burns that glint below  
Like Nature's braided hair  
Flung loose that day!

Defying jars, jams, jolts, and jerks—  
Or singly or in mass—  
At wayside stations, clachans, kirks  
We touch an' go—or pass—

---

A dream requiring hours for its accomplishment, is begun and terminated in a few seconds. A person who was suddenly aroused from sleep by a few drops of water sprinkled in his face, dreamed of the events of an entire life in which happiness and sorrow were mingled, and which finally terminated with an altercation upon the borders of an extensive lake, in which his exasperated companion, after a considerable struggle, succeeded in plunging him."—*Chambers's Encyclopedia*, Vol. III., p. 667.

\* The initial quatrain of Ferguson's "Leith Races."

Tremendous craps ! Oats—barley fiel's  
 Laid flat as they'd been roll'd down—  
 Turnips an' tatties met in dreills  
 Betokening profits golden  
 Some near-haun' day !

“ Linton ! ” — “ East Linton ! ” — bawl'd we hear  
 Within the hour o' startin'—  
 Auld Tib, alert—the *Linn a-near*—  
 Is at the luggage dartin',  
 Syne louns the car like ony lass  
 O' towmonds ane-an'-twenty,  
 Laughin', an greetin' those we pass  
 Amang the croud she's kent aye  
 This monie a day !

Doun the auld toun an' up the new,  
 Kenn'd faces seldom seeing—  
 And those of folk that were in view  
 Grave, glum anes maistly being—  
 We saucht fu' sune the Waterside,  
 And traced the auld Tyne Vailley  
 Up *The Brae-heids*—whare we did ride  
 To schule three sessions gaily  
 Day after day !

There, in a corrie miniature—  
 Kenn'd weel in truant auld days !—  
 We rested lang, an' *dozed*, I'm sure,  
 Ere back we gaed our yauld ways—  
 For auld een kindly tak' to rest,  
 And sleep is ne'er far frae them,  
 Whane'er a cosy neuk is press'd  
 By folk wha sadlies hae them  
 At close o' day !

But wha is this that noo invades  
 Thy sacred haunt, fond “ Samil ” ?  
 Lord ! Ane—o' misanthropic blades  
 As siccar's Sandy Cammel—

*Rob Edington* \* himself, I swear !  
 His vera coat an' lum hat,  
 An' brass-rimm'd specks whilk he did wear  
 Whan " Sam " was but a schule brat—  
 Alack-a-day !

" Hullo ! " he graned as he drew near—  
 As cynic-like as Sawtan—  
 " To see ' auld freends ' an thou'st come here,  
 It's time new specs thou pat on !  
 East Linton's like a grave-yaird noo—  
 Ev'n that grave-yaird I rot in—  
 Whare grubs abound an' freends are few  
 An' deevilish sune's forgot ane  
 Whan gane's his day !

" *My* days war' auld Distillery † days—  
 The days when Linton fatten'd  
 On smugglers' traffic, smugglers' ways,  
 An' bribes Excisemen quaten'd ;  
 Then man an' maister war' in luck,  
 An' deep, I trow, in ' nappy '—  
 The merrier, aye the mair they tuck,  
 An' tricked the gauger chappie  
 Be't nicht or day !

" But ' Ructions came, Distilleries gaed,  
 Auld kirks an' auld cliques dwined sair,  
 And fortunes, which the *wheich* had made,  
 The new times featly crined sair ;  
*Sorting folk's clocks* becam' my lot—  
 For I was fell mechanic—  
 By't mony a jolly booze I got,  
 An' mony a soup an' bannock,  
 To my last day !

---

\* A long and widely-known Linton " character," of a bitterly-witted and satirical nature, who, albeit an excellent " clock sorter," fell into straitened circumstances in his latter days, and eventually died in the " fifties " of last century in an Edinburgh Poorhouse.

† Abolished in the " forties " of last century.

“ A blessing was the Rooshian War—  
  'Haps e'en to them it slauchter'd—  
It sent the herring to Dunbar  
  In myriads to get flauchter'd ;  
It garr'd the farmers cock their lugs  
  Wi' wheat five pound a quarter ;  
It made our Mess Johns jolly dowgs,  
  An' ev'n the U.P.'s smarter,  
      Ilk Sabbath day !

“ But evil was its dismal trail—  
  To me, auld age an' frailty ;  
And to maist ithers, muslin kail,  
  An' poortith hard and haill, tae—  
Farmers in scores an' scores gaed down ;  
  Herring Dunbar desairted ;  
In a Poorhouse in Embro' toun  
Wi' life I gladly pairted,  
      Ae blae Mairch day !

“ For pliskies in my yearthly time—  
  Haill fifty towmonds, Samil—  
Was I foredoomed thae braes to climb,  
  And owre thae rocks to scrammel,  
Seeven hours a day—seven mortal hours !  
  And noo, for fifty mair, Sam,  
Maun I do three—*three*, by the Powers !—  
      *Three hours*, for fifty year, Sam,  
      Day efter day !

“ But whan at last the last ane's sped,  
  An' I am free for ever,  
Ye'se jine me, Sam, amang the dead,  
  Ayont the Stygian river ?—  
Rare tales o' auld Distillery folk  
  I'll crack ye throo the Ages ;  
In a lown neuk at Shakespeare's dock  
  We'll whup his deathless pages  
      Some lucky day ! ”



Sae saying, Rob teuk to the stream,  
 An vainished like an otter,  
 The noise his splash made brak my dream—  
 (Or maybe 'twas some motor  
 Tootin' alang the Brae-heids road,  
 Some cairters giein' wairnin'?)  
 Whate'er it was, I cried, " By God,  
 The Tyneside dream's a rare ane  
 Sam's haen this day ! "

---

SOME CREDIBLE EPITAPHS.

ON WALLACE.

Scotland's Hero—heart and soul—  
 The mightiest e'er her sword to draw—  
 From whose fell sweep her foemen stole—  
 Not caring to be shorn like straw !  
 His guerdon was a traitor's doom,  
 His death-bed was the gallows tree,  
 Ten several pike-heads were his tomb,  
 His burial chant a tyrant's glee—  
 Plus all the world-wide envied store  
 Of free men's worship evermore !

ON JOHN TAMSON : A VERY POOR MAN.

Honest John Tamson's body here  
 Reposes its weary banes ;  
 Should a King's soul e'er where his is steer  
 'Twere weel paid for its pains.

ON A FREE-LIVING AND IRASCIBLE PROVOST.

Here lieth a giant of tallow and flesh,  
 A late minor god o' this warl',  
 With whom Bacchus himsel' in Hades 'twere rash  
 To engage in a bout at the barrel—  
 When the last was dregg'd dry he wad ring for a fresh,  
 And if that cam' na forth—what a quarrel !

## ON JONATHAN HALL.

As kindly a neighbour's in keeping below,  
 As e'er in the mools to our sorrow did go !  
 A sage-minded Scot, profound and acute,  
 With a heart that lo'ed a'—the humane an' the brute—  
 Leaning strong to the poor, the widow, the bairn,  
 Whom death or misfortune had coosten forfain !  
 Gin the pray'rs o' the helpless can help a man's saul,  
 Sure a blest man this day is dear Jonathan Hall !

## ON A WOMAN SUFFRAGIST.

Tho' to this "monster meeting" got  
 Hoo quate this nicht is Maister Stott !  
 Nae mair wi' wind-fill'd lungs an' throat  
     Commanding "tyrant man"  
 To yield up "Woman" on the spot  
 Her "Heaven-awarded right to vote,"  
 But mute, as if it matter'd not,  
 The "cause" he'd bless or ban !

## ON NANNY MILLAR—A NONAGENARIAN.

Up to ninety-an'-five  
 Auld Nan ran alive  
 Ere death could sae much as rax till her ;  
     But anither short year  
     Brang the couple sae near,  
 He play'd dunt up against Nanny Millar !

## ON "WATTY."

Here auld Watty lies,  
     Our Newfoundland dog !  
 Gin he's ne'er to "arise,"  
     Thy great dogma in vogue—  
 "Resurrection of man"—I reject !—  
     For to leave in death's bog  
     Watty—brave, good, an' wise,  
     And to "save" the man-rogue—  
     (The worst "dog" in disguise)—  
 Were a creed fit to damn "The Elect !"

## ON AN OLD HADDINGTON PREACHER.

A priest of mickle wut an' lear,  
As droll as Cook, as grave as Blair,  
As mindfu' o' the veriest puir  
As walthiest peer ;  
If e'er a man than *man* was mair,  
He's buried here.

## ON AN AULD TOUN CHARACTER.

Drouthy Davie, drouthy Davie,  
Drouthy Davie Duncan !  
Muckle mair than a' the lave aye  
Drank drouthy Davie Duncan !

Doited Davie, doited Davie,  
Doited Davie Duncan !  
To this graff thy fell drouth drave ye,  
Daft, droll, auld Davie Duncan !

## ON "A SAIR-MISGUIDED FARMER."

Within this graff sleeps cuckold Baird,  
Wha hanged himsel', to "do" the laird,  
The day before the rent ane ;  
His wanton widow sheuch'd him here,  
Her jo—the laird—roup'd aff his gear  
For a soom twice the stent ane.

## ON A RICH HYPOCHONDRIACAL SPINSTER.

Tho' from all real evils free,  
Living at home securely,  
In fancy "killed with nerves" was she,  
And morn and evening "poorly."  
At last she's here—at ninety-three—  
And dead and done for, surely?

## ON A SEVERE OLD SCHOOLMASTER.

His dreadfu' tawse and cane are gane,  
 And "Sam," wham lang he whalpit,  
 Is sometimes wi' the notion ta'en  
 A rhymed revenge to skelp at ;  
 But, guessing he was "luna" born,  
 This "Epitaph" maun serve his turn.

ON MR JOHN CAMERON, TOWN CLERK, EAST LINTON,  
AN ABLE, "SELF-MADE" MAN, AND A POPULAR  
LEADER AND SPEAKER.

If sterling worth and mind can win  
 A passport to the Courts Empyr'an,  
 Then I'm dead sure John Cameron's in  
 And even now the gods inspirin'  
 How best their regions they may rule—  
 Drain, cleanse, ward, water, cess, and gas,  
 In accord with that science school  
 And earliest sanitary class  
 O'er which he did himself preside,  
 Long ere 'twas famous far and wide.

## ON DR LIVINGSTONE.

A man whom every man reveres,  
 Or prodigal or angel,  
 Of all the vision'd moral spheres  
 Writ down in John's evangel ;  
 Hence in the British Pantheon \* here  
 The thousand races that appear.

## ON A GRAVEDIGGER.

Here lies in this grave our later maker of graves,  
 Who hath got what he gave to so many ;  
 And *his* share is so good that its gainer it saves  
 From e'er making another for any.

\* Westminster Abbey, whither Livingstone's remains from  
 "Darkest Africa" were brought and interred by the nation.

ON A ROSEHALL (HADDINGTON) CAT WHICH WAS FOUND  
IN A BAG, AFTER A SPATE IN THE TYNE, ON THE  
SEASHORE.

In a poke in a pool  
This grimalkin grew cool  
And mewed her last moments awa' ;  
Now she's swept to the sea  
And's as still as can be,  
Tho' the mice run amuck at Roseha'.

Wow-wow ! weel-I-wat !  
Whan she was a wee cat,  
As playfu' as puppy or lamb,  
Ne'er an instant trow'd we  
O' the fate she wad dree,  
Whan the mice's avenger it cam',  
And Nemesis o'ertook her  
Whan the " Scaffy " did douk her  
In the pool that is ca'd the " Lang Cram." \*

#### EPITAPH ON ROBERT BURNS.

Is there a bard with genius fraucht,  
Crusht down by want, by toil distraucht,  
Hath higher up Parnassus raucht  
Than this " ploughboy " ?—  
Let him drink here a willie-waucht,  
An' sing for joy !

Is there a man with saul erect,  
Howe'er the cloaks o' life protect, .  
Can with clear vision sham detect  
In lord or slave ?—  
Draw nigh, an' thank the gods direct  
Upo' this grave !

---

\* In the Tyne immediately above Haddington.

“ Is there a man whose judgment clear ”  
Micht nations teach the course to steer,  
An’ win’ himsel’ in Fame’s bricht sphere  
Eternal place ?—  
Let him his pattern ponder here,  
And start apace !

Is there a man with heart sae pang’d,  
That, however hard himself’s been dang’d,  
Can for the meanest creature wrang’d  
Feel Christ-like care ?—  
Rejoice that to thy kind belang’d  
This monarch rare !

And is there ane wha Freedom hails  
As his ae queen, nor dreads nor quails  
By word an’ deed, when time avails  
To stretch her sway ?—  
Learn here her leal liege never fails  
To win some day !

The champion resting here below  
In Freedom’s cause was never slow !  
Let her but *need*—then, ay, or no,  
Or stand, or fa’,  
He, like a Wallace, furth did go,  
An’ faced the ba’ !

Comrade, tak’ tent ! an’ thou would’st seek  
Remembrance after death a week,  
Be thou like Burns, nor cringe, nor sneak  
To power nor pride,  
But, *as a man*, live, work, an’ speak,  
Whate’er betide !

## "OUR SISTERS."

## I. THE WOMAN IN THE STREET,

Bedraggled, dirty, and tatter'd,  
Bleary, and bloated, and batter'd,

She trails like a plague i' th' sun !  
What is she, who is she, I pray ?  
Hath humanity thrust her away  
For sins unforgivable done ?

"No, no ! She's but as many are here—  
Not sinless, but penniless sheer ;  
Friendless, and out of work long ;  
Giving for that which brings her a crumb—  
Content, peace of mind, all her's that's to come  
Or yet may be wrung from a wrong."

## II. THE LADY AT THE FETE.

Bejewell'd, gorgeous and splendid—  
Flatter'd, courted, attended,  
She sails like a queen through the hall !  
What is she, who is she, I pray ?  
Hath humanity made her so gay  
For that her past sins are so small ?

"No, no ! she's but as others are there—  
Not sinless, yet wealthy and fair,  
Much friended, and wanting for naught ;  
Getting for these what limits her peace—  
Satiety, weariness, pleasure's surcease  
And *ennui* that gnaws like a rot !"

## III. NO REMEDY.

Then let them—the upper and nether—  
Commingle their fortunes together,  
And so end their troubles forthwith ;  
Divide up the ease and the care,  
Want and plenitude 'twixt the wrong'd pair,  
And both may fight Fate with fit pith ?

“No, no! Such relief as you mention,  
Class prejudice—pride and convention—  
    Would run all unheard out o’ court!  
The belle would the drab but deplore,  
And the drab would the belle only more  
    Curse and upbraid by way of retort!”

---

ELEGY ON JONATHAN HALL, BANKER AND  
LITTERATEUR, EAST LINTON.\*

Her wintry illness gone, now Nature seem’d  
As if again imbued with life and youth;  
Aloft in cloudless azure Phœbus beam’d,  
And gentle airs were wafted from the south.

The greening woods and meads grew starred with  
flowers;  
The fields alive with teams, and herds, and flocks;  
The pleasant plains spread round the wild birds’ bowers,  
Broad from the Firth up to the moorland rocks.

In peace the forests waved, the skylarks sang;  
The winding river glisten’d in noonday;  
The streamlets for the sea from hillsides sprang,  
And melodised the valleys all the way.

From ev’ry bosky clump and sylvan shade  
The notes of merle or mavis sweet were borne;  
The cushat’s croon was heard down many a glade,  
And wee birds’ lilts almost from ev’ry thorn.

Beneath a hazy veil of gauze-like smoke  
How sweet the village lay towards which we press’d,  
Nestling amid its fields, where all things spoke  
Only of peace and plenty, work and rest!

---

\* Died at East Linton, East Lothian, March 17th, 1905.



Alas, alas, that other tale is told !

That grief was sorest where joy seem'd supreme !  
Within that village fair lay dead and cold  
One more to us than all in life's whole dream !

For us, that spring day sicken'd in its pride,  
All things were transform'd by that woeful tale ;  
Dark grew the sun and left the heaven void,  
The balmy breezes from the south grew stale !

The budding woods and flowering meadows now  
Loom'd bleak as savage cliffs and blasted heath ;  
The verdant fields and hills did deserts grow,  
And herds and flocks the victims fit of death.

The skylark's lay became a requiem drear ;  
The gurgling of the brooks one mournful dirge ;  
The wild-wood warblers, Grief, incensed, did hear,  
And drove her, sobbing, to Distraction's verge !

The erst fair village look'd a haunt of plague,  
Whereto the joy of life no more did reach,  
But shadowy mourners moved, ghost-like and vague,  
Weeping and wailing in sad, palsied speech.

Its patriot chief and hero was no more—  
The sleepless guardian of its every right—  
The fearless champion of its weak and poor,  
“ Its public annalist and genius bright ”—

Lay stricken and close-locked with ruthless death,  
And round his open tomb the clay was piled,  
Ready to shroud him its dank folds beneath,  
As unresisting as a sleeping child !

## BACK AT THE AULD DASK.

Alang Tyneside how I wad ride  
 Whan I was young an' fier!  
 Now I maun yield mysel' to eild  
 An' ride Pegasus here—  
 My rhyme an' pen the switch an' rein  
 Wi' whilk this naig I steer!

Fractionous at first—impatience curst—  
 Peg bangs up and awa'  
 Owre hills an' seas—whaure'er I please,  
 E'en to Parnassus' Spa—  
 Castalia named, whaur, fient ashamed,  
 Our rustic drouth we staw;

Syne daur anon Mount Helicon,  
 The Muses' sacred hill,  
 Ere back amain to Loudon's plain—  
 An' "Aither's Sait" an' "yill!"  
 Glad to licht doun whaur sense is foun'  
 And ane may rant at will!

Awa', ye "classic myths," awa'!  
 Hencefurth my Muses be  
 Our kintra queens an' matchless scenes  
 'Tween Lammer an' the sea—  
 To me mair worth than this haill earth  
 Of heathen trumperie!

## A BAILIE AND A CITY ARAB.

*The Bailie.*

"Ye cam' barefitit to this warl',  
 An' sae ye still remain,  
 Becuz yer Dad's a drucken carle,  
 An' siller ne'er has nane!  
 Besides, ma ain dear boy an' girl  
 Use up a' I can gain!"

*The Arab.*

“Ye cam’ staneheartit to this warl’,  
An’ sich ye still remain,  
Becuz bee Nature ye’re a churl,  
An’ gumption ye hae nane!  
Besides, yer maiks I’d scorn to birl,  
E’en braw new boots to gain!”

*The Bailie.*

“My lad! for that ye hit sae pat,  
An’ sib freens I hae nane,  
A hungry, wan, bare-fittit brat  
Nae mair sall ye remain!  
Besides, I hae nae bairns, I wat,  
Unless you’ll be ma wean?”

*The Arab.*

“My lord! for that ye speak sae fair,  
An’ drucken Dads I’ve nane,  
A sulky, auld stain-heartit bair  
I’se ne’er ca’ ye again!  
Besides, to be yer bairn and heir  
I wat, I am richt fain!”

## IF IT BE THE END?

[AN ANSWER TO A COMMUNICATION FROM AN OLD  
CORRESPONDENT.]

DEAR S.,  
Thy list of sages I did note all  
From Haeckel back to Aristotle,  
Who have declared not worth a dottle  
Is man’s old faith!  
For naught of him can ’scape the shottle  
Of chested death!

With admiration deep, sincere,  
Thy catalogued ones I revere ;  
Each of them stands without a peer  
    In his own realm ;  
But not one of a bardic sphere  
    Would faith o'erwhelm !

I note this well, and fain would know  
How minds creative here below  
Have all those centuries failed to trow  
    The "plain truth"—which,  
Thou say'st the scientists do now  
    So loudly preach ?

"But what," quoth ye, "an they be right ?"  
Well, Saunders, well, our neutral plight—  
Hermetically "cheded," quite  
    'Yond life and day—  
We but to bide in endless night,  
    Or yea, or nay !

Even that might mean good for the dumb,  
Deaf, blind, deform'd—all whose sum  
Of comfort is the tiniest crumb  
    Brains can conjecture—  
Ev'n brains of scientists—o'ercome  
    With Life's false picture.

In thought, for well nigh fifty years,  
Recking, yet facing, kindred fears,  
Through all Doubt's wild and dark frontiers,  
    With lonely pain,  
I've trudged my way, and daub'd with tears,  
    Life's stony plain.

Alas, an death be its sure end !  
But, true as I do thee, old friend,  
Didst Hamlet, Saunders, apprehend  
    That much more lies  
Beyond things tangible or kenn'd  
    Than men surmise.

.

Ye scientists, I dare aver,  
 To reason much, too much, defer—  
 Mere human reason, which will err  
     And miss the mark—  
 Oft wilder far and readier  
     Than madness stark.

The proof that death is not the last  
 Lay ne'er in science in the past ;  
 Nor does it now, when faith's o'ercast  
     By " facts " new found  
 And theorised on, fierce and fast,  
     As " ample ground !"

Like most we do—this, too, is wrong !  
 Man stumbles still, as all along ;  
 The evidence for life is strong,  
     And surely lies  
 In life itself—yea, even among  
     The ruck that dies !

Then, wot'st not thou the blunder's made,  
 By overvaluing, as foresaid,  
 Man's *mind*, and leaving in the shade,  
     As scarce worth naming,  
 His other features—oft display'd,  
     And oft *mind* shaming ?

Emotion, sentiment, instinct,  
 Left free, and for no foible blink'd,  
 Oft more than *mind* are great when link'd  
     To love or fear—  
 Behold the play of woman rink'd  
     With some one dear !

Behold the steed in darkness lost,  
 The migrant bird, the pigeon toss'd  
 O'er trackless seas from coast to coast,  
     Strike home direct—  
 Where *mind*, with all its power ye boast,  
     Could but " reflect !"

Nor can thy *mind* do more than guess  
 At morrow's hap, or joy, or stress;  
 The future's infinite egress  
     It reels to scan,  
 And makes even reason acquiesce  
     How blind is Man.

So, Saunders, now's thy time and season,  
 With reason to mistrust mere reason,  
 An let hope intuition seize on,  
     As her mainsheet.  
 To waft thee down the life that flees on,  
     Zig-zag, but fleet!

---

### SOME EASTERTIDE PRANKS.

#### I. A PEEVISH PROLOGUE.

At that sair farce ca'd holidaying,  
 Like a' the lave, we boud be playing,  
 Sae in this present scrappy screddie  
 Let the endeavour serve the deedie,  
 An' gin it downa fill a feaster  
 'Twill me remind at least o' Easter,  
 Whan on a fail dyke quaint an' queerly,  
 Within my beuk I rhymed it merely  
 To fill up a lang drearie hour  
 Waitin' for Tib on Borough-moor.

#### II. A BOGLEHILL PÆAN.\*

As far east here I see nae less  
 Than renoun'd Boglehill,  
 Whare a' the "sea airs" folk can wis  
 They may tak' when they will.

---

\* Boglehill is a lonely hamlet on the southern shore of the Firth of Forth, about twelve miles east from Edinburgh, and was in my early days a favourite resort of sea-bathers.

“Aunt Peggie,” langsyne, to that place  
Gaed ance whan she was ill,  
To try “sea-batheing” or to face  
• The “Warst” at Boglehill.

“Aunt” was a bang an’ likely dame  
Afore she had that spill,  
But a QUEEN we saw whan she gat hame  
At last frae Boglehill.

The chiel wha drave her frae that place,  
Tho’ e’en her ain son “Bill,”  
His minnie’s features failed to trace  
✓ In Aunt’s at Boglehill.

Her bronzed physog the harvest mune,  
When it rase braid an’ “full,”  
Perfectly eemaged up abune  
Aunt Peg’s at Boglehill.

Her chafts were blae, an’ lean, an’ sunk,  
An’ runkled deep—until  
Her daily douks wi man-like spunk  
She teuk at Boglehill.

Pairch’d hie upo’ a rockie bawk,  
Like solan-guse or gull,  
Doun i’ the brine like the sea hawk  
She plunged at Boglehill.

Sax gloris weeks she doukit there,  
I wat she had her fill  
O’ baith sea-watter an’ sea-air—  
Sae rowth at Boglehill.

Atweel ! the twa did mak’ her “stout”—  
She shaws their virtues still—  
That waist, whilk is three yairds about,  
Was won at Boglehill !

### III. A DISTRESSING TRUTH—A MOURNFUL MAY-DAY MEMORIE.

Ae May-day morn, richt braw an' sune,  
 Cab-loads o' folk frae Heddintoun  
 To Traprain's "verdant" slopes withdrew  
 To wash their ghaistly chowks with dew,  
 But whan they reached the distant "Law,"  
 The "dew" they got was unco sma'!—  
 (The nicht afore the bauld Traprain \*  
 Had donn'd his wintry cloak again,  
 An stude up in the May morn there  
 Three inches deep in snaw—or mair !)

### IV. "MAIST UNSEASONABLE MIRTH."

Whan the Lion Hill,† buskit in white,  
 Owre-lookit Auld Reekie in snaw,  
 The mair did our Auld Wifie flyte,  
 An' let her tongue lowse on us a'!  
 "Fy!" quo' she, "ye impident folk,  
 At what are ye lauchin' ava?  
 Sin' the e'enin' that stoppit our clock  
 I've jaloosed it was gaun to be snaw!  
 An' noo, tho' 'twad nither a brock,  
 Ye maun lauch as 'twere only a joke  
 At the look an' the cauld o' it a'!"

### V. A WOFUL EPILOGUE: SAN FRANCISCO.

God! God! what now assails our glee?—  
 News of a new birth o'er the sea—  
 A birth of monstrous misery,  
 And helplessness and fear!  
 A fresh tornado, sure, of woe,  
 A glorious city's overthrow!  
 Blind forces, loosen'd from below,  
 To run their mad career!

\* A literal historical fact.

† Arthur Seat, Edinburgh.



Earthquake and fire—a wilderness,  
Unutterable wreck and stress—  
Disaster, mocking all redress,  
    Confounding thought and faith!  
Appalling suddenness of doom,  
Upheaven straight from Nature's womb!  
An Eastertide of pitch-like gloom,  
    Paralysis and death!

EDINBURGH, April 19th, 1906.

---

ROB M'SQUEEL.

[A COUNTRY SATIRIST.]

His village "poitry-man," atweel  
A born "sad dog" was Rob M'Squeel!  
Yet, wow! his fame spread far a-fiel'  
    Aroun' the pump—  
E'en bye the Kirk, to whilk this chiel  
    Did seldom stump.

Rob cobbled shoon whan he wad "work,"  
Alas! the *last* he aft did shirk;  
But a' his censors he could burke,  
    Or argue owre,  
Tho' 'mang 's illeca'ers some did lurk  
    Made e'en Nick glower!

The "unco guid," "respectit" men,  
Had reason aft to ban his pen!  
Their secret slips he loot a' ken,  
    For Rob was "clark"—  
A King of satire, now an' then—  
    (Punch save the mark!)

Whan fired—aim'd weel—on fae or freen,  
 His native bolts strack sure an' keen!  
 And, gif impell'd by wrath or spleen,  
     They garr'd folk fyke—  
 Sir Dauvid's \* victims, some mainteen,  
     Ne'er tholed their like!

And what he fired was ne'er forgot,  
 It struck the instant it was shot  
 On every butt, and it's fell blot  
     Throo life remained—  
 His onslaughts were wi' wit sae fraught  
     Plain truth they shamed!

A modicum—the faintest jot—  
 Of fact, was ground enough, I wot,  
 For Rob to raise upon the spot  
     A pile of rhyme,  
 That wad outlast till veriest “rot”  
     Seem'd the first styme!

Kirk-pacin' philistines, an' those  
 Wha the “Elect” themsel's suppose,  
 Gin Burns smack'd sair, Rob laid on blows  
     Roun' Sautcoats way  
 That made the fund-out humbugs doze,  
     An' stagger tae!

What tho' his lear was whyles amiss,  
 An' syntax did him little bless?  
 Rob ran wheel-free a' drags like this,  
     Yet coupit sure  
 Mair pedogogic snools, I wis,  
     Than schules could cure!

---

\* Sir David Lindsay of the Mount, the renowned Scottish poet and satirist of the Reformation period.

Still, poortith steep, he was despised,  
 Ignored or scorn'd, left all unprized ;  
 Quidnuncs, tale-mongers undisguised,  
     Jump'd at his name,  
 An' their curst clashes methodized  
     Him to defame !

Now, he an' they, pent in one yaird,  
 Moulder to dust—(haith nane is spared !)—  
 What *their* names were—wha ever heard ?—  
     But *his*, I trew,  
 Rings yet roun' Sautcoats as the bard  
     Could bang them blue !

---

SONG.—“ LANGNITHERY AN' DREM.”\*

[BY A CITY-PENT WIFE TO HER HUSBAND.]

'Tween 'Nithery an' Drem, my lad,  
 Langnithery an' Drem !  
 Gie me the joys we twa ance had  
 'Tween 'Nithery and Drem !

The Braid Hill is a leesome spot,  
 The Blackford ane the same,  
 But what hae they that have-na got  
 Langnithery an' Drem ?  
 Langithery an' Drem, my jo,  
 Langnithery an' Drem !  
 Our paradise lay lang ago  
 'Tween 'Nithery an' Drem !

On Simmer Sunday afternoons  
 Fu' mony a year ye came  
 To meet me on the pleasant bouns  
 O' 'Nithery an' Drem !

---

\* Two villages and stations on the East Coast main line of the North British Railway, distant from Edinburgh about thirteen and seventeen miles respectively. The district is a fine agricultural one.

Langnithery an' Drem, my dear,  
 Langnithery an' Drem!  
 Amang the fields o' wheat an' bere  
 'Tween 'Nithery an' Drem!

Love's lilt the soaring laverocks sang,  
 Weel down to e'ening fa',  
 An' mavis wild-notes sweetly rang  
 Frae ilk green stripp an' shaw!  
 'Tween 'Nithery an' Drem, my doo,  
 Langnithery an' Drem!  
 Our sweetest sangs were sung, I trew,  
 'Tween 'Nithery an' Drem!

Noo, whupt a city's wa's about,  
 The bonniest sangs I hear  
 Come frae the train that tak's us out,  
 A simmer day to steer  
 'Tween 'Nithery an' Drem, my jo,  
 Langnithery an' Drem!  
 To raik as we did lang ago  
 'Tween 'Nithery an' Drem!

---

THE ROYAL REVIEW OF SCOTTISH  
 VOLUNTEERS, KING'S PARK, EDINBURGH,  
 SEPTEMBER 18TH, 1905.

FIRST: THE ROYAL REVIEW GRAND STAND.

(*Early.\**)

Forenenst our door a "Grand Stand"—  
 (A modern horror, stark and new!)  
 They're knockin' up, 'cause our land  
 The great Peacemaker comes to view.

---

\* Noon.

Midst the ancients, a' around,  
 This white-wud terror's sair at sea !  
 And ill becomes the auld ground  
 Of "Halyrude"—toom tho' it be !

With such rare hichts \* at command,  
 An amphitheatre Kings micht seat,  
 Hoo daur'd they dream o' this "stand,"  
 This wudden ruckle at their feet !

They werena blate a gew-gaw  
 Like this could pile our gods fornenst !—  
 The Lion Hill, the Craigs a',  
 And Duddingston \* the East against !

But, gentle sirs, this gew-gaw—  
 Thy hinmaist agonie in wud—  
 Ance Neddy's † gane, maun doun fa',—  
 Maun vanish like a simmer clud !

Nae scaffoldings may here stand  
 For folk to sit, or folk to hang,  
 Nae trumperies on this grand  
 All hallow'd aiden—*by my sang!*

(*Later. ‡*)

But, Haith ! it *is* a gran' stand !  
 Yestreen, when mune-shine owre't was shed,  
 I thocht me back in Elf-land  
 When Oberon wi' Titania wed !

\* The three hills, Salisbury Crag, Arthur Seat (the lion hill), and Duddingston Hill, in the King's Park at Edinburgh. These picturesque and renowned heights, which rise in a zig-zag, west-and-east line, are grouped together, and commonly known and included in the general term of "Arthur's Seat," which is the distinct title of the chief precipice of this noble trinity.

† His Majesty King Edward.

‡ Midnight.

And staincher still that braw stand  
 Thae weel-kenn'd mountains\* made to me,—  
 Shouther to shouther, hand in hand,—  
 Scorning to either funk or flee!

Sae I stude by that gran' stand—  
 The Royal Box, as ane nicht say,  
 For, troth, like Cowper's King, fu' bland  
 I "monarch'd a' I did survey!"

The Hills\* atowre that fair stand—  
 Nocht 'tween them but the mune an' me—  
 Rank'd up superb! a rare band,  
 A valiant an' Scot-looking Three!

But what's this, sirss! Frae the wast,  
 What unco vision owretakes me!  
 Lo and behold! as by blast  
 Blawn aff ye misty Norlan' sea.—

THE GENI'S SEL! † round the Craigs,  
 An' fleeing as nae witches flee!—  
 Chariotit—drawn by naigs—  
 As only Sprites Parnassian be!

"Son Sam!" cried she, "Mine ane lad!  
 Scot begotten, born, an' bred!  
 Scot a' throo ye (guid an' bad!)  
 A' that thous't lat out hae I read!

"Sae draw nigh me—fair and free!  
*List thou my words, and keep them keen!*  
 Let yon stick stand bide a wee,  
 Ignore it as it werena seen!

---

\* See footnote, p. 217.

† The genius loci of Holyrood.

“ Edert the Seeventh and my First,  
Comes skelping back frae Germanie,  
Bent for Scotland—tho’ he burst  
An’ brek a’ ither trysts that be !

“ For his sel’s sake, e’en that ‘ stand ’  
A jiffey thole ye—(nane askance !)—  
And hail ye him wha my hand  
Ance mair pits in the fist o’ France !

“ Edert the First ! Scotland’s King !  
My Prince an’ prime Peacemaker hail !  
Let cannons boom, huzzas ring,  
Banners an’ blankets flout the gale !

“ Let thy winnocks shaw thy heart—  
Duds an’ draperies display !  
Cluds o’ carpets—what thou art  
Mak’ tell the world on Monanday \*

“ And meet me here that same e’en,  
Ance a’ ye hurly-burly’s o’er,  
An’ tell to me a’ ye’ve seen—  
Slap ! prompt upon this witching hour !

“ Name the legions—a’ that come—  
Rhyme them in my longing ear  
In thine ain way—syne their sum  
Shall plainer than themsel’s appear ! ”

Sae saying this—smiling sweet,  
And kissing aft her lily hand,  
Just on cock-raw she did greet  
An’ leave me wailing by the “ Stand ! ”

EDINBURGH, *September 12th*, 1905.

---

\* The old Scots name for the second day of the week.

## SECOND: AT THE REVIEW.

## [AN EPISTLE TO A FRIEND.]

Dear and honour'd W.S.,  
 Had "Samil" been sleet he'd hae hechtit thee less,  
 But no' being sae—why, he ocht to confess  
     It behoves him to square wi' ye noo,  
 By ettlin' at something *true* for the Press  
     *Apropos* the grand Royal Review?

As for she, that Faery, that bright Heroine,  
 The fair "Genius Loci," the sprite o' the scene,  
 The Witch o' St Leonards, Halyrude's airy queen,  
     Auld Anthony's fay Bessie Lee,—\*  
 Read on, wally Willie, an' fin' out bedeen  
     What resultit atween her an' me.

A-weel, to begin, sin' they startit this spree,  
 The Heids o' the City sent Tibbie an' me  
 A Ticket a-piece, to stap owre an' see  
     The haill play frae their bran'-new "Gran'-stan',"  
 Like Nabs, I repeat, to ensconce us an' see  
     The haill show frae their "Royal Gran' Stan'!"

In simmer-like sunshine—the coolest we've haen—  
 Mountains, an' multitudes—masses o' men,  
 Womankind awfu'—mair "braw" than we ken  
     In Embro'—the "Auld" or the "New,"  
 Streamers an' white tents o'er hillside and glen,  
     Main-featured last Monday's Review.

"Mass'd bands!" battalions, airmies o' spikes,  
 Baigonets gleaming, like wheat owre the dykes,  
 War-horses prancin', an' trying on fykes—  
     The haill panorama o' war,  
 With the King in the saidle, the chief o' the tykes,  
     Thinkin'—"Touch ye Auld Scotland wha daur!"

---

\* See the preceding poem.



The King rade his War Horse, and, as sune as he saw  
 He noddit to Tibbie, the first thing ava',  
 For fond an' familiar langsyne were the twa,  
 Whan as youngsters they guddled in Tyne !  
 An' he never forgets ane, hooe'r far awa,  
 Or far back it's sin' meeting langsyne !

Sin' they paid't in Tyne he's groun sonsie an' stout,  
 A gash-lookin' fallow—a king out-an'-out—  
 Ane wise as he's wauchty, I haena a doubt,  
 For isna a peacemaker he ?  
 A' for whilk he's come here, a lang lan' an' sea route,  
 A' his Norlan' desciples to see ?

Whan the Mairch Past begoud, Tib loupit an' leuch,  
 To keep her frae dancing I focht an' I feuch,  
 But the deevil's ain sel' wad haen trouble eneuch  
 To compose the auld bodie that time  
 Whan the bauld Tyneside heroes, sae trig an' sae teuch,  
 Straddled by wi' *eclat n'ar* shooblime !

The Yeomanry, tae, aff the East made her jump  
 As hich as she could, an' that was a lump,  
 For whan she cam' down wi' a sowse on her rump  
 The "Gran' Stan'" she made dirl a' owre !  
 I thocht it had fa'n as sune's she play'd bump,  
 In spite o' its size an' its power !

Whan the Pipers play'd up she fairly did loup,  
 E'en scorned our braw sate to touch wi' her croup,  
 Till the last pibroch dee'd, whan, down on her doup,  
 She succumb'd, like yon ships in the sea  
 Whilk the bolts o' the Japs enforeit to stowp  
 To Admiral Togo's great glee.

The "gaun-on" an' guns, whan the King left the Park,  
 The hills did re-echo till lang efter dark—  
 In fact, till my Faery appear'd like a lark,  
 In the sky an' the witchin' muneshine,  
 An' yird-wards she flutter'd an' sattled to wark  
 This Report to consider o' mine !

Efter kissing and paying *devoirs* were a' bye,  
 Eke efter this screed to mak' out she did try,  
 Quoth she—"Oh, Samuel, man, but thou'rt fly,  
     Or simplicity's ain bodied sel'!  
 This report is the waesomest under my eye  
     That in man's witless warl' ever fell!

"What wey hiv ye no braucht thysel' on the scene?  
 I'm shair thou'rt weel kenned noo by baith King an'  
     Queen?  
 An' wasna' Victoria the First thy true freen  
     Sin' thy vera first buik was in hool?  
 An' wasna Vic mither to Edert, ye wean,  
     An's deereck predecessor in rule?"

"Thou should hae been forrit 'mang a' the gran'  
     swains—  
 The veteran Yearls an' Sir Robin Cranstanes—  
 The aides-de-camp galloping, shaking their banes,  
     As gif they a' cairried the fate  
 O' the haill o' Great Europe over thae plains  
     Surrounding mine ain Aither Sait!

"Of the hunners an' hunners o' thoosan's o' folk—  
 (A multitude lairger my peace never broke)—  
 Ye say barely a cheep—tho' troth, quite a shock  
     Baith the sheep an' my elves did they gie,  
 Wi' their squacking an' clacking, like geese in a flock  
     When ye lang-neckit heron they see.

"But, atweel, it's a' owre, an' the peacemakers  
     hame,—  
 Some deeming their bather was dear for the game!  
 On such white-liver'd fags be na slack to cry shame  
     Whan ye write to thy Hedintoun freen!  
 And, O, Sam, my bardie! mind thou Me in thy rame—  
     I'm the only Immortal thou've seen!"

Crying this, up she rase in the car like a Mab,  
Her eyes flashing fires as the reens she did grab ;  
An' her coursers Elysian closed our confab  
By taking the nearest moonbeam  
An' shooting the Craigs, with hardly a bab,  
Like the "Vision" Tib saw in a dream !

EDINBURGH, *September 19<sup>th</sup>, 1905.*

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### ON THE ROCKS

Long we linger'd on the foreland and gazed o'er across  
the waters,  
Arguing always how and wherefore they were there  
and we were here :  
Had we evolution'd simply from some group'd atomic  
matters—  
Gaseous remnants of dead systems, the beginnings of  
our sphere ?  
Lo ! the storm without was roaring, and the ships upon  
the ocean  
'Gan to drift like flood-caught hay-ricks in the  
meadows far away ;  
White sea-horses rose all over, wild and weird in their  
commotion,  
As they ceaseless on our headland rushed, and  
dash'd themselves to spray.

All at once our neighbour shudder'd, and abrupt called  
our cognition  
Of a steamer in the offing, lab'ring hard to reach her  
port ;  
Right upon the rocks surrounding she was drifting  
with precision,  
Which the madcap powers of Winter seem'd to urge  
her to in sport.

Wild and bitter—much more bitter—flew those furies  
from their ice-caves,  
Till, the skies and seas commingling, clouds and  
billows met and mixt  
In a pitch'd aerial conflict, which both storm-wrack and  
sea waves  
Waged so equally together—Triumph fail'd to choose  
betwixt.

Caught between the powers contending—like a football  
midst opponents—  
The large liner in the offing was the butt of either  
host,  
Till the water, soaking through her by both new-made  
and old-known rents,  
Reach'd her fires, and she exploded with volcanic din  
almost.  
Upwards through the murky air, then, human fragments  
saw we scared ones  
Toss'd aloft like straws in farmyards in an equinoctial  
squall;  
And, aboard the damaged liner, rush'd her panic-  
stricken spared ones,  
For assistance sending shorewards one continuous  
piercing call.

Presently her drifting ended—she had grounded on the  
sunk reef  
Which that sea-coast's fishers know of as the “Oyster  
Rocks” of yore:  
Simultaneously a lifeboat, seeking eagerly her relief,  
Shot around another headland and down on the  
wreckage bore;  
But the seas, now liquid mountains, surged a roaring  
mass between them,  
And frustrated all endeavour to aid either ship or  
freight—

Living hundreds of our fellows, whom no effort made  
to screen them  
Might withhold for ev'n a moment from an all-  
appalling fate.

Rapidly upon the foreland gather'd—more and more—  
the shore-folk  
(Wonder 'twas such a bare region such a multitude  
possess'd) ;  
Storm above them, storm before them, storm all round  
them—more and more—broke,  
Still they stream'd by every access till dark night  
their rage suppress'd.  
Soul-affrighting was the picture—every portion, land  
and seawards :  
Shivering groups on ledges clinging, from the summit  
to the sands ;  
O'er the wreck the fierce waves whelming, until nothing  
Ruin retards  
From ingulfin' in its bosom vessel, voyagers and  
“hands.”

Cries for succour—shrieks heart-rending, shot out  
through the storm-fiend's roaring  
And the multitud'nous thunders of the breakers on  
the beach :  
Many hundred fellow-creatures wailing, urging, and  
imploing,  
In the near-view of the see-ers—and yet wholly 'yond  
their reach !  
Dreadful, dreadful—ah ! how dreadful—when no aid  
could come a-nigh them—  
And the closing day already letting down its nightly  
shade !  
Death by drowning, death by terror—one or other—  
none might fly them  
Who upon that ill-starred steamer this last night his  
stake had laid.

Came the gloaming—no “sweet gloaming”; but a  
dismal, lurid passage

To a cavern of darkness from an outer one of gloom :  
To the presence of black nothing, that had nothing that  
could assuage

The misery of the watchers who sat out that vessel’s  
doom.

All throughout that night of horrors rang the piteous  
calls unto us—

Strong at first, but ever fainter as the slow hours  
wore away,

Till, about the time of daybreak, one united scream  
o’erflew us :

Which, with sudden silence after, told us Death had  
seized his prey !

Weirdly broke the winter morning—weird the heavens,  
weird the ocean ;

But their struggle fierce was over, and a pause now  
fill’d the air

With a quietness unearthly, which the sea-birds—all in  
motion—

Only harass’d with their clamour as they flitted here  
and there.

From the foreland many people had departed in the  
darkness ;

All remaining towards the sunk reef bent their eager  
gaze, I trow :

What was present—than what absent—every straining  
eye did mark less,

And a murmur, like a death-note, moan’d—“The  
ship has gone below !”

---

## THE BASS ROCK.\*

"Jutting up sheer an' stour atowre i' th' sea  
 As whan frae the mainland I first stude abeigh,  
 Defying the ages to pouther down me,  
     Behauld, sirs, ane mairacle † plain!  
 Sin' I cam' to my kingdom here i' th' deep,  
 A fouth o' his eras Time's rockit asleep  
 As soun' as the birds that war' bred on my steep  
     An' perish'd ere Abel was slain!

\* The far-famous rock-island in the mouth of the Firth of Forth, which is about a mile in circumference and rises sheerly from the sea to the height of 400 feet. It stands right opposite the magnificent ruins of old Tantallon Castle, the chief stronghold of the doughty Douglasses of yore. The late Mr David Croal, in his able and very pleasant "Sketches of East Lothian," has the following notes, among many others, on "The Bass":—"Were you ever at the Bass, gentle reader? If not, then allow us in all sincerity to recommend that you do not allow another summer to pass away without having made its acquaintance. Some well-to-do people, plagued with that restless and insatiable demon *ennui*, wander to the very ends of the earth in search of a new sensation. If they would take our advice, they might save their money and preserve their health by trying the effect of an excursion to the Bass, one of the most unique spots in Scotland to the traveller in quest of novelty. . . . It is necessary to be in the shadow of the rock before one realises the solitary hugeness of the famous prison fortress. If the tide be on the ebb, right round the base of the awful crags, straight as a ruler edge, may be marked the line left by the retreating waves, and you may catch a glimpse of the mouth of the tunnel the waves have bored right through the rock. . . . Seen from the shore in the wide flat of the Firth, the rock is a notable but not imposing feature. As one nears its base, the invariable feeling is one of wonder at the hugeness and magnificent presence of this sentinel of the deep. Silent, in overpowering mass it rears itself, and while the cockleshell boat is yet hundreds of yards away, there comes the curious feeling that the glittering crags are leaning over, toppling on the balance. As we gradually approach we have leisure to mark its singular aspect. The eye, after noting the gleaming walls of the lighthouse, rests

† "Ane Wounder o' Natour. . . . Ane wonderful crag, risand within the sea, unwinnable by ingine of man. In it are coves, als profitable for defence of men, as if they were biggit by crafty industry. Every thing that is in that crag is ful of admiration and wonder."—HECTOR BOECE.

“The Bree loe’s me weel—abune a’ in the West!—  
Roun’ my bouk as a blessing her presence is prest,  
An’ in a’ her fond moods I am teas’d or caress’d,  
While my poultury’s made free o’ her stocks!

on the weather-worn and now sorely dismantled ruins, which were once the principal State prison in Scotland, and in which so many of the worthies of our country sighed away their existence. . . . The crag faces are sharp, as if they had been rough-splintered by some Titanic chisel; and far up, where the sun strikes over the thin green edge, there is the maze of snow-white sweeping wings, where the solan geese and their neighbours have their awesome eyries. Lesser sea-birds flit up and down, incessantly diving out and in from the rock. But it is the kingly solan, that prince of sea-bird visitors, that most claims the eye. Myriads—countless legions—light, swift, gleaming—clothe the rock or aureole it with their ceaseless million-currented mazing. . . . Everyone is familiar with the sight, on a summer’s eve, of the ‘quivering nations’ of the insect world, when the air seems instinct with life and motion. Some such sensation is imparted as we gaze wonderingly on the innumerable tenants of the Bass. . . . The historical associations of the rock are to most the chief charm of a visit. There, hanging on the very edge of the precipice, are the walls that shackled Prophet Peden, Robert Traill, Gilbert Rule, Campbell of Cessnock, Gordon of Earlston, and many more whose names lustre the gloom of the weary ‘Killing Time.’ In which of these wind-swept caverns, rimmed with nodding grass and wild flowers, did the sainted Blackadder fold his hands and pass on the path that is careless of kingly warrants and driven bolts? . . . Back through gallant siege and loyal maintenance, before the Covenanters’ psalm, long before the days of Scottish kings, this, our foothold, was as we see it now. Nay, in the haze of the summer afternoon comes the odd thought that what we now survey is precisely what the shadowy ‘oldest inhabitant,’ the Apostle Baldred, saw. In blue haze to the southward, by the base of Traprain, lie the sylvan retreats of Prestonkirk, Whitekirk, and Tynninghame, where he loved to labour and ponder by the winding Tyne, and where his fame yet survives in legend dim and vague. The Bass had fewer tongues, and is silent of his doings, or almost so. Still, it was somewhere on that watery floor that the cruel rock lay in the path of the fishers and wrecked their boats and lives, till they prayed the saint to come to their help, and he went out to the offending rock, and bade all men go from him. Silent and wandering they went, while the lonely figure bent in prayer. See, as he implores, the rock moves! And then the saint, benign and triumphant, is borne on the floating mass as lightly as in his own coracle. If you do not believe the tale, believe your eyes. Yonder is the rock to this day close to the shore, and in proof of its identity it is known as



Thae birds o' the Brine war' my first living care,  
 And, atweel, o' their tribes I hae aye a full share—  
 Tho', the Druids an' Romans baith harried me sair,  
 An' the Norsemen lang looted my rocks !

“ Sanct Baldred I shelter'd, an' nurst wi' my geese,  
 Till his Raiverence drapt whan he closed his life's lease,  
 Like a gannet braucht down by a thief's 'fowling-piece,'  
 Or some silly gowk's haliday looms !  
 On yon shore did he drap, na'r yon Kirk ca'd the White,  
 Whare in that an' twa ithers—as Annalists write—\*  
 His fresh haly corpe—groun to three in one night—  
 Still repose in their several tombs !

“ Yon craig by the Carr was the Anchorite's boat,  
 For 'tween here an' the strand it was lang a dreid spot—  
 Ane terror, in sooth, to seafarers afloat  
 Whan ye wild Norlan' hurricanes blew !  
 Sae the Sanct vow'd at last—' By the powers o' my faith,  
 Of that ill-deedie craig I sall surcease the scaith,  
 An' steer't whare 'twill serve, as a stump an' skiff baith,  
 Jesu's cause to proclaim an' pursue !'

“ Sae, on a Mairch morn, in the year o' his prime,  
 He swam like a deuk on his mission sublime,  
 An' buirdit the terror—ne'er flinching a styme  
*Till his will wi' a nod he did tell !*  
 Instanter ! the craig gied a swee an' a swing—  
 A hotch like a whale, or some Sea-serpent Thing,  
 Syne stude for the shore as sprucely, bee jing,  
 As 'twere Colum's † ain shallop itself !

---

‘ Saint Bawder's Boat.’ Not far off is the crag known as ‘ Saint Baldred's Cradle.’ ‘ Rocked by the winds and waves,’ says the unconscious poetry of local legend, and rocked it truly is when the winds blow. Down by the fortifications is yet to be found the Saint's chapel ; but there we must pass from the historical. The history of the Bass is a thing of volumes, not lines.”

\* Boece, Dempster, Bishop, Lesly, &c.

† “ St Columba,” “ St Colm,” or “ Sanct Colum ” of Iona.

“ ‘Tantallon?’ \* A plaything o’ Time’s for a day !  
I’ve seen’t muckle made o’, syne coosten awae,  
An’ left like a bauble to sink i’ th’ clay

On whilk it was biggit wi’ glee !  
Like the touns an’ the touries on baith o’ yon shores—  
(Frae the first to the last what uncountable scores !)—  
It crummels awa, an’ nae Douglas restores  
What was ance deem’d the fallow o’ me !

“ Hech, hech, an’ hech-howe ! my dungeons an’ cells,  
My castles an’ chapels, my gairdens an’ wells—  
A’ maistly forgotten as sheerly’s the bells

That rang a’ their tales to ae end !  
Or as my auld lairds—frae King Loth to Lauder ;  
Or my sodgers an’ sanets frae Bruce to Blackadder—  
A catalogue gorier, ghostlier, sadder  
Than maist isles thrice my bouk ever kenn’d !

“ But, moonging aside, I am noo a’ for peace  
For me an’ my keepers, my deuks, an’ my geese ;  
My New Beacon’s † a pledge that warfare maun cease—  
(*A’ ye reivers tak’ note o’ that same !*)—

I’m adored by the sea, lat me then by the land  
Be muckle less plundert an’ shot at affhand ;  
The rumpus o’ Winter I weel can withstand,  
Even whan he’s in league wi’ the Faem !

“ Sae shall my white cliffs in their glorie an’ shine  
Gleam afar in the vision o’ mainland an’ brine :  
At my post a’ time coming, as stour as langsyne,  
I shall stand as ane pillar o’ steel !

I’ th’ port o’ thy water-way, Auncient Dunedin—  
(Thou howff o’ the gods baith o’ hich an’ laigh breedin’ !)—  
Ye may safely to me leave the task o’ impedin’  
A’ thy faes that against me should reel !”

---

\* On a promontory on the southern shore of the Firth of Forth, directly opposite the Bass, and distant from it about two miles.

† The lighthouse crested a few years ago on the rock, and lighted for the first time on December 1, 1902.

“NOT TO BE BELIEVED!”

Periods have some of woeful sadness, oft  
After, sweet spells of hope and cheerfulness,  
When their outlook is clear and readable,  
And doubt and hesitation plague no more—  
For Deity's discern'd beyond it all,  
And love and wisdom infinite are His.

Lord Kelvin lived and died in child-like trust—  
(Which great Sir Isaac Newton cherish'd too)—  
Of a full conscious future, putting down  
Annihilation, *Not to be believed*,  
Even tho' the *how* were inconceivable  
Of one breath after death. How blest were they,  
Those two immortal seekers after truth,  
To find the end of all at their beginning,  
And have their earthly days sun-lit with it,  
Pitch darkness knowing not, nor twilight even!

Alas, for some 'tis gloom or glory ever!  
A winter day, alternate storm and shine,  
Succeeded by a week of hurricanes  
And awesome thunder bursts, which fill the void  
With claps of clamour and white-gleaming shafts  
That whiles, if real, might even Jove convert  
From fire-bolts to nosegays! To be, or not  
To be believed? One Voice contemplative  
Affirms that positively “'Tis *to be*,  
Because than death there is no jot of proof;  
And of life after death the hope is one  
As stupid and absurd as the belief  
In one's existence ere one's parents were!”

Another revolution, and, anon,  
Their deeper Voice—the Kelvin-Newton one—  
Angelic whispers in the inmost depths  
Of all their being—“*Not to be believed*,  
Because belief in death—annihilation—  
Assumes presumptuously, despite the lack,  
The total lack, of evidence in Man,  
Or Nature, Everything, that all's but chance,  
Necessity, or law inevitable,  
And, therefore, sheerly dead and ignorant

Of every sentient feeling—joy or woe—  
Desire, or aspiration born of life!

False logic all!" the deeper Voice exclaims,

"Eternal death is *not to be believed!*"

"Man giveth up the ghost, and where is he?"

"Within the keeping of the selfsame Power  
That did instil in him the wish for life,  
And never doeth aught the least in vain!"

"What testifies to this?" "Everything,  
Look close enough—similitudes abound,  
Betokening further life for all that live,  
More than the Phœnix rising from its ash:  
The living present from the dead past came,  
The Spring creeps out of Winter, day from night,  
The serpent from its slough, wing'd flies from worms,  
Live plants from decay'd seeds. All life from death  
Issues for ever, and hath ever done!"

So cries the deeper Voice, till, of earth earthly,  
The other drowns it with this fresh demand—

"If death eternal's *not to be believed*,  
Neither should ceaseless life that springs from death,  
Since like in all things only like begets?  
If death gives life, then both are parts of one,  
For life grows death again—all that lives dies?"

Silent a while, the deeper Voice rejoins—  
"Of the material world that is true.  
Yes. All that is material changes, sure,  
And always, but nothing really 'dies,'  
Whether of matter or of spirit form'd;  
Man, plainly, too, escapes material law  
When he breaks free at death from Matter's bounds,  
And forthwith becomes ruled by other laws;  
Eternal change, it may be, rules both spheres,  
But if so, nothing more, for nothing *can*,  
Though man, till death, perceives this but by faith,  
Even as Lord Kelvin and Sir Isaac did,  
And only could do, like the veriest clowns."

"Yes, that's *the fact!* but faith from reason  
Should surely never run unrein'd and wild  
To trail man into over-deep'ning bogs  
Of pious rot to gratify his pride,

Self-love, complacency, or vain desire ? ”

“ But this old faith,” the deeper Mentor cries,

“ Is led by reason to the place it holds—

Behold the nature of the fate of men,

Doom'd, myriads of them, to the direst ills

For which they never wrought, so don't deserve ;

Therefore doth Reason compensation claim,

With exact justice, for all misery borne

By sentient creatures, in some coming time.

And, as 'tis never fully made them here,

Man hopes, with reason, for it after death.”

“ And yet that *hope*,” the wakeful doubter hints,

“ May verily comprise all he'll receive

As his amends before or after death ? ”

“ 'Tis *not to be believed* ! Why its belief

Would negative the Deity, or stamp God,

Even as His instrument blind Nature is,

The absolutely fellest power within

The vision and the thought of suffering Man !

Besides, the hope of a Hereafter bringeth men

The *peace that passeth understanding*, whilst

Its lack engulfs them in the rayless gloom

Of the antithesis of peace—despair ! ”

“ Alas ! ” the other Voice exclaims, “ too true !

Despair, depression, and a sadness that

Weigh on them like a living death indeed,

Or swiftly bring them to their body's one ! ”

“ All which,” the deeper Voice, with speed affirms,

“ Heap up the evidence that endless death

Is *not to be believed* by those who think

And can see it denied by Man himself—

His glaring incompleteness in a world

Of things all fit and perfect in their spheres ;

Star, plant, and ev'ry animal but him,

Whose incongruity alone's complete,

For his mere mortal life but seldom needs

The use of one half of the god-like gifts

With which he is endowed in mind and heart,

And which in consequence imply a time

Beyond his years on Earth to justify

The mere bestowal of them ! ”

## THE ONLY TIB!

[“OWRE THE MOOR AMANG THE HEATHER.”]

Atween Nunraw \* an' Nungate Raw †  
 Stan's mony a house an' mony a ha',  
 But deil a dwellin' o' them a'

Turns out a lass like Tib—  
 She's “*The soopairnal!*” a'-owre *Queen*—  
 Heid, temper, figure, face, an' mien;  
 Far comelier than Meg or Jean,  
 An' fifty times as glib!

Yae time she boud gang owre the hill  
 To veesit sair-dune Uncle Will,  
 An auld herd at the knowe ca'd “*Mill*”—

Past Johnscleuch a short snib—  
 N'ar whare, as weel's I noo divine,  
 The Whitadder an' Fasney jine—  
 Abune Ailimfuir— a place langsyne  
 I sometimes gaed wi' Tib.

She wasna owre a mile or twa  
 'Yont Castle Maffit ‡ when the snaw—  
 Like Auld Nick's slavers—'gan to fa' ;

At first a switherin' drib,  
 But, ere anither mile she'd gane—  
 A-Lord-a-mercy!—nicht an' main!  
 Her auld blue umberell fu' fain  
 To hoist owre her was Tib!

It snawed atweel!—it snawed bedeen  
 As but on Lammermoor is seen!  
 The glum lift kythed a swarming sheen  
 Of wingit insects—sib

---

\* An ancient Mansion-house and a famous glen seven miles south-east of the county town of East Lothian, on the Hill road *via* Longformacus to Duns.

† A suburb of Haddington.

‡ The beginning of the moorland region.

To a' the midges, moths, an' flees  
Ev'n pleasant Tyneside aften sees  
Ere gloaming' fans wi' balmy breeze  
The flowery haunts o' Tib!

Belyve, in his cauld Norlan' cell  
Brusk Boreas graned an' roused himsel',  
Driving the sheety snaw pell-mell  
In cluds atowre his crib,  
An' hounding on owre mount an' moor  
The howling legions o' his poo'r—  
Scattering distraction, sturt, an' stour,  
And e'en n'ar hennin' Tib!

But wow! he little kenned the fae  
He shored to maister that sair day!  
My faith, tho' 'twere nae bairnie's play,  
An' roads wi' slush were slib,  
Up braes as n'ar as stey as lums,  
Throo gullies deeper than the slums  
Of ev'n Auld Reekie, lo, she comes—  
Triumphant—jist like Tib!

By Spartleton\* the drifts, upblawn  
Like little Pentlan's, noo began  
To bar her wey on ilka han',  
An' crouch perforce her jib;  
Yet to the muckle-est o' them a'  
She braucht a hairt that kenned nae "Na,"  
And gif owre-heid she whiles did fa',  
Slap up again bang'd Tib!

But in the hin'maist wild ravine  
The dreidfu'est sicht ava was seen:  
A band o' schule-bairns—storm-steyed clean—  
Cour'd—huddled rib to rib!

---

\* The second highest summit of the Lammermoor range of hills.

The nearest house stude twa mile east—  
What could be dune? She seized the least :  
Ane in ilk airm, press'd to her breist ;  
A third on back teuk Tib !—

“Ye ithers,” quo she, “grip ma tails—  
The Deil devour the dolt that fails !—  
Grip like young lions—no' like snails,  
Feart for the wee-est nib !  
That's richt—noo for yer hames, my dears ;  
Haud be ma gown—ne'er mind its tears ;  
I'se trail ye hame—ay, tho' like shears  
Your keen claws rippit Tib !”

Whan hame their brats did not appear  
The auld folk were in fearfu' steer,  
An' lang saucht they in dool an' fear ;  
An' loud roar'd auld Jean Gibb :  
“Eh, mercy on us—ane an' a'—  
They'll a' be smothert in the snaw,  
An' frozent waur than Eskymaw !”—  
Unkenning aucht o' Tib.

Sae whan our Carline hove in sicht,  
What time the mune owre Priestlaw hicht  
In clear blue sky rase braid an' bricht,  
They thocht their e'en did fib !  
An' whan the children back they saw—  
Not ev'n ane “smothert in the snaw,”  
Nor “frozent like the Eskymaw”—  
They could hae eaten Tib !

---



## A NEWCOMER.

[VERSES WRITTEN AFTER A CONVERSATION WITH THE  
SUBJECT OF THEM.]

“This ill-suits a spirit tameless—  
Goaving through the city aimless,  
Passing each hour many thousands and yet whole days  
seeing none—  
Not one single friend among them,  
Tho’ the East hath surely flung them  
Many samples of its produce since our farming ills begun.

“But it may be that to-morrow  
I shall greet some son of sorrow  
From about the Lamp of Lothian or the dear-loved  
Lammermoor ;  
If I do, I’ll shake his hand off,  
Make him stagger back and stand off  
Out of sword-point of my friendship if he would survive  
the hour !

“Whole three months have I been in, sir,  
Midst this nameless dirt and din, sir,  
Looking for some situation, so that I might keep together  
The sore-troubled souls and bodies  
Of Wee Wifey and our laddies—  
Some genteel and well-paid office that would fit me to a  
feather !

“When *The Scotsman* sheet I scann’d it,  
Soon I spied what just I wanted—  
Some two dozen at the lowest of grand factorships, and  
such !  
But where’er I went to nab one,  
Lo, by hundreds I’d been outrun,  
And the ‘place’ I lost I wanted, ’cause ’twas ‘wanted’  
overmuch !

“With my well-known swift despatch, then,  
I resolved I'd be a watchman,  
And let factoring to Freuchie go the whole north road  
for me!

What I'll need, and soon need bad, is,  
Full support for wife and laddies,  
And for self some tit-bit oddments plus a little barley bree!

“Wherefore, to the prints returning  
Keen at breakfast time next morning,  
In their advertising columns I found that a common  
dearth—

Ev'rywhere in town and country—  
Was experienced of the gentry  
Who supply the finest watchmen--oft the boldest men  
on earth!

“I chose one for application,  
'Twas a bank one--just the station  
For a gentleman requiring lots of leisure, tips, and pay;  
So I tidied up and went for't,  
As I saw the time was but short  
In which applicants for certain could admission gain that  
day.

“When I reach'd the square it lies in,  
Round the bank a crowd surprisin'  
Whelm'd and shouted, crush'd and scolded, worse than  
rustics at a fair,  
And a bobby near by told me,  
They were those who'd fain enroll'd be  
Of the watchman's post as seekers--many thousands,  
then and there!

“I was dumb-struck, and stood gazing  
Long time at that mob amazing,  
Muster'd from all ranks and classes--ev'ry tribe and type  
of men—

There were soldiers, there were sailors,  
Doctors, clergymen, and tailors—  
Samples large of every sort yet within poor Scotland's ken!

“To the same goal as the factors,  
Soon the watchmen I bade pack, sirs,  
And slipp’d in and pree’d some comfort at a nearer crib  
than Fife ;

It was full, almost to bursting,  
With a dense crowd, mad with thirsting,  
And relieving it with drenches of the elixir of life !

“Standing next me at the counter  
Was a large man—like a hunter,  
Or a Russian—say a Cossack—from the steepest steppe  
just stept,

So to him I told my story,  
At the hearing which, so sorry  
Felt this tender-hearted giant, that he howl’d aloud and  
wept !

“Then he swore, on his recovery,  
Of all Scots he was a lover aye,  
’Cause his sainted mother, Grizzly, was a daughter of  
their land !

If I’d step with him to his house,  
He would fix me like a dormouse,  
With a princely situation and prosperity offhand !

“Up and down a score of back streets—  
Where at every turning one meets  
With a specimen conspicuous of this world’s want and  
woe—

Went we to the giant’s cavern—  
A side chamber in a tavern—  
Into which are moneyed rustics, when befool’d, enticed  
to go.

“That he meant at length to drug me,  
Wholly despoil and humbug me,  
I suspected, so close watch’d him when he pass’d my  
drink along ;

And, immediate, when he saw not,  
I exchanged mine for his own pot,  
Which he emptied the next moment with a relish great  
and strong !

“Gad! almost instantaneous  
Its effect proved on this genius,  
For he sank down in a jiffey in the settle he sat on,  
Like a sot the bobby throttles  
Who has ‘toom’d’ too many bottles  
Of the dew of Scotland’s mountains and then sleeps as  
sound’s a stone!

“Back once more in mine own Hostel,  
I dispatch’d my hindmost postal  
To the dear mate of my bosom in the farmhouse far  
away:  
‘Now,’ said I, ‘what next, I wonder?  
Must I really crouch down under  
Strong necessity, and labour—manfully—through every  
day?

“‘*If nought better offers, do it!*’—  
(From the very first I knew it—  
That this awful resolution—on compulsion—would be  
mine!)—  
So next morning brisk, and early,  
I was up and at it fairly—  
Hunting all round for employment in the car or cabmen’s  
line!

“Ah, alas, alas for ‘driving!’  
Thousands here were also *striving*—  
Many hundreds half a lifetime had been doing little else!  
Hearing this, I tried the Road folk,  
If they needed any odd folk,  
I was just their dab, for *oddness* said of me was seldom  
false!

“Might as well have tried the College  
For its highest chair of knowledge  
As those Scaffies for permission to ply either scoop or  
broom!  
So I turn’d my back unto them  
And straight pawn’d my coat to do them,  
Then had thoughts of a Dean Bridge leap, the next  
suicidal boom!

“There I went, in fact, with Martin,\*  
Just to know the depth, for certain,  
From its parapet—where highest—to the stream’s rock-  
bed below :  
When I saw it, I reflected,  
And drew back from it dejected,  
’Cause it really seem’d tremendous, and death from’t  
but so-and-so !

“Sitting pondering on a boulder,  
Some one touch’d me on the shoulder—  
A gentlemen of worth and means—our old Hostel’s  
Chief himself !  
‘Sir,’ he said, ‘you may not know me,  
But I know your *case*, and, blow me,  
I will give you just to stroll each day ev’n two-and-six  
of pelf !’

“‘To what, sir !’—cried I, much relieved  
To be from that dread bridge retrieved—  
‘Just to stroll round like a gentleman for a half-a-crown  
a day !  
Don my card boards, fore and aft, sir—  
’Tis the gentlest, easiest craft, sir—  
Than your Sandwich man there none is either half so  
nice or gay !’

“On my seat, Sam, by the river  
I did all o’er shake and shiver,  
At my recent dev’lish danger and miraculus escape !  
So I told the Chief at once then,  
I would join his jolly sandwich men,  
And I’ve been a-strolling with them ever since the Dean  
Bridge scrape !”

---

\* A brother in distress.

MISTRESS JENNY DICKIE OF ELSHINFUIRD'S \*  
 "BAABY'S SONG."

[OVERHEARD.]

Wee-wee ! wee-wee ! wee, wee bonnie baaby, O !  
 Mammy tiss 'im's little mou' an' steek 'im's yelpin'  
 gabbie, O !  
 Steeky, steeky, steekety, yelpin' baaby Dickety !

Hing-hing ! hing-hing ! hingin' ne'er sall steer ye, O !  
 Never grew the wuddy tree that could hing ma  
 dearie, O !  
 Wuddy, wuddy, wickety, ye'se ne'er get ma Dickety !

Wee-wee ! wee-wee ! wee, wee bonnie laddie, O !  
 Mammy's livin' little doo—eemage o' 'im's Daddie, O !  
 Dickie, Dickie, Dickety, Prince Impairl Dickety !

Sook-sook ! sook-sook ! fill 'im's little baggie, O !  
 Mammy's sook's 'im's sweet sook—neither clart nor  
 claggy, O !  
 Sooky, sooky, sookety, mum's wee limpet Dickety !

Hush-hush ! hush-hush ! steek 'im's little eenie, O !  
 Baaby wauken at this 'oor maunna e'er be seenie, O !  
 Cricky, cricky, crickety, crick atowre frae Dickety !

Ba-ba ! ba-ba ! hush-a-ba ma baaby, O !  
 Mammy's sodger Wallace wean diel a loon daur  
 nabby, O !  
 Licky, licky, lickety, lick a' loons sall Dickety !

---

\* The local designation for Athelstaneford, a village a couple and a half miles north-east of Haddington, two of the old ministers of which village were erstwhile Blair, author of the celebrated poem, "The Grave," and Home, the writer of the tragedy of "Douglas."

Broo-broo ! broo-broo ! brent broo’d’s ma wee laddie, O !  
The puir man’s cause he’ll stump up yet higher than  
’im’s Daddie, O !

Speaky, speaky, speakety, speak a’ blind sall Dickety !

Pow-wow ! pow-wow ! lang pow’d’s ma wee dawty, O !  
Sure to write us finer yairns e’en than auld Sir Watty, O !  
Writey, writey, writeiky—write in sooth sall Dickety !

Wut-wut ! wut-wut ! wutty sall be baaby, O !  
Born to string us gloris rames, like a second Rabbie, O !  
Wutty, wutty, wuttiky,—star e’ed baaby Dickety !

Sing-sing ! sing-sing ! sweet sall sing ma pettie, O !  
Never lav’rick in the air sang like him its ditty, O !  
Lav’rick, lav’rick, lav’ricky—wait ye hear ma Dickety !

Braw-braw ! braw-braw ! braw are ye ma dearie, O !  
Ye sall win a Yankee wife wi’ banks o’ gowd to cheer  
ye, O !  
Lucky, lucky, luckety, oot-luck a’ sall Dickety !

Sleep-sleep ! sleep-sleep ! Jesu bide a-near ye, O !  
Hug in ’s airms thy cherub bouk an’ far frae black  
death steer ye, O !  
Sleepy, sleepy, sleepiky—my life, my saul, my  
Dickety !

---

“THE LOVE OF LIFE.”

[TO A CORRESPONDENT.]

If love o’ life is “strong” in thee,  
Still “stronger” should ye meanness scunner,  
And, rather every hour to be  
Forego, than have it with dishonour !

## A DROUTHIE WIFIE.

[A REMINISCENCE OF THE DOG-DAYS.]

“ Up a’ the road to Elshinfuird,\*  
 To Elshinfuird, to Elshinfuird,  
 Up a’ the road to Elshinfuird  
 Wi’ wearie feet gaed I !  
 An’ whan I gat to Elshinfuird,  
 To Elshinfuird, to Elshinfuird,  
 Losh ! whan I gat to Elshinfuird  
 Think ye I wasna dry !

“ Sae straucht on to the Brewerie,  
 The Brewerie, the Brewerie,  
 Straucht forrit to the Brewerie  
 E’en like a Man strade I !  
 An’ there I coft a chapinfu’,  
 Of swipes a muckle chapinfu’,  
 Coft an’ drank toom a chapinfu’—  
 Lord knows, but I was dry !”

## THE KIRKS.

[THE SON.]

That dagon’d buffer o’ a wife  
 Wi’ her “ Och-on, och-rie !”  
 For a’ my toil, for a’ my strife,  
 It’s aye “ Och-on, och-rie !”

The limmer’s waefuer than her wail,  
 “ Och-on, och-on, och-rie !”  
 She’s Heilant owre, frae snout to tail—  
 “ Och-on, och-on, och-rie !”

## THE PARENT.

Ye sneevlin’ idiot ! am not I  
 Thy mither—the “ Auld Free ” ?  
 Yet thou’d rejoice to see me die—  
 Och-on, och-on, och-rie !

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\* See footnote, page 242.



## TO THE SHADE OF AN AULD CRONY

Albeit I'm nae Theosophist,  
 Nor ane wi' extra measure blest  
 O' power to peer out throo the mist  
     Round man's mirk end;  
 In fond hope that thou still exist,  
     This blaud is penn'd.

Gif that dear hope pruve richt to be,  
 Some mutual freends thou sune may see,  
 As furth this warl' they daily flee,  
     Baith auld an' young—  
 As thou didst, whan thou jee'd a-gley,  
     By "Phthisis" stung!

Some o' thae freen's will doubtless tell  
 Thee a' the stotts \* they ken themsel',  
 'Bout a' the folk by cleuch an' fell  
     Frae Lammer grand  
 Doun throo the Shire—ev'n to the "Well"  
     Black Agnes fand. †

---

\* Items of news.

† The celebrated "Holy Well," near Whitekirk, East Lothian, discovered by Black Agnes of Dunbar. Charles E. Green of Edinburgh, in his recently-published beautiful and able volume on East Lothian, quotes from a history contained in the library of the Vatican the following regarding this once famous spring:—"In 1294, when Edward First of England had defeated the Scot's army near Dunbar, many of the army fled into that castle, then commanded by Black Agnes, Countess of Dunbar, who, seeing the number within so great that the place must soon be surrendered, rather than fall into the hands of her enemies, made her escape by water in the night in order to have gone to Fife. But she, receiving a hurt while getting into the boat, and the wind being against her, was obliged to be landed on that part of the shore nearest to Fairknowe (now Whitekirk), to which she was carried. The English, however, ravaging the country, they were obliged to halt while a party of them passed, during which time, being in great agony, she prayed to the Holy Mother for relief, when a hermit came and told her if she had faith to drink of that holy well she would find relief: which she did, and had no sooner done drinking than she was perfectly recovered from all bruises and made whole. This miracle she made known to Andrew de Foreman, Prior of Coldingham, and in the following year she built a

Sae, on the chance that they'll repeat  
 This ghaistly scrip, or let thee see 't—  
 I mean the shade o't—whan thou meet,  
     I'll yerk down in't  
 Some twa-three uncós, sour or sweet,  
     That shid be kent.

In Saltoun's kirkyaird mools hath lain  
 Thae five an' forty towmonds gane,  
 Thy han'some bouk, excell'd by nane  
     Whan thou was fier—  
 Tho' 't's dootless dust, baith brawn an' brain,  
     This mony a year !

Altho' upo' this warld's face  
 Sin' that bouk droopit to its place  
 Sma' differ's seen, yet, for Man's race,  
     A tale's now tauld  
 Whilk pruves thou wast ane lad o' grace,  
     An' prophet bauld !

I watna whether ghaists tak stock  
 O' what befa's the living folk—  
 Sic as new-fangled schemes, that mock  
     The looms o' yore,  
 An' gar the growing black-squad flock  
     Guffawing roar ?

Twa month ere thou left us in tears,  
 The first machine the corn that shears  
 Began, mid mony hopes an' fears,  
     Whan thou criedst me—  
 "As wenches girrs,\* in twa-three years,  
     They'll common be !"

---

chapel and a chantry in honour of our Lady, and endowed it with ten merks a year for ever. The number of miracles performed at this well was so great that in 1309, John Abernethy, with the assistance of the monks at Melrose, procured a shrine to be erected and dedicated to the Holy Mother. In 1413 there were no less than 15,653 pilgrims of all nations, and the offerings were equal to 1422 merks," etc.

\* Crinolines, at that time in high fashion.

Weel! sin' thon reaper cam' *incog.*,  
 The ither "notions" now in vogue  
 Are countless as in Danscan Bog  
     The taeds that croak!—  
 They warkmen's functions fiend-like dog,  
     An' shore to choke! †

The "hands" thae "grand inventions" strike,  
 An' leave still less an' less to pike,  
 Swarm, idly goaving, round the byke  
     O' ev'ry toun;  
 Or, sheerly dang'd by want, belike,  
     Starve, hang, or droun!

It a' haps just as thou did'st say  
 An' foretell me yon harvest day—  
 "Machin'ry wad pruve sune the fae  
     O' a' the puir  
 To sich a length, that, yea or nay,  
     They'd bear't nae mair!"

Already to this pass we've come,  
 Press, Stump, an' Poopit grummlin' bum,  
 Nay! even a Revolution hum  
     Booms faint a-far—  
 A feeble constitutional strum  
     O' wordy war.

I fain wad be a-near thee noo,  
 An' learn of this thy new-warld view;  
 Civilisation, throo an' throo,  
     Wi' strife o' speech,  
 An' scribblin's, in sich mad a-do  
     Sense flees her reach!

Her foremost sons seem driven gyte,  
 An' dow but fluister, fecht, an' flyte!  
 Frae Lon'on round to Sydney quite,  
     A hull-a-baloo  
 Mak's e'en our saunts wi' grief—or spite—  
     Turn black an' blue!

---

† Threaten to destroy.

At "Socialism," or denial,  
Man, wife, an' wean maun hae a shy all ;  
And of their wrath, wi' ready vial,  
    Few ever dally  
To pour opponents out a "trial"—  
    Reciprocally !

They croud an' crush, dispute, an' sweat,  
As they'd rin ithier aff their feet ;  
The vera kiddies in the street  
    Divide in pairties,  
An' argue gif the "State" should geet  
    Their bools an' cairties !

Auld Crony ! thou'rt within the "Veil"—  
Impenetrable, pairt an' haill,  
Nor slit, nor rift, nor flaw, nor fail  
    In a' its wab,  
That can as spy-hole me avail  
    One peep to nab !

Can'st thou, frae the Empyrean groves,  
Doun cast a glance on thine "auld loves"—  
Now "gray crones"—wha kythed sweet as doves  
    To thy young een ?  
An' fogies, with whom hands-in-gloves  
    Thou aft hae been ?

The "Veil" frae this side's as opaque  
As death an' kirkyairds it can make,  
But, aiblins, in a piercing straik  
    O' heavenly licht,  
'Tis as transparent's ony lake  
    In simmer bricht ?

Gif sich be sae, as I jaloose,  
Then weel mayst thou be stealing views  
An' wistfu' keeks at thy auld joes,  
    An' lang syne chums—  
A' waiting here at life's drieche close  
    Till their "time" comes ?

I ferly mickle, late an' air,  
Gin aucht o' ours now claims thy care?  
Or gif, whan thou've an hour to spare  
Below the mune,  
Thou ever to our howffs repair  
To see what's dune?

Gin sich fell scope be giv'n a ghaist,  
A' caution spent is dounricht waste;  
An' sinners mair or less disgraced  
As sune as seen,  
For ony ane found out a'maist  
Is "doctor'd" clean!

Being speerits, ghaists may slip within  
The closest cover man can win,  
And there, to disembodied een,  
He'll show as gross  
An' public as at noonday's seen  
Our Mercat Cross!

But recognition of the guid  
Daunts neither heart nor chills the bluid,  
But, contra, whan weel understude  
Is its safe law,  
It's hail'd an' honour'd, as it shid,  
By grit an' sma'.

This leads me on, dear shade, to speir  
Gif our reunion's drawing near?  
Neist Fa', intil its seeventieth year  
My life's track stricks—  
Tho' its close, haply may be here  
Ere many weeks.

Sma' maitter—gif thou'rt on the shore  
Whan Charon's cobble whalms me o'er  
That Stygian gulf, whilk, to explore,  
The wut o' man  
Is e'en as thowless as to soar  
An' high heaven scan.

Eh, Lord ! that hour—an we but see't !  
 That Hour o' hours whan we'se remeet !  
 Its joy-bell throo Elysium fleet  
     Sall ring itsel',  
 As loud an' lang as if complete  
     Heaven'd pardon'd Hell !

Then Doubt an' Fear, outlaw'd wad flee !  
 An' Unbelief of "full proofs" dee !  
 While Wonder teuk haill haud o' me  
     An' nae pairts spurn'd—  
 Save those o' "Infidelitie,"  
     Now buff'd an' scorn'd !

And Charity an' Love wad share  
 Wi' Faith an' Hope for evermair  
 Their divine meed—rest, peace, an' fare,  
     'Yond a' believing  
 As far, nae doubt, as Beauty there  
     Is 'yond conceiving !

Syne whaten cracks we twa wad hae !  
 What tales to tell that glorious day !  
 Man, Willie, I've sich lots to say  
     That, truth to tell,  
 I'm glad Time ne'er can pass away  
     Ayont the "Veil" !

Eternity's deid sure on high !  
 Sae, countless ages, thou an' I,  
 Micht chat an' claver 'bune the sky,  
     An' jest fu' cheerie !  
 Haill æons I could let snoove bye,  
     An' never wearie !

Ha, ha ! but, haith, I still am here,  
 Deep in Auld Reekie's sturt an' steer !  
 Sans even wan vestige guid or clear  
     Of proof that thou  
 Art aucht else than some dusty gear  
     In Saltoun now !

Still!—’spite the lack o’ that “clear proof,”  
 A Something out yon starry roof  
 Pleads that wi’ me in man’s behoof  
     Nane may gainsay,  
 An’ that Auld Crony Willie’s loof  
     I’se shake some day!

---

“HANDS ACROSS THE SEA.”

I.—“WEE MEGGIE.”

[AN AUSTRALIAN, AGED TWO YEARS.]

Little Meggie Fleming has  
 “The bonniest face that ever was!”  
 I haena seen’t—but that’s because  
     Her parents gaed  
 An’ left “Auld Samil”—as it fa’s—  
     Ere “Meg” was made!

But noo she’s “made,” an’ living, too,  
 Ay! blooming like the bell ca’d “blue”—  
 The “Scottish Bluebell,” whilk, I trew,  
     Of flowers that blaw,  
 Is—ev’n than “gowans wat wi’ dew”—  
     Maist lo’ed by a’!

Bloom on, bloom on, thou peerless flower,  
 A wee within thy far-aff bower!  
 Syne bend thy tap the braid brine owre  
     To Scotland’s clime,  
 That I may see an’ on thee shower  
     Rare spells o’ rhyme!

## II.—WITH “WEE MEGGIE’S” DOLL.

[SENT FOR HER THIRD BIRTHDAY BY LOVING FRIENDS  
IN SCOTLAND.]

Was ever such a doll as this?  
Was ever such anither “Miss”?  
Why! surely frae the realms o’ bliss  
It hath fa’n down,  
An’ here, to win “Wee Meggie’s” kiss,  
Hath straightway flown!

III.—“DORRIE”—“WEE MEGGIE’S”  
ELDEST SISTER—

AN AULD MAN’S PET.\*

Far ben Australia noo is she  
Whom I wad fain hae nearer me,  
Groun “auld an’ hoary”;  
A wee afore death snips my thread  
I’d have aside me here in bed  
Wee winsome Dorrie!

With little Dorrie at my back,  
In bygone morns I wasna slack  
To laugh galore aye!  
To tease an’ tousle her “Gann-pa”  
She scouted every rule an’ law  
They made for Dorrie!

In simple innocence—sae sweet!—  
An’ humour that was aye a “treat,”  
’Deed, her grand glory,  
“Gann-pa,” she’d lisp, “Me’s tum again,  
Me tuddle at your bum again,  
’Oo no’ kick ’Orrie?”

\* “Dorrie,” or the less familiar Angliè “Dora,” a grandchild who left Edinburgh with her parents to emigrate to Australia in 1898, the third year of the child. She was, truly, all the above rhyme indicates, and she had indeed a “tearsome gaun awa”!



But, willy-nilly, while she spak',  
 She'd tumble headlang by my back,  
     Wild for a “story,”—  
 Wonders, impossibles, or baith,  
 Gat instant heed, belief, an' faith—  
     Doubt ne'er barr'd Dorrie.

Syne whan—in number seldom few—  
 The “stories” a' were gotten throo,  
     Began her splory  
 O' thumpin' “Gann-pa” wi' a pillow,  
 Or hiding till the puir auld fellow  
     “Grat” for “lost” Dorrie!

Belyve, outbursting frae her screen—  
 In case her “loss” hurt “Gann-pa's” een,  
     Or made him “sorry”—  
 Bang! on his breist she'd stride-legs mount—  
 His “huntress,” syne, 'yond a' account,  
     Was “Gann-pa's Dorrie!”

The drollest, likewise, I'll go bail—  
 Nae giglet, coach'd up, bound to fail,  
     Nae “tammy-norry,”  
 Nor goddess either, myth, nor saint,  
 But just our bairn embodiment  
     O' fun was Dorrie.

Time were renew'd—an' ane could mak' it—  
 With Dorrie back to Mucklebackit,  
     Ere he life's shore aye  
 At last forsakes, an' joins the hosts  
 Of fearsome “bogles,” “wraiths,” an' “ghosts”—  
     Sae unlike Dorrie!

“BAWBEES FOR SNAPS.” \*

Mysie Johnston's wee, wee Johnnie—  
 Jalousin' our bawbees be mony—  
 Fain o' me wad mak' a crony,  
     E'en 'fore far younger chaps !  
 He's jist the type o' generations  
 O' gettlins o' a' ranks an' stations,  
 Whom folk, to stop their batherations,  
     Lug out bawbees for snaps.

*Our* trials begoud wi' twa young neffies—  
 Thrawn deils, I trow, an' rude an' stiff as  
 The gangrels wha gie maidens gliffies,  
     An' cheek on our door staps,  
 Whan they refuse the rogues to dine,  
 Or pass to them a siller coin,  
 As free as to the bairns langsyne  
     Our bawbees pass'd for snaps !

I'se wad its thretty year an' mair  
 Sin' Peggy first began to share  
 An interest in us and our gear  
     As keen's our ain, perhaps,  
 The wratch wad skelp owre fells an' dales  
 Like ony deer to pouk our tails,  
 An' crave wi' airtless words an' wails  
     A bawbee to buy snaps !

But, dearie me ! Peg—noo a wife—  
 In far Austreely drees her life !  
 Yet, weel I wat, the brats are rife  
     Wha still for us set traps !  
 Gang north or south, gang east, gang wast—  
 It's a' the same—the die is cast—  
 We maun fork out as lang's they last  
     Our bawbees to buy snaps !

---

\* Anglicè, coppers for sweetmeats.

Wee burly boys an' girlies gay  
 Ring us around, be 't nicht or day,  
 A living wa' aft blocks our way  
     That shaws nor gates nor gaps !  
 Sin' Peggie first begoud the game  
 Some thousan's, sure, hae learn'd the same !—  
 Our cash aye sped as fast's it came  
     In bawbees to buy snaps !

Peg's billie, efter she was groun,  
 Swith strack our track an' ran us doun !  
 And, wow ! *he* prued a siccar loon  
     At raising pocket flaps !—  
 For's penny gaffs, skates, whirligigs,  
 Pies, ice-creams, cookies, nits an' figs,  
 He rookit aft our humble digs,  
     E'en o' bawbees for snaps !

And his successor was nae better,  
 For, being a wench, whare'er we met her,  
 We had nae ither choice than let her  
     Rin rampant throo her waups—  
 Her lauchin' phiz, an' winsome ways,  
 Turn'd mirkiest into sunniest days !—  
 Sae what we'd saved for breid an' claes  
     She maistly gat for snaps !

This hempy like an Empress ruled,  
 By her we were baith tax'd an' schuled,  
 An' sairly out o' gear befuled  
     Whan into dorts she'd lapse !  
 Then naething wi' our queen gaed doun  
 But “bawbees,” “bawbees,” morn an' nune !  
 Rock, gewgaws, choc'lates, late an' sune,  
     An' never-ending snaps !

But losh, hoo swith the young grow up !  
 Wean, kid, calf, kittlin, cub, or pup,  
 Hae barely claucht o' life their grup,  
     An' 'scaped the rage an' straps

Of cankert guardians or forbears  
 Before the full-grown bloke appears—  
 An' the erst baaby gecks an' sneers  
     At's late-lo'ed sooks an' snaps !

Still maist confess, despite the fash,  
 A hankerin' for the "bairny trash !"  
 Your grown folk, keen to cut a dash,  
     Tear freenship aft to scraps !  
 Their wilyart twa suspicious een,  
 Fraucht wi' black envy, greed, or teen,  
 Shaw furth their sauls whan worth is seen  
     To win a neibor snaps !

Young birds are simple, auld birds spry—  
 Secretive, calculating, sly—  
 Tentless, gin they the "main-chance" spy,  
     Whase vittals stow their craps !  
 But "self" your chicken touts but rarely,  
 Gin he get pickin's fair an' squarely,  
 An' bairns will dumfound auld folk fairly  
     For but "bawbees for snaps."

---

### HOME RULE.

Our Cat's a deep Philosopher  
     Philosopher, Philosopher,  
 A born profound Philosopher,  
     If e'er a cat was ane,  
 An' aft at e'en, whan nocht doth stir,  
 I hear her this distinctly purr :—  
     " 'When Britain first at Heaven's command  
     Arose from out the azure main,'  
 She clutched Ould Ireland by the hand,  
     An' swore she'd ne'er let go again !"

"THE LONE AULD MAN."

[AN INCIDENT OF THE INFLUENZA EPIDEMIC]

He pappit up and down our gate,  
 But never spak' to wan ;  
 Snooved quately bye ilk ane he met—  
 A silent, harmless man ;  
 But wha he was, or whaur belang'd,  
 Feint ane yet ever fan'.

He had a lodging down the wey  
 Atween here an' the Stran',  
 Ta'en frae its laird on weekly pey,  
 An' the forerenting plan ;  
 For tho' he lookit sic as tramps  
 He wasna o' their clan.

Hoo he "gat on," or what he "did,"  
 Nae wife could understan' ;  
 The mair they tried the mair 'twas hid,  
 An' bate aff a' to scan—  
 While he pass'd out an' in the same  
 Still, dumb, mysterious man.

Belyve our wives left him for guid,  
 As wise as they began :  
 Nane bar the bard e'er understude,  
 Or fathom'd that Auld Man—  
 Sir Bard alone wi's wizard e'en  
 The riddle read affhan'.

Neist door to whaur the mystic lived,  
 A wee, wee wench, ca'd Nan,  
 Frae morn to e'en wraucht, scour'd and strived  
 To haud her "faim'ly" gaun—  
 Her dad, an' little billies six—  
 In crowdie, claes, an' scan.

Whan Influenza throo the air  
Spread trouble owre the lan',  
Amang the first anes smitten sair  
Was the puir Lone Auld Man;  
An' sooth! he'd kick'd the bucket clean  
But for that wee wench Nan.

As sune's she twigg'd he "wasna up"  
She flew for Doctor Swan,  
Wha dozed him wi' a mutchkin stoup  
O' pure wheich, an' some bran,  
Wairpt as a poultice round his hause,  
As het as he could stan'.

Weel! ere anither week had flown,  
On fit was that Auld Man,  
Trampin' a' Edinboro' roun'  
Like youths o' twenty-wan—  
Sae perfit was his doctor's cure,  
Sae fell his wee nurse Nan.

The leech he paid wi' current "tin,"  
The nurse wi' a new pan,  
To bile her "faim'ly's" parritch in.  
As her auld pat out-ran—  
Being split whan she was heating up  
His poultices o' bran.

Nor deil bit mair was he tongue-tied,  
But free and gabby whan  
The eident lassie he espied,  
As butt an' ben she ran,  
Fechtin' to keep aye hale an' fit  
Her "faim'ly"—boy an' man.

At last, ae day, his whilom nurse  
He speir'd what he was awn,  
Syne handit her in silken purse  
A bank cheque fairly drawn,  
For nae less than a hunner pound,  
Payawble but to Nan.

At first she thaucht the mannie mad,  
 Or shored to coup the cran, \*  
 Or that the Influenza had  
 Clean reived him for a span  
 O' a' the mither-wut an' mense  
 He heretofore had shawn.

But he was aff ere she could speak,  
 Or her wits words comman',  
 An' naething mair for mony a week  
 Heard she o' that Auld Man—  
 In sooth, till a'e nicht Posty brang  
 A scrip, inscribed "TO NAN."

It was a Lon'on lawyer's screed  
 Acquenting her affhan'  
 Her freend the *Lone Auld Man* had dee'd  
 The walthiest Jersey man—  
 A multi-millionaire in fack—  
 An' left his a' to Nan!

---

### SONG—AN EMIGRANT'S FAREWEEEL TO EDINBURGH.

It's "fareweel" noo, Jean, "fare weel to Auld Reekie!"  
 The hour's come at last when we maunna stey mair  
 Whaur, day in an' oot, an' week efter week aye,  
 Sin' e'er we were mairried, we've struggled sae sair!  
 But dinna greet, lass, O dinna greet wifie!  
 We'se nae doubt come back to this ever dear toun,  
 When we've made up our pile, an' endit this strife aye  
 In the rowthy far land for which we are boun'.

Fareweel, then, ye hills, fareweel, then, Auld Reekie!—  
 Thy wide-spreading Park, an' thy Palace o' fame,  
 Thy streets, an' the wynds an' the closes sae smeeke,  
 We'se see but in dreams in our far awa' hame!

---

\* Threatened to die outright.

The bairns ! cry them in, syne come awa', dearie,  
 Our ship is a' ready wast by i' th' Clyde ;  
 I'm nae broken down, I'm a' maist as cheerie  
 As on the blythe e'ening that made ye my bride !

Yon graves i' th' Grange we lea' to Auld Reekie—  
 The tombs o' our darlings, wee Johnnie an' May !  
 They're what we maun leave, tho' the leaving mak's  
     bleak aye  
 The "hopefu' outlook" in the land far awae !  
 O lookna out owre—out owre the auld "Meadows"—  
 Whaur lang Sabbath e'enings we daunder'd for years,  
 Ne'er recking, atweel, that life's fast-fa'in' shadows  
 Wad scare us sae soon frae maist a' that endears !

Thy aff-spring rebel to lea' ye, Auld Reekie,  
 But the fell strain o' poortith wha can withstand ?  
 Yet let Fortune smile—hoo sune wad we seek ye,  
 Tho' like princes we fared i' th' far awa land !  
 O hist ye, my luve, bring Jeannie and Meggie,  
 The laddies 'ill gang to the Station wi' me—  
 Roond by the Brigs an' the grand Castle Craigie,  
 Which something forebodes it's the last time I'll see !

---

"A TOOTHFU'."

[AN INCIDENT OF A RECENT SNOWSTORM.]

"Sirs ! sirs ! grant me a toothfu' !  
 The least wee drap—a toothfu',—  
 I only crave a toothfu' !"  
     A puir auld wife did plead—  
 "I speak ye leal an' truthfu',  
 A' that I want's a toothfu' !  
 E'en just the wee-est mouthfu'—  
     My auld guidman is deid !"



We rax'd her owre a toothfu',  
 Being baith sweir an' laithfu'  
 To grudge to ane a toothfu'  
     Whase auld guidman was deid ;  
 Sae, mercifu' an' ruthfu',  
 We pour'd her oot a toothfu',  
 Whilk she, maist desperate drouthfu',  
     Did gulp down then wi' speed !

The snaw-drift swirl'd the booth fou,  
 Blokt hill roads north and south fou,  
 The wifie teuk a toothfu'  
     Owre aften for her heid !—  
 For whan the snaw depairtit—  
 'Twad pairced the hardest hairtit—  
 To see that wifie cairtit  
     Back to her hame stane deid !

---

### MUNGO PARK.

[ON THE CENTENARY OF HIS LAST LEAVING SCOTLAND TO  
 ASSUME COMMAND OF THE EXPEDITION PROMOTED  
 BY GOVERNMENT FOR THE EXPLORATION OF THE  
 NIGER RIVER, WEST AFRICA].

Ablaze with courage, youth and hope,  
     Fann'd by heroic memories—thou  
 Scann'd earth for field to give thee scope,  
     And, having found it, knit thy brow  
 And launch'd thyself on Afric's plains—  
 Wotting of neither joys nor pains.

Starvation, thirst, disease, despair,  
     From savage clime, and beast, and man,  
 Thou met and o'ercame everywhere,  
     Yea ! all but wrought thy finished " plan,"  
 Ere driven back by evil Fate—  
*Fix'd, absolute—beyond debate !*

But home joys now ill-suited thee,  
 Ambition urged another flight ;  
 And, State aid coming, fast and free  
 Thou girded thyself with thy might,  
 Once more to tackle to all those  
 Hordes of huge ills and savage foes !

Alas ! Alas ! too heedless State,  
 And eke too-daring-minded Scot !  
 What "luck" will shed aside his fate  
 Who dares so oft the one last lot ?  
 Down thy band sank—head after head—  
 With fell short pause—till all were dead !

Through jungle, wilderness, and wild,  
 Ev'n from the hour the march began,  
 Hardships, *unutterable*, despoiled  
 The best endeavour—but thy "plan"—  
*It* stood intact to thy last breath—  
 Yea, not even with thyself knew death !

For it was of the deathless kind  
 That progress aids, and ignorance  
 Sweeps from the eyes of sense and mind,  
 And lets the cause of Man advance !—  
 The Niger's ways are no more dark  
 Since her dawn-breaker—MUNGO PARK !

---

### AN EXTRAORDINARY EGG.

G. M. writes to "The Scotsman": "Stenton, Prestonkirk, June 17, 1907. Sir,—I have just seen a hen's egg at the Lintmill, in this parish, weighing 6 ozs., and measuring 9 in. by 8 in. circumference. The hen which laid the egg is a first cross between a black Minorca and a buff Orpington. I wonder if this case of an unusually large egg is a record one.

The product of a fowl unmatched !  
 I ferly, gin this yite were hatched,  
 What kind o' bird the chick wad be  
 Escaping from the shell we'd see ?

Wad it be like this parent prize—  
 Fowre times the ord'nar poult'rer's size?  
 Or jist a common barn-door chick  
 Appear whan it begoud to pick?  
 I hanker muckle owre this guess—  
 But I wad hanker muckle less  
 Gif it within my power ance cam'  
 To fry it with our mornin's ham,  
 Syne, owre a steaming joug o' tea,  
 Halve 't, just an' fair, 'tween Tib an' me!

EDINBURGH, *June 18th, 1907.*

### SOME RUSTIC PUNDITS.

[WRITTEN AFTER HEARING THEM DISPUTE AFTER THE  
 BURIAL OF A LEARNED LOTHIAN FARMER.]

FIRST RUSTIC. (*A small farmer.*)

"They say Dick kenn'd a'thing under the sun—  
 This thing an' that thing, an' 'tither thing tae?"

SECOND RUSTIC. (*A blacksmith.*)

"But what does it serve, gin his haill coorse is run,  
 An' Death for his pains but decrees him this clay?"

THIRD RUSTIC. (*A beemaster.*)

"Whaur are noo a' his wisdom, great knowledge, an'  
 lear,

His saxty odd years o' borein' an' readin'?  
 Losh! he's less than a baaby lying down there,  
 His skull like a skep gien the maggots to breed in?"

FOURTH RUSTIC. (*An unemployed dominie.*)

"Wheesht! no be sae sure our great neibor can pass,\*  
 It's injustice to Justice to threep it can be!  
 For tho' his heid noo is alow the green grass,  
 The force we ca'd him death has but looten free!"

\* Be annihilated.

FIFTH RUSTIC. (*A tailor.*)

"He shall last evermair! never wance can he fade!  
 Nae kennin' o' maitter or speerit's e'er lost!  
 Change only down there has our great neibor laid—  
 His sma'est styme's safe tho' throo Europe 'twere  
 tost!"

## THE "UNEMPLOYED DOMINIE."

"I'se wad ye that's gospel! Naething can pass!  
 The wood o' this match sune dwinnels awa'?  
 But that, like our neibor's bouk under the grass,  
 Was never the thing that it stude for ava'!  
 Heat an' licht were the match, mind an' saul were our  
 freend,  
 An' neither the 'tane nor the 'tither *can* pass!  
 Throo change a'thing gangs, on to change 'ithout end,  
 Whether abune or alow the green grass!"

## THE TAILOR.

"That's a fack! But whether our freend, wha endures,  
 Kens noo he endures, an' only has changed,  
 Sall never be known be our frail feenite poo'rs  
 Till they're either enlaired, or frae flesh clean  
 estranged!"

## THE IDLE DOMINIE.

"Sae, neibors, in care o' that Poo'r we ca 'Lord,'  
 Auld Dick we may cheerily leave in his graff!  
 For assurance, atweel, we've His ain Haly Word,  
 An' naiturl truth—whilk there's nae pittin' aff!"\*  
[*Exeunt.*]

---

\* The substance and the conclusion of this country discussion have only been indicated in the above lines—the rest of it being irrelevant to the question.

## TO AN OVER-CRITICAL CLERGYMAN.

Right Reverend Sir, albeit teetotal,  
 Into gross error thou hast got all !  
 We're nae the sots thou seemst to wot all  
     Yont i' th' East ;  
 At preein' yill or whisky bottle  
     We're 'mang the least !

"Old Samuel's" dry, but downa drink—  
 Owre few coin in his coffers chink !  
 He's mair, I trow, than on the brink  
     O' povertie—  
 Casting auld times a backward blink  
     Wi' ruefu e'e !

Thinkst thou, throo hantrin rhymes o' mine,  
 Our tastes ha'e dree'd a "sad decline ?"  
 Lord, Reverend Sir, for a divine,  
     Thou'rt cheap mislear'd,  
 Or daez't wi' waur than Noah's wine,  
     I'm sore afear'd !

A "rhyme," though rhyme, may weel be pack'd  
 Wi' wisdom, argument, and "fact" ;  
 But when a jest in such is crack'd,  
     It stands alane,  
 An' but as to its context *tack'd*,  
     Should e'er be ta'en.

The nibs thou'st riven frae my books  
 An' fasten'd to thy "charge" as crooks  
 To cleek me till, micht weel prove hooks  
     To hing thy tale,  
 An' a' its jibes, like deid Yule deuks  
     Strung up for sale !

The alcoholic fun in rhyme  
 Is aft distill'd frae the sublime,  
 An' serves in mony a serious time  
     Great truths to save,  
 Which wad starve in the caulder clime  
     Of harangues grave.

This is pairt true of maist thou's "spotted";  
 Thae "jokes," as jokes, should but be noted,  
 And ne'er wi' solemn ire be quoted  
     As slips immoral,  
 But their just meed as jests allotted,  
     An' giv'n before all.

Likewise, some excerpts Socialistic  
 Thou's reft me of—thou sorry mystic!—  
 And, 'cause they're no' what thou do jist like,  
     They're cursed an' damn'd  
 As the wild ravings o' a rustic,  
     Wi' sheer fudge cramm'd!

What if they're queries, hints, suggestions  
 Concerning future "burning questions"?  
 Or present "day-dreams," which some Mess Johns  
     An' landed folk,  
 Wad rather suffer death than bless wance,  
     Or aid wan stroke?

But gif they're sic, they're ne'er dogmatic,  
 An' tho', at times, owre *much* emphatic,  
 They've been drapt whan advices fa' thick  
     Frae freend an' fae,  
 And are considered, big an' sma' slick,  
     Ere looten gae.

The Socialistic creed, I trow,  
 Is to me even a comfort now!  
 How pleasant 'tis to think—tho' thou  
     An' I'll ne'er see't—  
 Our bairnies' bairnies it sall stow  
     Wi' meal an' meat,

An' warm, an' cleed, an' tend, an' teach—  
Or weel or ill—house, nurse, an' leech,  
In short, that a fine gent o' each  
    In time 'twill mak',  
Wi' nae mair wark to do than which  
    They like to tak'!

This is a dream that's *worth* the dreaming!  
Ane in Auld Reekie mair beseeming  
Than ours—for bare breid ever scheming  
    In want an' cauld,  
The while with luxuries she's teeming,  
    An' walth untauld!

To have this dream's realisation  
I 'maist could risk the slim salvation  
O' ilka capitalist o' the nation  
    We ca' OUR LAND,  
Were it a hopefu' innovation  
    To tak' in hand!

But wow, O reverend friend an' pastor!  
The doubts about it jump up faster  
Within my noddle than upcast are  
    My consepts for it—  
But, sooth, it beats my wut to master,  
    Or ev'n explore it!

Howe'er I fecht the problem set,  
Than this nae far'er do I get:  
The Socialist's ideal yet—  
    For man or wife—  
Doth seem as difficult to net  
    As endless life!

Sae I flee back an' roost me down  
On the same perch whence erst I flewn,  
To scan again the field a' roun'  
    But stress or storm,  
An' mark True Progress' path is shown  
    As "Step Reform."

A "Step Reformer," \* then, am I,  
 An' no the faddist thou decry !  
 Nae lingerer either, letting fly  
     Baith time an' chance,  
 But them their forelocks taking by,  
     Still to advance !

The words thou quot'st to back thy claim  
 That "Sam's" a scribbler "sore to blame—  
 A Communist, if not in name,  
     Yet in sad fact,"  
 Prove simply there is in thy hame  
     Ae gowk intact !

Thae sayings, bless me, are dramatic—  
 The utterings of folk ecstatic !  
 As weel threep Shakespeare was lunatic  
     Because he wrate  
 What Hamlet said in his erratic  
     An' half-daft state !

'Tis similar in thy hinmaist "chairge"—  
*Waur!* "Sam's" an Atheist there at lairge,  
 A fiend wham Clootie sune should splairge  
     Wi' brunstane greeze,  
 And in mad pain gar seek his tairge  
     In Hell's warst bleeze !

Dost think 'cause men thy "doctrines" doubt  
 They therefore a' religion flout ?  
 The maist religious hereabout—  
     Top moral men—  
 Are some thy Pharisaic rout  
     'Twad *shame* to "ken !"

---

\* A cautious, "step-by-step" *Social Reformer* the writer is supposed to mean.



They're thae wham common-sense has claim'd,  
 An' Liberal-mindedness has named  
 By their true appellations, famed—  
     Howe'er ye croak—  
*Leaders an' Pioneers* untamed  
     Of our Scots folk !

Belief or unbelief in what  
 Than mere conjecture is jimp aught,  
 Should not assuredly be taught  
     In this late day,  
 As if involving, pending naught,  
     Men's doom for aye ?

Religion, true religion, sir--  
 (Altho' in this I'd fain defer  
 To thee—a man of mind an' lear'—  
     A placed divine  
 Out owre a kirk, whilk some declare,  
     The first on Tyne !)—

Religion, true religion, is  
 No' what ane thinks 'bout that or this  
 In some auld buiks, whilk, gif we quiz,  
     We may be lost,  
 And, if rejeck, then surely biz  
     'Mang Tophet's host !

Religion, true religion, aye  
 Is what to man mak's mirk nicht day,  
 A lamp to licht him on his way  
     This rough warl' throu',  
 And for his fellows to essay  
     The best he dow !

'Tis that, tae, that in a'thing sees  
 A Something whilk, without it, lees,  
 An' seems some ither than it be's  
     In literal fack—  
 Only a "thing" that, by degrees,  
     To nocht weirs back.

Its presence in the Saul o' man,  
 Prompts him with reference to scan  
 An' forage Nature for the plan  
     Whilk, he believes,  
 A'thing subserves—or mean or gran'—  
     That is, or leeves.

And tho' he's shock'd an' mystified,  
 Wi' muckle that is there descried,  
 His faith in it, while sorely tried,  
     Doth still increase,  
 Hence Evil's to the last defied,  
 And he hath peace !

*Au revoir*, my captious freend !  
 Albeit taste in thee is strein'd  
 Thou meanest weel—ev'n thy “charge” lean'd  
     To virtue's side !  
 God grant 'twill tend me frae the “Fiend”  
     Still to abide !

EDINBURGH, *July 3rd*, 1908.

## LOCAL LAPSES.

### I.—TO “SAMSON.”

[AN AULD EDINBURGH GUIDE.]

Lead me, O Samson, to the rocks—  
     Skoll Rocks beside the sea !  
 Where whelks in swarms in their dry docks,  
     An' lang-claw'd partans be ;  
 Where the kittiwakes, an' flocks  
     O' gulls an' wild-deuks flee ;  
 Where ships encounter mortal strokes,  
     An' bed belyve the bree !

Syne skyte ye, Samson, to the moors—  
 The Lammer Moors sae hie!  
 Whan simmer first peeps out o' doors,  
 • Skelp ower the moors wi' me!  
 Whare the laverock singing soars,  
 Whare whaups an' moorcocks skey  
 Whan the grey-faced sheep—ten thousan' scores—  
 The sproutin' heather pree!

Then back, yauld Samson, on the plains—  
 Hark back by Tyne a wee!  
 Thou's get rare farin' for thy pains  
 As sune's Traprain we see!  
 For what hill's like Traprain's?  
 What linn's like Linton's be?  
 What tatties are like Dunbar anes?  
 What kail like Gleghornie?

“Deleeshus!” Samson! yes!  
 Deleeshus that they be!  
 Wi' saut, thegither they're a mess  
 Our Royal Ned should pree!  
 But, pang'd fou, back ye to this lass—  
 Auld Reekie—even she!  
 Back to her! let her vapours pass!  
 Time ne'er her maik shall see!

## II.—THE THREE LAWS.\*

North Berwick Law an' Lammer Law,  
 Wi' stout Traprain atween the twa,  
 Stude up thegither in a raw,  
 An' yae nicht wrangled keen:

---

\* The three highest hills in East Lothian. Lammer Law in the south-west, Traprain Law in the middle, and North Berwick Law on the north-east coast of the county, stand, roughly, in a “raw.”

Quoth Lammer hairsly to Traprain—  
 “Hey, freend! man, lat North Berwick ken  
 His sea-haur caps my tap again  
 Till I’m but halflins seen!”  
 Slap! rair’d Traprain to Berwick down—  
 “Nor’ Berrick! haud yer hand, ye loon!  
 Our billie Lammer sweirs his croun  
 Is lost in your sea-fog!”  
 To which the cocky Berwick chap—  
 “Hoo little mak’s ye Southrons yaup!  
 Why, man, Traprain, my mist’s a hap  
 To hide the ugsome rogue!”

---

### III.—“THE LOUDONS THREE.”—AFTER THE GENERAL ELECTION OF 1906.

Our Parliament bodies now—*sure!*—  
 Are Haldane, Dalmainy, an’ Ure!  
 Sae e’en the Bass Rock’s mair secure  
 Standing up to its wame in the sea,  
 Than it was whan his Lordship and Hope  
 Flang gratis frae hustings langsyne  
 Havannah cigars an’ “soft soap”  
 To cozen the ane o’ the Tyne,  
 An’ mak’ fun for the rest o’ the “Three!”

---

### IV. OUT AT LINTON.\*

[A SERIOUS OLD COUPLE REVISIT SOME OF THE  
 HAUNTS OF THEIR JUVENILITY.]

Tib, Tib, oh Tib! it *is* the place,  
 The unco place whare thou was born!  
 Thy vera look is on its face—  
 Sae smiling like, yet sae forlorn!  
 Nae wonner lass, the bitter tear  
 Doun thy twa chafts rows lairge an’ clear!

---

\* East Linton, a beautiful “wee toun,” or large village, on the Tyne, twenty-three miles east from Edinburgh, is the birthplace of “Tib.”

Yet thou strides out, thy heid as high  
 As gif a Queen's neck it stack on ;  
 Uncaring if the Linn rin dry,  
 Or wild in spate as in days gone,  
 When frae the Auld Brig you an' me  
 Deem'd it *the Sicht o' sights* to see !

Doun frae the Station to the street,  
 The gate, if short, is vera dear !  
 Langsyne 'twas press'd by thy wee feet—  
 Far daintier than they're noo, I sweir,  
 Tied up in brogues as big's mine ain—  
 Made to haud "corns" an' kindred grain !

At which o' a' the taverns three—  
 The "Crown," the "Railway," or the "Lion"—  
 Shall we, Tib, step in owre an' pree  
 A taste o' something in the bye-gaun ?  
 Whatt ! "I may gang an' please mysel',  
 But thou's bound straucht for Peerie Well !"\*

A-weel, a-weel ! I'se there rejoin  
 My crabbit dawty by an' by ;  
 This roomy neiborhood o' Tyne  
 Opens my pores an' drains me dry !  
 But thou !—a "public hoose" or "drink"  
 Thou wadna' smell, ev'n death to jink !

Hech, sirss ! the auld "Red Lion's" deid,  
 Anither generation's here !—  
 A spruce young cub of city breed  
 Lairs in the auld King's royal bier,  
 As if it were its Dad resaited—  
 The same old cove—rejuvenated !

The street itsel'—sin' we hae min'—  
 Bears signs o' some refitting, sure ?—  
 Raws o' wee thackit cots langsyne  
 Cour'd whare 'enoo braw slate anes too'r ;  
 An' e'en the Fountain, Kirk, an' Clock  
 Gie auld acquaintances a "shock."

---

\* A venerable and well-known spring.

But what, 'hune 'a, provokes the tear  
 An' heaves the sigh in Tib—return'd,  
 After a life o' sturt an' steer—  
 (In whilk, I trow, we've *baith* been kirk'd,  
 Till, like twa ancients, grim an' grey,  
 We stoiter round auld howffs this day!)—

It is, it is the gap, atweel—  
 That awfu' gap, seen ev'rywhere!—  
 Ance fill'd by mony a canty chiel'  
 An' mony a hizzie blythe and fair!  
 Strange faces at the windows smirk—  
 The kenn'd anes hide at Prestonkirk!\*

Sae, "Sweet an' sad, *baith sweet an' sad*,  
 It is," says Tib, "to veesit here!  
 We come to Linton blythe an' glad,  
 But leave it aye wi' sigh an' tear!  
 An' yet thae veesits are renew'd  
 Year after year—they are sae lo'ed!"

---

#### V.—A HADDINGTON RHYME.

Tho' in her "sleepy hollow" sunk,  
 An' unco near benichtit,  
 E'en to the verge o' being shrunk,  
 She's no' just out o' sicht yet;  
 But och, alas! how changed sin' syne  
 Baith Knox an' Bothwell kenn'd her,  
 An' fearless Wishart's screeds divine,  
 Made queens an' lords attend her.

Or when Napoleonic scares  
 Garr'd British boys surround her,  
 An' battle drums an' bugle blares  
 Did lang, lang years dumfound her; †

---

\* The local cemetery.

† Haddington being in those days a garrison town.

Or when, as in our early time,  
Her Fridays were her glory, \*  
An' market cairts rank'd up richt prime  
In lang raws tauld their story.

Then Skirving, Hope, an' Gleg'ornie  
Were men worth ca'in' men, man,  
Nae yerpin' imps that moonge for aye,  
'Cause pluck they ne'er did ken, man;  
Her Rougheids, Steevensons, an' Watts  
Were likewise wicht as wordy—  
Nae muffs like weans in wylie-coats,  
But man-like men, an' sturdy.

But, stand abeigh ! in her ripe age  
She'll worthier turn than ever ;  
She has a scheme laid, I'se engage,  
That is baith bauld an' clever ;  
Her isolation's no' sae vain,  
'Twill serve her even better  
Than gif auld times were back again,  
Wi' a' their sturt an' clatter.

She'll redd her streets an' mansions fine,  
Grow prim an' consequential,  
An' saddle doun ilk side o' Tyne,  
Douce, genteel, an' prudential ;  
Sae sall she thrive—e'en beat langsyne—  
Be braw an' influential—  
A toun select—by wise design—  
“ *Entirely residential !* ”

Then sall her streets an' by-lanes show  
Rare samples in grass growin',  
An' how her folk may deserts know  
Without beyond her goin' ;  
There craps o' a' kenn'd kinds sall grow,  
Spontaneous, an' *sans* sawin'—  
Such virtue's there—abune, below—  
An' thro' that hully blawin' !

---

\* When on each Friday one of the largest bulk grain markets in Scotland was held.

## VI.—ABBEY MILL, HADDINGTON. \*

The Abbey Mill ! auld Abbey Mill !  
 Tho' sair dung down, thou'rt sacred still !  
 The "toun" whare Loudon "Sam" was born  
 Can ne'er become a butt for scorn !

---

## VII.—WATTY OCHILTREE.

In the Toun o' the Goat † dwalt—lang ago—  
 Wee Watty Ochiltree,  
 A warrior born—but wow, wow, wow !  
 Fell thrawn was his destinie—  
 Hump-backit an' bow'd—a wirricow—  
 And scrimply fowre feet three !

Wi' a heid like the Bruce for peace or for strife,  
 High valour an' strategie,  
 This hero was doom'd the feck o' his life  
 To pine in obscuritie—  
 What the deil can be dune wi' a man or a wife  
 That's jimply fowre feet three ?

Ever banning his hap, this knurlin chiel  
 Insensibilitie  
 Saucht aft at the pub o' Jean Macneil  
 In a weetin' o' barleybree ;  
 But a wee drap skeichan leads aft, atweel,  
 To the deevilish mess o' a spree !

At the mouth o' the close whare his minnie bade,  
 Wee Watty Ochiltree,  
 'Tween dawn an' dark, if bye ye gaed,  
 Maist likely ye wad see—  
 Wi' his haun's on his rump, an' wi' e'en like a gled,  
 Takin' stock o' the enemye.

---

\* Birth-place of the writer—an ancient village with a fine Gothic bridge, a mile below Haddington on the north bank of the Tyne.

† The chief figure in the "arms" of Haddington.



For a' common folk were his common faes—  
The han'some, especiallie,  
He *hated* them e'en as he hated their ways,  
Jeers, jibes, an' mockerie,  
An' inly raged to the end o' his days  
Upsides wi' them to be !

Wharefore, wi' a' ranks he had mony a row,  
Whan out on the tippie gaed he,  
For he'd fecht wi' a Bailie or Provost, I trow,  
As fast as wi' Scaffy Macfee !  
Did they smile as they pass'd when he'd drink in his pow,  
Strecht for them went Wat Ochiltree !

Sometimes in auld Jean's he wad cast aff his coat,  
Fauld up his sark sleeves to the spaul,  
And thence to the Custom Stane aff he wad trot,  
Declarin' as loud's he could bawl—  
Revenge, an' defiance, an' death on the spot  
To the *beasts* who would mock him withal !

Gif a giant stalked bye as huge as "old Brand,"  
Our ancient dear lord o' Dunbar,  
He would bellow to him an' straightway demand  
"Were he pleased wi' this treaty o' war ?  
For, gin he were not, he wad smash him affhand,  
An' douk his lang lugs in the glaur !"

The people a' kenn'd him, and, wae for his ills,  
Roosed his "matchless pluck" up to the skies—  
Yea ! cogs o' sma' beer, an' e'en whisky gills,  
Some wad add to his inward supplies,  
An' swear "frae the sea to the Lammermoor Hills,  
He stude peerless for noble emprise !"

---

VIII.—IN PRESTONKIRK YAIRD—AT  
MOTHER'S GRAVE.

I mind thy face an' look sae leal !  
 Thy gentle doings, words, and ways !  
 And, after fifty years, I feel  
 Yon was the saddest o' sad days—  
 The day that thou was carried here,  
 And in broad noon was buried here !  
 Whyles he, thy "boy," wept—harried sheer  
 Of his best friend, atweel !

IX.—THE GENI OF HAILES CASTLE.\*

Whan musing here yestreen my lane,  
 I heard the GENI thus complain :  
 "At my back the river flows,  
 Around my sides the wild-wood grows,  
 And plump an' plain before my nose  
 Lours nakit huge Traprain ! †  
 In sooth I'm weel set up for 'sichts,'  
 Baith simmer days an' winter nichts,  
 And yet—eh me !—I thole sair slichts,  
 An' fa' to dust amain !"

"LIFE IN GENERAL."

[A REPLY TO AN ENGLISH FRIEND.]

Here, "centred in a City's strife,"  
 'Tis true, old friend, I *must* see "life" ;  
 Wherefore, I fly it—whiles to Fife,  
 Whiles Lammermoor ;  
 And even o'er Tweed, were *barbees* rife,  
 I'd dare a tour !

\* A hoary, yet much-loved ruin, on the southern bank of the river Tyne, about four miles below Haddington.

† The second highest hill in East Lothian, a bare mile directly south of the old Castle.

Most time I'm here I'm cogitating,  
Or vainly with myself debating  
What sense is in this generating—  
    Age after age—  
Of beings—countless : Meeting, mating,  
    But more to stage ?

And then those “ staged ” !—the half, or more,  
Are barely on the boards before  
Death opes for them a spare trap-door—  
    And down they go—  
Tho' friends and mothers loud deplore,  
    And wail for woe !

The other half ? John, look at *them*  
And see a medley : Lithe and lame,  
The gutter poor, the “ toffs ” who claim  
    Gear past compute,  
The poltroon, hero, cruel, humane,  
    Rogue, saint, and brute.

These all are swarming round me here—  
A motley multitude, my dear !—  
The cheerful, solemn, false, sincere—  
    Ten thousand shades  
Of “ General Life ”—bewildering sheer  
    In all its grades !

Its inequalities, alack,  
And huge injustice drive me back,  
Or stretch me ever on the rack  
    To justify them ;  
The sin and suffering are so black,  
    One's fain to fly them !

This world in truth's a “ world of wrong ” ;  
Injurious ; all through, weak and strong ;  
Slaves and oppressors make its throng  
    By “ fix'd decree ” ;  
And but one thing can it prolong—  
    “ Necessitie ! ”

Ancestral faults, surroundings vile,  
The ways of Demos sore defile,  
And "tastes acquired" twist and beguile—  
    Or more or less—  
The "many-headed monster's" style,  
    And so—*this mess!*

Nor like aught either is mankind :  
Worm, bird, and beast seem—as "designed?"—  
Perfect, complete—"instinct" or "mind"—  
    Each to its sphere ;  
And only Man—perverse, purblind—  
    Doth err or veer.

Yet he must on, on, on for aye—  
No halting, even for a day—  
On, on—losing or making way—  
    Towards his goal :  
Like nothing else, his work and play  
    Change *must* control !

Inequitable? Incomplete?  
Then these, to me, seem reasons meet  
Why Man may glance across the street—  
    Or the churchyard—  
And what's there intervening treat  
    With slight regard !

The whole case round then, I opine,  
Induces thought as straight's a line  
Towards some final end divine  
    Awaiting Man :  
A goal so high that not, in fine,  
    Can Fancy scan !

# GLOSSARY.

*A'*, all  
*A-bee*, alone ; *lat-a-bee*, let alone  
*Abeigh*, away from  
*Ablins*, perhaps  
*A'body*, everyone  
*Abreid*, far apart  
*Abuné*, *Aboon*, above  
*A-daursay-no*, of course not  
*Addle*, to foul  
*Addle*, foul water  
*Adie*, *Yaedie*, Adam  
*A-dreich*, at a distance  
*Ae*, *Yae*, one  
*Aff*, off  
*Aft*, *Aften*, often  
*A-gley*, aslant ; astray  
*Ahint*, behind  
*Aiden*, Eden ; paradise  
*Aik*, oak  
*Aimygrate*, emigrate  
*Ain*, *Awn*, own  
*Aince*, *Ance*, *Yince*, *Wance*, once  
*Ain-lane*, oneself  
*Air*, early  
*Airm*, arm  
*Airn*, iron  
*Airt*, art ; direction  
*Airth*, earth  
*Aith*, oath  
*Aithur-Sait*, old Scots name for  
     Arthur Seat, a hill overlooking  
     Edinburgh—"The Lion Hill"  
*Aits*, *Yitts*, oats  
*Aiver*, a cart horse  
*Aizel*, a burning cinder  
*A-jee*, oblique ; swayed ; ajar  
*A-low*, below  
*A-lowe*, aflame  
*An' a'*, as well

*An*, if  
*Ance*, once  
*A-near*, near to  
*Anither*, another  
*Argy-barglin*, disputing per-  
     sistently  
*Arles*, pledges ; earnest money  
*Ase*, ashes  
*Ashet*, a large oblong plate  
*A'thing*, everything  
*Athort*, across  
*Atoure*, *Atowre*, apart  
*Atweel*, indeed  
*Aucht*, *Eicht*, eight  
*Aucht*, aught  
*Auld*, old  
*Auld-farrant*, old-fashioned  
*Ava*, at all  
*Awa*, away  
*Awmry*, pantry  
*Awms*, alms  
*Axin*, asking  
*Ayont*, beyond

*BAABY*, baby  
*Bade*, lived ; dwelt  
*Baigonetts*, bayonets  
*Baird*, beard  
*Bairn*, child  
*Baith*, both  
*Bane*, bone  
*Bang*, stout ; able  
*Bang-up*, jump up quickly  
*Bannocks*, thick cakes  
*Baps*, loaves  
*Bare-fittit*, bare-footed  
*Barglin*, discussing warmly  
*Bass*, a famous rock island in the  
     Firth of Forth

- Bate*, beat  
*Bauchles*, old foot-wear  
*Baudrons*, the cat  
*Bauld*, bold ; enterprising  
*Bawbee*, a half-penny  
*Bawbees*, money ; capital  
*Bawek*, joist ; height  
*Bedeen*, immediately  
*Beese*, animals ; insects ; vermin  
*Beirings*, bearings  
*Beld*, bald  
*Beltane*, May-day  
*Belyve*, soon ; by-an-bye  
*Ben*, in ; within  
*Ben-end*, inner apartment  
*Bere*, barley  
*Beuk*, *Buik*, book ; the Bible  
*Bicker*, a wooden bowl  
*Bide*, stay  
*Bield*, shelter  
*Bien*, nice ; cosy  
*Biggin*, building  
*Biggit*, built  
*Bikes*, houses ; wild bee hives  
*Billie*, brother  
*Bink*, dresser  
*Binna*, barring  
*Bire*, *Byre*, cow-house  
*Birkie*, young fellow  
*Birl*, toss ; turn quickly  
*Birr*, hurry ; spiritedly  
*Blabs*, blobs ; large drops  
*Black-a-vised*, dark-complexioned  
*Black-coats*, clergymen  
*Blae*, pale ; desolate-looking  
*Blash*, a downpour  
*Blauds*, big pieces of anything  
*Blate*, bashful  
*Blaw*, blow  
*Blaws*, brags ; bounces  
*Bleck*, to blacken  
*Bleeze*, blaze  
*Blethers*, nonsensical talk  
*Blink*, a little while ; to wink  
     before sleep  
*Bluid*, *Blude*, blood  
*Blythe*, cheerful  
*Bobbil*, bobbed  
*Bocht*, bought  
*Bock*, belch, vomit  
*Boddle*, small copper coin  
*Bonnie*, fair ; lovely ; etc.  
*Bonnillie*, beautifully  
*Boood*, bowed  
*Bools*, bowls ; marbles  
*Boord*, *Buird*, board ; table  
*Booze*, dissipate ; spree  
*Bosie*, bosom  
*Bouch'd*, injured ; spoiled  
*Boud*, but ; must  
*Bouk*, bulk ; body  
*Bowrie*, a little bower  
*Brackens*, ferns  
*Braid*, broad  
*Baird*, the first sprouting above  
     ground of vegetation  
*Brak*, broke ; broken  
*Brander*, a gird-iron  
*Brands*, *Brawns*, calves of legs  
*Brang*, brought  
*Branny*, brandy  
*Brass*, slang for money  
*Brattle*, quick race  
*Brats*, youngsters ; aprons ; cloth,  
     ing generally  
*Braucht*, brought  
*Braw*, dressy ; brave ; fine  
*Bravly*, very well  
*Bree*, *Broo*, brow ; the sea ; soup ;  
     liquid generally  
*Brecks*, trousers  
*Breid*, bread  
*Breik-up*, face up  
*Breist*, breast  
*Brent*, fair ; bright ; smooth  
*Bretwalda*, a Saxon ruler  
*Brig*, bridge  
*Brine*, the sea ; juice of salted  
     meat  
*Brise*, *Brize*, press ; bruise  
*Brither*, brother  
*Brock*, badger  
*Bro'*, broth  
*Brochan*, porridge  
*Brownies*, fairy servants  
*Browster*, brewer  
*Brulzie*, strife ; tumult  
*Burst*, burst  
*Buckie*, shell ; a cross or ill-  
     mannered fellow

*Buff*, humbug ; nonsense  
*Buffer*, a big burly fellow  
*Bught*, a sheep fold  
*Buiks*, *Beuks*, books  
*Buird*, board  
*Bumbazed*, confused  
*Bumbees*, wild bees  
*Bummle*, bungle  
*Bund*, bound  
*Bungs*, old or worn horses  
*Burd*, bird  
*Bure*, bore ; Bure-the-gree was  
victorious over all others ;  
highest estimated  
*Burn*, a brook  
*Busk*, to dress or adorn  
*But*, without ; wanting  
*But-an'-ben*, the outer and inner  
apartments of a dwelling  
*Bye-gaun*, passing by  
*Bykes*, hives ; dwellings  
*Byres*, cow-houses  
  
*CA'*, to drive ; to name  
*Ca'd*, called ; drove  
*Cadger*, a petty pedlar  
*Caff*, chaff  
*Caird*, a sturdy fellow  
*Cairn*, a heap of stones or sods  
on a hill  
*Cairts*, charts ; maps ; cards ;  
carts  
*Callants*, boys ; young men  
*Caller*, fresh ; cool  
*Cam'*, came  
*Camsteerie*, muddled ; confused ;  
perverse  
*Cankert*, ill-tempered  
*Canna*, cannot  
*Canny*, peaceful ; prudent  
*Cantled*, tilted ; set up  
*Cantrips*, tricks ; incantations  
*Canty*, cheerful  
*Carle*, old man  
*Carline*, old woman  
*Caubers*, cabers  
*Cauld*, cold  
*Cauldrife*, bleak ; spiritless  
*Cauter*, *Caller*, new ; fresh ; cool  
*Caup*, a wooden vessel

*Cavey*, a hen coop  
*Cawek*, chalk  
*Causey*, *Causey*, the causeway  
*Ceefers*, illiterates ; dunces  
*Chafsts*, cheeks  
*Chammers*, chambers  
*Chanler*, candlestick  
*Chap*, fellow ; strike  
*Chapin*, chopin ; a measure  
*Chaw*, *Chow*, chew  
*Cheeps*, low notes ; whispers  
*Chicken-cavie*, a chicken "coop,"  
used for rearing young fowls  
*Chiel*, *Chield*, fellow  
*Chimla*, chimney  
*Chippin*, a little piece ; a fraction  
*Chokit*, suffocated  
*Chouks*, sides of the head  
*Chuckie*, chicken ; also affable  
cold person  
*Chuckie-stanes*, pebbles  
*Clachan*, a village  
*Claggit*, clogged  
*Clam*, climbed  
*Clark*, learned ; a clergyman ;  
writer ; author  
*Clauty*, muddy ; dirty  
*Clashes*, chat ; idle talk  
*Chatters*, common gossip  
*Clautht*, *Clought*, clutched  
*Claut*, a patch  
*Claver*, to speak nonsense ; to  
waste time gossiping  
*Cleck*, hatch  
*Cleckin*, offspring  
*Cleck*, link  
*Cleckit*, joined  
*Clecu*, a cleft ; a rocky hollow ;  
a precipitous crag  
*Clim*, to climb  
*Clishmaclavers*, slanders ; false  
rumours ; wild reports  
*Cloit*, a soft, useless person  
*Clootic*, *Auld Cloots*, the Devil  
*Clour*, fell ; strike hard  
*Cluds*, clouds  
*Cluish*, threw disdainfully  
*Cluits*, shins ; feet ; legs  
*Clutha*, the river Clyde  
*Clyle*, fall ; tumble

*Cockernonny*, the back hair of a woman when gathered into a knot  
*Cockie*, a little fellow  
*Coft*, bought  
*Comytee*, committee  
*Coo*, cow  
*Coo-hyre*, cow-house  
*Coof*, *Cuif*, a stupid fellow  
*Corbie*, a ravenous crow  
*Corpe*, a corpse  
*Coor'd*, cowered  
*Coorse*, coarse ; course  
*Cosh*, comfortable  
*Coosten*, thrown off ; discarded  
*Cots*, *Cot-houses*, small cottages  
*Cot-lam*, a humorous exclamation  
*Couldna*, could not  
*Coupers*, dealers ; merchants  
*Couplit*, capsized  
*Couthie*, affable ; genial  
*Cowes*, beats ; wins  
*Cowp*, fall ; also exchange  
*Cowte*, a young horse  
*Crabbit*, cross ; too nice  
*Crack*, to chat ; converse  
*Crackit*, a little crazy  
*Craig*, the throat ; also a crag  
*Craitur*, creature  
*Crap*, the produce of the ground ; the first stomach of a bird ; to *crap*, to cut short ; to dock  
*Creech*, the name of Burns' Edinburgh publisher  
*Creesh*, fat ; gravy  
*Creeshed*, *Creashed*, thrashed  
*Crinch*, a small bit  
*Crined*, shrunk  
*Crokit*, died  
*Crooch*, to bow down  
*Croud*, crowd  
*Crown*, crown ; summit ; top  
*Crouse*, bold ; lively  
*Cruick*, *Cruik*, crook  
*Cruive*, sty ; hut  
*Crummels*, crumbles  
*Crummie*, *Crum*, the cow  
*Cuddy*, donkey  
*Cuddies*, donkeys ; blockheads  
*Cuist*, cast

*Cuist-out*, fell out ; disagreed  
*Cuits*, ankles  
*Curn*, some ; a small number or quantity  
*Curn-baps*, currant loaves  
*DAD*, father ; to knock  
*Dae's't*, stupified  
*Daffin*, fun ; merriment  
*Daft*, crazy  
*Dagon'd*, blasted ; cursed  
*Daidly*, a child's pinafore  
*Dails*, deals ; thin planks  
*Dairts*, darts ; bolts off  
*Dang*, beat  
*Darg*, a day's work  
*Daughter*, *Dochter*, daughter  
*Daunder*, saunter  
*Daur*, dare  
*Daver'd*, stunned ; rendered temporary unconscious  
*Daw*, the dawn  
*Dawty*, darling  
*Dee'd*, died  
*Descrait*, discreet  
*Deid*, dead  
*Deidly*, fatal  
*Deilest*, most active ; most wicked  
*Denner*, dinner  
*Denty*, dainty ; trim ; genial  
*Deuk*, a duck  
*Devald*, to abate  
*Ding*, knock down  
*Dinkit*, dressed fancifully  
*Dinna*, don't  
*Dinsome*, noisy  
*Dirl*, vibrate ; smart painfully  
*Disna*, does not  
*Die*, do  
*Divot*, a thin-cut sod  
*Doilt*, confused through fatigue  
*Doited*, crazy through age  
*Donnart*, stupid  
*Dool*, *Dule*, the goal in games ; also sorrow or care  
*Doo*, dove ; a term of endearment  
*Doom's-fire*, remorse ; the supposed despair of sinners at death  
*Doot*, *Dout*, doubt



*Dorts*, sulky or proud moods  
*Dorty*, proud or displeased  
*Dosed*, almost slept  
*Douce*, sedate  
*Doug*, *Dowg*, dog  
*Dout*, doubt  
*Douk*, bathe ; duck ; dive  
*Down*, *doon*, down  
*Down-dang'd*, totally overthrown  
*Doup*, seat ; hind quarters  
*Dour*, obstinate ; saucy  
*Dover*, to be almost asleep  
*Dow*, can ; thrive ; done  
*Dow'd*, withered  
*Dowf*, sad ; spiritless  
*Dowie*, woe-begone ; melancholy  
*Downa*, cannot  
*Draiglet*, dragged  
*Draffie*, a small drop—generally  
of whisky  
*Drægon*, a dragon ; monster  
*Dree*, suffer ; endure  
*Dreep*, to drop down  
*Dreepin*, dripping  
*Dregg*, drag ; also dreg  
*Dreid*, dread  
*Dreigh*, *Dreich*, sad ; desolate ;  
slow  
*Dreills*, drills  
*Drogs*, drugs  
*Droopit*, dropped  
*Droukit*, wetted through  
*Drouth*, drought  
*Drouthy*, drink-loving  
*Drucken*, drunken  
*Drumly*, muddy ; jumbled  
*Drumliest*, dirtiest ; grossest  
*Drunts*, complaints ; faults  
*Dub*, a shallow pool  
*Duds*, clothes ; rags  
*Dumfounert*, dumfounded  
*Dune*, done  
*Dung*, driven ; fatigued  
*Dunt*, a hard, silent blow  
*Durstna*, dare not  
*Dwallin*, a residence  
*Dwam*, swoon  
*Dwinin*, dwindling ; fading  
*Dwinnels*, dwindles  
*Dyke*, a low stone wall

*Dyules*, trembles ; pains  
*Dyvours*, bankrupts  
  
*EARD*, *Yearth*, *Yird*, earth  
*Eastlin*, eastern  
*Eedyunt*, idiot  
*Ecmacks*, ants ; insects  
*Ecmage*, image ; likeness  
*Ecn*, eyes  
*Ear*, year  
*Eerie*, frightful ; awe-inspiring  
*Ectem*, item  
*Efterhend*, afterwards  
*Efternune*, afternoon  
*Eicht*, eight  
*Eident*, diligent ; thrifty  
*Eik*, each  
*Eild*, old age  
*Eithly*, easily  
*Elbuck*, elbow  
*Eldin*, fuel  
*Elson*, *Elshon*, awl  
*Encuch*, enough  
*Enoo*, just now  
*Ether*, an adder  
*Ettle*, attempt ; signify  
*Even'd*, compared  
*Exousted*, exhausted  
  
*FA'*, fall ; trap ; lot  
*Faather*, fodder  
*Fack*, *Fac'*, fact  
*Fae*, foe  
*Faem*, the sea ; foam  
*Faigs!* a mild exclamation  
*Fail*, turf  
*Fail-dyke*, a low turf wall or fence  
*Fain*, glad ; fond ; wishful  
*Fair*, just ; honest  
*Fair-fa'-ye*, good fortune befall you  
*Fallow*, fellow ; to follow  
*Fand*, *Fund*, found  
*Farer*, farther  
*Fash*, trouble, bother  
*Faucht*, *Faught*, fight ; fought  
*Fause*, false  
*Faut*, fault  
*Fay*, *Fey*, near death  
*Feart*, afraid  
*Featly*, *Faitly*, neatly ; cleverly

*Fecht*, fight  
*Feck*, greater part ; majority  
*Feckless*, shiftless ; incapable  
*Fee*, hire ; wage  
*Feide*, feud ; quarrel ; war  
*Fella*, *Felly*, young man  
*Fen'*, fare  
*Fen*, to make shift  
*Ferms*, farms  
*Ferm-touns*, farm-places  
*Ferly*, wonder  
*Fesh*, fetch  
*Fecht*, fought ; struggled  
*Fickle*, puzzling  
*Fient*, fiend, devil a bit  
*Fient-a-fear*, devil a fear  
*Fier*, well ; healthy  
*Fiere*, *Fere*, friend  
*Fikely*, fidgety ; nervous  
*File*, defile  
*Fire-slaught*, fire flash  
*Fit-ba'*, football  
*Fit-sted*, foot-print  
*Fivver*, fever  
*Flae*, flea  
*Flaff*, flutter  
*Flate*, scolded  
*Flaucht*, *Flaughts* ; flashes  
*Flaughter'd*, destroyed ; killed  
*Flee*, fly  
*Fleech*, coax ; flatter  
*Fleggs*, attacks ; strokes  
*Flet*, flat ; plain ; smooth  
*Fleyed*, startled  
*Flicht*, flight ; great numbers  
*Flittit*, removed  
*Flude*, *Fluid*, flood  
*Fluir*, *Flure*, floor  
*Fluister*, fluster ; to work confusedly  
*Flyte*, scold ; a wordy quarrel  
*Focht*, fought  
*Focht-an'-jeuch*, struggled and strove  
*Fog*, moss  
*Foond*, foundation  
*Forbaad*, forbade ; disallowed  
*Forbye*, besides  
*Forbears*, ancestors  
*Forcely*, by physical force

*Forfairn*, overcome  
*Forfochten*, exhausted with hard work or travel  
*Forgather*, meet  
*Forjeskit*, jaded ; tired  
*Forlect*, forsake  
*Fornest*, opposite  
*Forrit*, forward  
*Fou*, full ; drunk  
*Fouter*, queer fellow  
*Fouth*, plenty ; many ; a lot  
*Fowre*, four  
*Fowre-words*, a short letter  
*Foy*, a farewell repast or drink  
*Fozy*, spongy ; soft and fat  
*Frae*, from  
*Fraise*, flatter ; make great ado  
*Frate*, fret  
*Fraits*, *Frates*, fads ; imaginary ills  
*Freath*, froth  
*Freats*, vain fancies ; tricks  
*Frem*, foreign ; not blood related  
*Fricht*, terror  
*Fu'*, full  
*Fude*, food  
*Fuffin*, puffing  
*Fule*, fool  
*Fuish*, fetched  
*Furder*, advance ; prosper  
*Fummelt*, fumbled ; groped  
*Funk*, to kick lightly  
*Furth*, forth ; onward ; forward or outward  
*Fykes*, fidgets ; trifles  
  
*GAB*, mouth ; prate  
*Gabbie*, garrulous  
*Gae*, go  
*Gaed*, went  
*Gait*, way, manner ; also goat  
*Gane*, gone  
*Gantree*, a barrel stand  
*Gang*, to go ; to walk  
*Gangrels*, tramps  
*Gannet*, the solan goose  
*Gapit*, opened ; yawned  
*Gar*, make ; compel  
*Gar'*, *Gar'd*, made ; compelled  
*Garten*, a garter

*Gash*, vigorous ; sagacious  
*Gate*, road ; way  
*Gaun*, going  
*Gaunt*, yawn  
*Gaw*, gall ; to offend  
*Gawd*, goad  
*Gawky*, idle or romping fool  
*Gawsy*, buxom ; jolly  
*Gaylie*, lively  
*Gell*, gale ; drunken bout  
*Gee*, succumb ; to take the gee, to be beat ; to "throw up the sponge"  
*Geel*, to get  
*Genty*, gentle  
*Gett*, a child  
*Geltlin*, youngsters  
*Gey*, very ; a good deal  
*Gey-an-far*, a pretty long way  
*Ghaist*, ghost ; ill-favoured person  
*Gie*, give  
*Gied*, gave  
*Gien*, given ; gave  
*Gif*, if ; should  
*Giff-gaff*, mutual giving  
*Gifna*, if not  
*Gilfy*, A frolicsome boy or girl  
*GIN*, if  
*Girn*, grin ; snare ; cry  
*Girnls*, meal bunkers  
*Girrs*, hoops ; crinolines  
*Glaikit*, foolish  
*Glaur*, mud  
*Gled*, glad  
*Gleds*, hawks ; eagles  
*Glee*, squint  
*Gleg*, sharp ; swift ; easy  
*Gley'd*, deflected ; misshaped ; asquint  
*Gliffies*, frights ; starts  
*Glim*, a light ; lamp, &c.  
*Glum*, gloomy ; sad ; sulky  
*Glume*, Gloom, twilight  
*Glunch*, grumble  
*Goaving*, sauntering idly  
*Gomerell*, a silly person  
*Gorlings*, very young birds  
*Gove*, stare  
*Gowans*, wild daisies  
*Gowd*, gold

*Gowff*, golf  
*Gowks*, foolish people ; cuckoos  
*Gowpens*, double handfals  
*Gowsty*, *Gousty*, large ; gusty ; stormy  
*Graff*, the grave ; tomb  
*Graip*, a stable fork  
*Graip*, *Grape*, to grope  
*Graith*, harness ; suds  
*Grat*, wept  
*Grane*, groan  
*Gravat*, neck tie  
*Gree*, pre-eminence  
*Greens*, a kind of cabbage  
*Greet*, cry ; weep  
*Greese*, grease  
*Grien*, yearn ; long for  
*Griete*, farm steward  
*Gript*, grasped  
*Grippy*, greedy ; stingy  
*Grit*, great ; fibre  
*Grund*, the ground ; sharpened  
*Grumphie*, the poor man's sow  
*Gruft*, hold ; grip  
*Guddle*, to grope for fish with the hands in a stream  
*Guid*, *Gude*, good  
*Guidkens*, God knows  
*Guidman*, husband ; master  
*Guilly*, a large knife  
*Gumption*, sense  
*Gurly*, cold and rough  
*Guse*, goose  
*Gusty*, savoury  
*Gutcher*, grandfather  
*Gysen*, to shrink through drying  
*Gyle*, crazy  
*H.A.*, a hall  
*Haard*, niggardly  
*Habble*, mess ; trouble  
*Hae*, to have  
*Haen*, had  
*Hact*, aught ; anything  
*Haffet*, side of the head ; the cheek  
*Haill*, whole  
*Hairns*, *Harns*, brains  
*Hairse*, hoarse ; thick-winded  
*Hairst*, harvest

*Hairsely*, hoarsely  
*Hairt, Hert*, heart  
*Haith!* an exclamation of surprise  
*Haldin*, furnishings; stock in trade; general wealth  
*Haldin*, held; holding  
*Hale*, sound; unbroken; healthy; to heal  
*Halflin*, a youth in his teens  
*Halflins*, barely half  
*Half-nakit*, half-clad; undressed  
*Haly*, holy  
*Haly-rude*, the cross; Holyrood, Edinburgh  
*Hamcald*, homely; domestic  
*Hame*, home  
*Hamely*, simple; unpretentious  
*Hansel, Handsel*, a gift  
*Hansel Monday*, the first Monday of the year, O.S.  
*Hantel*, a considerable number or quantity  
*Hantrin*, occasional  
*Hap*, hop; cover, a shawl, &c.  
*Hapt, Happit*, covered; clothed  
*Harl*, a road rake; to drag forcibly  
*Hash*, to spoil; a slovenly person  
*Hasna*, has not  
*Hauchs, Haughs*, meadows  
*Hand*, hold  
*Haudin*, holding; furnishings  
*Haun, Han'*, hand  
*Haverel*, a babbler  
*Havers*, idle nonsense  
*Havins*, sense; breeding  
*Hawky*, white-faced cow  
*Hawese, Hause*, throat; windpipe  
*Hech-howe!* exclamatory; equal to "oh, dear!"  
*Hecht*, forebode; promised  
*Heck*, to eat  
*Heeks*, racks  
*Hennin*, giving in; as being beat  
*Heeze*, unlift  
*Heich, Hie*, high  
*Heid*, head  
*Heidy*, clever  
*Hempy*, a roguish lad or girl  
*Hert, Hairt*, heart

*Het*, hot  
*Hich*, proud; lofty  
*Hicht*, height  
*Hielant, Hielan', Hieland*, Highland  
*Hillock*, a little hill  
*Hingin'*, hanging  
*Hin-maist*, the last one  
*Hinner-en'*, hinder end  
*'Hint, Ahint*, behind  
*Hirple*, to walk lamely; cripple  
*Hirsel*, herd; multitude  
*Hizzies*, lasses; housewives; women generally  
*Hoast*, cough  
*Hobblesheew*, noise; tumult  
*Hode*, hid  
*Hodden-grey*, coarse grey cloth  
*Hog*, a sheep before the first shear  
*Hogmanay*, New Year's Day eve  
*Hoity-toity*, a humorous exclamation  
*Hool*, husk  
*Hoollet, Howlet*, owl  
*Hoolie*, slowly; fair; just  
*Hoolins*, empty husks  
*Hoosie*, little house; cottage  
*Horse-couper*, a dealer in horses  
*Housen*, dwellings; up-put  
*Hout*, to flout  
*Hout-ay!* exclamatory—equal to "Oh, yes!"  
*Howdie*, midwife  
*Howe*, hollow  
*Howeff*, haunt  
*Howk*, dig  
*Howkit*, dug up  
*Howp*, hope; wish  
*Howtowdy*, a fat chicken  
*Hully*, a hollow; a vale  
*Hunner, Hunder*, hundred  
*Hurdies*, posteriors  
*Hurkle*, to crouch down  
*Hurly*, a hand cart  
*Hutchin*, moving excitedly; jumping  
*Hyt*, mad  
*ILK*, each

*Ilka*, every  
*Ill-ca'ers*, slanderers  
*Ingan*, onion  
*Ingine*, genius  
*Ingle*, the household fire ; fire-  
 place  
*Ingle-side*, the fire-side ; the  
 hearth  
*Intil*, in to  
*I se*, I shall  
*Isles*, *Aisles*, cinders ; embers  
*Ither*, other

*JAINUS*, a genius  
*Jake*, Jack ; John  
*Jalouse*, *Jaloose*, suspect  
*Jampf*, jumped  
*Jaud*, jade  
*Jaup*, splash, as with mud  
*Jaw*, gush of water ; waterfall  
*Jaw*, impertinence  
*Jee'd*, went astray  
*Jeegs*, jigs ; also affairs and on-  
 goings  
*Jethart*, Jedburgh  
*Jiggil*, jogged  
*Jile*, jail  
*Jimp*, slender ; barely  
*Jink*, to evade by turning quickly  
*Jip*, gipsy  
*Jo*, lover ; an equal  
*Joes*, sweethearts  
*Jockteleg*, a clasp knife  
*Joiter*, ne'er-do-weel  
*Jouk*, to duck down  
*Jute*, tea ; sour drink

*KABER*, rafter  
*Kail*, broth ; soup  
*Kail-stocks*, the hearts of kail or  
 cabbage  
*Kedgy*, *Cadgy*, happy  
*Kail-yaird*, kitchen garden  
*Kain*, rent paid in kind  
*Kame*, comb ; crest  
*Kebbuck*, a cheese  
*Keek*, to peep  
*Keeking-glass*, a mirror  
*Keel*, red chalk  
*Kemp*, strive

*Ken*, know ; knowledge  
*Kenn'd*, *Kent*, knew ; known  
*Kenna*, know not  
*Kensna*, knows not  
*Kent*, a shepherd's staff  
*Keþ*, catch hold of  
*Kett*, to make of ; fondle  
*Kill*, Highland garment ; to  
 throw  
*Kimmer*, *Kummer*, girl ; gossip  
*Kin*, relatives ; similar kind  
*Kintra*, country  
*Kirkins*, church goings  
*Kirn*, churn ; a harvest supper  
*Kist*, chest ; big box  
*Kittle*, to tickle ; difficult ; also to  
 litter ; to bring forth  
*Kittlin*, a kitten  
*Knacky*, ingenious ; handy  
*Knoves*, knolls  
*Knurlins*, dwarfs ; pigmies  
*Kuitlin*, whittling ; shaping  
*Kye*, cows  
*Kyte*, belly  
*Kythe*, show ; appear

*LAABOR*, to work ; to till  
*Laddie*, boy ; lad ; lover  
*Laid*, *Lades*, loads  
*Laigh*, low  
*Laird*, proprietor ; landlord  
*Lairge*, large  
*Laith*, loth  
*Lane*, self ; *my lane*, myself  
*Lanesome*, lonely  
*Lang*, long ; *the Lang Toun*,  
 Kirkcaldy  
*Langidge*, language  
*Lap*, leaped  
*Lat*, let  
*Lauchin*, laughing  
*Lave*, the rest ; what remains  
*Laverock*, the lark  
*Lawin*, tavern bill  
*Leam*, gleam ; flame  
*Leal*, true ; loyal  
*Lear*, learning  
*Leddie*, lady  
*Lee*, an untruth  
*Leeftu'*, compassionate

- Lee-lang*, live long  
*Lee-some*, pleasant ; loveable  
*Leeves*, lives  
*Leevin*, living  
*Leeze*, commend  
*Leid*, lead  
*Leish*, lash  
*Lenth*, length  
*Lerrick*, larch  
*Leuch*, laughed  
*Licht*, light  
*Lichtil*, kindled ; alighted  
*Lift*, the sky  
*Lilt*, a song ; to lilt, to sing cheerfully  
*Lingles*, shoemakers' threads  
*Links*, downs ; sea-beaches  
*Linn*, a waterfall  
*Lip*, ill-tongued ; impertinent talk  
*Lippin*, trust  
*Lirk*, wrinkle  
*Lith*, listen ; joint  
*Loan*, a country lane  
*Loch*, lake  
*Lock*, a quantity  
*Lo'e*, to love  
*Loof*, hand, palm of  
*Looms*, tools  
*Loons*, wild young fellows  
*Loot*, stoop ; allowed ; plunder  
*Looten*, let ; permitted  
*Losh* ! an exclamation expressing amazement  
*Loudons*, the Lothians  
*Loup*, leap  
*Loupin*, jumping ; violent  
*Loupin-daft*, raging mad  
*Lours*, looms ; lowers  
*Lowc*, flame ; fire  
*Lowin*, blazing  
*Lown*, calm  
*Lowse*, loose ; quit work  
*Lucky*, goodwife ; mistress  
*Lug*, ear  
*Luggie*, a child's wooden dish ; having one handle or ear  
*Lum*, chimney ; vent  
*Lunt*, tobacco pipe  
*Lurdane*, a lazy, shiftless person  
*Lyart*, grey  
  
*MAAKAR*, poet ; song writer ; artist  
*Maiks*, equals ; half-pennies  
*Mailen*, a farm  
*Mair*, more  
*Mairch*, march ; to march  
*Maist*, most  
*Man*, husband ; servant ; employee  
*Mane*, moan ; complaint  
*Maud*, a plaid  
*Maun*, must  
*Marvis*, the evening song-bird—the nightingale of Scotland  
*Maylicht*, the lighthouse on the May Island, Firth of Forth  
*Meenits*, minutes  
*Meer*, a mare ; a lake  
*Mell*, associate  
*Mennins*, minnows  
*Mense*, discretion  
*Mercat*, market  
*Messin*, a mongrel dog  
*Micht*, might ; great power  
*Mickle*, *Muckle*, *Meikle*, big ; great ; much  
*Midden*, dunghill  
*Mim*, prim ; quiet  
*Mindfu'*, thoughtful ; kind  
*Mindit*, remembered  
*Minnie*, *Mither*, mother  
*Mint*, aim ; attempt  
*Mirk*, dark  
*Mislea'd*, led into error  
*Mistae'n*, mistaken  
*Mixtie-maxtie*, confused ; jumbled together  
*Mony*, many  
*Mony-mae*, many more  
*Mools*, the grave mould  
*Moonging*, whining ; grumbling  
*Mou*, the mouth  
*Morn*, to-morrow  
*Morn's mornin'*, to-morrow morning  
*Mortalis*, unconscious ; mortal or dead drunk  
*Mort-claith*, pall ; death cloth  
*Muck-bawlk*, a farm implement for drawing out straw or dung

*Muck*, dung  
*Mune*, the moon  
*Murnfu'*, mournful  
*Muslin-kail*, thin, weak soup or broth  
*Mutch*, a woman's house cap  
*Mutchkin*, a measure holding four gills

*NA*, *NAE*, no ; not so  
*Naig*, a horse ; young saddle horse  
*Nane*, none  
*Nappy*, happy ; pungent ; drink  
*Neffies*, nephews  
*Neeps*, turnips  
*Necse*, nose  
*Neety*, niggardly  
*Neibor*, *Necbor*, neighbour  
*Neist*, next ; nearest  
*Neive*, fist ; hand  
*Neivefu*, a handful  
*Neth*, *Neath*, beneath  
*Neuk*, nook  
*Nicker*, to neigh softly  
*Nicht*, night  
*Niffer*, to barter ; exchange  
*Nips*, half-glasses of spirits  
*Nither*, *Nidder*, shudder ; starve  
*Nits*, nuts  
*No-ae-ane*, not a single one  
*Nocht*, *Naucht*, naught  
*Noo*, now  
*Norlan*, northern  
*Nowte*, cattle

*OCH!* ah ! ah !  
*Och-kon!* alas !  
*Och-kon-a-ree!* a Gaelic exclamation of sorrow or great misfortune  
*Oe*, grandchild  
*Offish*, office  
*Ongauns*, mischievous doings  
*Ony*, any  
*Ony-vey*, any way  
*Oo*, wool  
*Oors*, hours  
*Or*, ere ; before

*Orra*, anything over what is absolutely necessary  
*Ordnar*, ordinary  
*Orp*, to sob and weep  
*Out-hye*, outside ; in the open air  
*Owk*, *Ouk*, week  
*Owre*, over  
*Owre-coup*, overthrow  
*Owre-loup*, overleap  
*Owre-thick*, too familiar  
*Owsen*, oxen  
*Oxter*, armpit ; to go arm in arm

*PAILED*, dabbled  
*Paik*, beat  
*Painch*, paunch  
*Pang*, cram ; fill full  
*Papp*, to walk slowly or quietly  
*Fappit*, went leisurely  
*Parled*, paralyzed  
*Parritch*, oatmeal porridge  
*Partans*, crabs  
*Pat*, a pot ; put  
*Pauchty*, *Paughty*, haughty ; proud  
*Pawky*, innocently sly  
*Pech*, pant  
*Penny-gaffs*, small shows  
*Pensy*, conceited  
*Pent*, paint  
*Pey*, pay  
*Phaple*, face ; countenance  
*Pheerin-pole*, a long staff or pole used for measuring and marking off land into ridges, drills, etc.  
*Pig*, an earthenware vessel  
*Pike*, to pick  
*Ping*, to strike ; beat  
*Pingin*, resounding ; beating  
*Pingle*, to strive hard  
*Pinkie*, the little finger  
*Pirn*, a spool or reel  
*Pittin*, putting  
*Plenishin*, farm stocking ; furniture  
*Pleuch*, *Ploo*, plough  
*Plooin*, ploughing  
*Plouter*, to puddle  
*Pound*, to distrain for debt  
*Poitry-man*, poet

- Poo*, pull  
*Pookin*, plucking ; tugging  
*Poopit*, pulpit  
*Poor*, power ; pour  
*Poortith*, poverty  
*Pow*, the head  
*Powenie*, pony  
*Powther*, powder  
*Praisent-bit*, present abode or place  
*Pree*, taste  
*Preens*, pins  
*Prent*, print ; literature  
*Prentit*, printit ; published  
*Prief*, proof  
*Promish*, promise ; offer  
*Propine*, present ; gift  
*Propone*, propose ; suggest  
*Pruve*, prove  
*Pu'd*, *Poo'd*, pulled  
*Putten*, placed  
  
*QUAT*, quit ; quitted  
*Quate*, quiet  
*Quaich*, *Quegh*, a drinking cup  
*Quaten'd*, made quiescent  
*Quey*, a young cow  
*Quo'*, said  
  
*RACK*, strain : smoke ; mist ; wreck  
*Rade*, rode  
*Raibles*, foolish stories  
*Raid*, foray ; exploration  
*Raijment*, regiment  
*Raik*, to rove about  
*Railics*, relics  
*Rair*, roar  
*Raither*, rather  
*Rale*, real  
*Ramfeezled*, confused and fatigued  
*Ramshackle*, unmethodical  
*Ram-stam*, precipitate ; pell-mell  
*Rape*, rope  
*Rase*, rose ; arose  
*Rat-rhyme*, rhyme said by rote  
*Raw*, a row  
*Rax*, stretch ; reach  
*Redd*, unravel ; clear up  
*Rede*, counsel, admonition  
  
*Rede*, to advise or warn  
*Red-wud*, stark mad  
*Reens*, reins  
*Reeslin*, stirring ; tangling  
*Reestit*, stuck ; could or would not proceed  
*Reif*, rapine  
*Reive*, thief  
*Reverve*, revive  
*Rife*, abundant  
*Rift*, belch  
*Rifted*, riven, torn, split  
*Rig*, *Rigg*, ridge of a field  
*Riggin'*, the roof or ridge of a house or other building  
*Rin*, run  
*Rippit*, ripped ; torn  
*Rokelay*, mantle ; scarf  
*Rookit*, harried ; bankrupt  
*Rooky*, misty  
*Roose*, praise ; extol  
*Roostit*, rusted  
*Roove*, to rivet  
*Rosin*, *Roset*, shoemakers' wax ; resin  
*Routh*, plenty  
*Routhy*, having abundance  
*Routin*, lowing, like cattle  
*Row*, roll ; a quarrel  
*Rowan-tree*, the mountain ash  
*Roar*, roar, like bulls  
*Ruchles*, old articles  
*Ruckles*, ruins  
*Rults*, roots  
*Ruilit*, rooted  
*Rummel*, rumble  
*Rummilgumption*, sense, judgment  
*Runch*, rive ; tear  
*Rungs*, cudgels  
*Runkled*, wrinkled ; creased  
  
*SAE*, so  
*Saem*, *Saim*, lard  
*Soft*, soft  
*Saikless*, guiltless  
*Saikretar*, secretary  
*Sained*, sainted ; blessed  
*Saip*, soap



*Sair*, sore  
*Sair-dune*, very frail  
*Sair-taigled*, sore put to it; oppressed  
*Sait*, seat, chair  
*Saitur*, Saturn  
*Sall*, shall  
*Sancts, Saunts*, saints  
*Sang*, song; sung  
*Sark*, shirt  
*Saugh, Sauch*, willow  
*Saucht*, sought  
*Saul*, soul  
*Saunts*, saints  
*Saut*, salt; bitter; devilish  
*Sautit*, preserved with salt  
*Saumon*, salmon  
*Sawtan*, Satan  
*Scaith, Skaith*, injury  
*Scand*, scald  
*Scaur*, scare; precipice; escarpment  
*Scart*, scratch  
*Scaup*, scalp; head  
*Schule*, school  
*Scone*, a cake  
*Scrammel*, scramble  
*Scran*, provender  
*Screich*, scream; brisk  
*Screich o' day*, break of day  
*Scribe*, writer; author  
*Scrimpit*, pinched; deficient  
*Scuffed*, grazed; just touched  
*Scunner*, disgust  
*Sech*, sigh  
*Seedlins*, youngsters; learners  
*Seepin*, saturating  
*Seep-out*, leak; ooze out  
*Sei*, self  
*Sett*, sent  
*Sey*, attempt  
*Shae*, shoe  
*Shair*, sure  
*Shaird*, portion  
*Shammy, Shinty*, hockey  
*Shank*, leg; limb  
*Shank's-naigie*, on foot  
*Shanna*, shall not  
*Shauchle*, an ill-formed person  
*Shaw*, a wood

*Shaws*, tops of turnips and potatoe toes; shows  
*Shearin*, reaping  
*Sheuch, Sheugh*, ditch; gutter  
*Sheuken*, shaken  
*Shiel*, a shelter  
*Shielding*, a hill cottage or lodge  
*Shill*, shrill  
*Shilpit*, thin; delicate looking  
*Shog*, shake  
*Shool*, shovel  
*Shoon, Shune*, shoes; footwear  
*Shore*, threaten; offer  
*Shottle*, drawer in a chest  
*Sib*, kin; blood-related  
*Sic, Sich*, such  
*Siccan*, such like  
*Siccan-a-ane*, such an one  
*Siccar, Sicker*, firm; stubborn; great; certain  
*Sid, Sud, Shid*, should  
*Sike*, a rill  
*Siller*, silver; money  
*Simmer*, summer  
*Sin'*, since  
*Sinder*, to part asunder  
*Sindle*, seldom  
*Sin-syne*, since then  
*Sirss*, an exclamation equivalent to "goodness-gracious," or "alas!"  
*Sitten*, put; placed; sent  
*Skaill*, spill; disperse  
*Skairsh*, scarce  
*Skaith, Scaith*, injury  
*Skeel*, skill; wisdom  
*Skeelie*, a lead pencil; learned  
*Skeichan*, drink, generally whisky  
*Skeigh*, elevated; lively; skittish  
*Skelp*, slap; flog; run quickly  
*Skelpins*, thrashings  
*Skep*, hive for honey bees  
*Skey*, to cry like a curlew  
*Skids*, slides  
*Skirlin*, laughing loudly or screamingly  
*Skitch*, a small quantity  
*Sklate*, slate  
*Skreed*, tear; a big drink  
*Skreigh, Skreich*, shriek

- Skyte*, fly forcibly  
*Slade*, slid  
*Slap*, a stroke with open hand  
*Slap*, a gap ; quick ; instantly  
*Slap-bang*, quickly, and at once  
*Slaw*, slow  
*Slee*, sly ; ingenious  
*Sleished*, slashed  
*Sleuth*, sloth ; dilatoriness  
*Slewn*, slain  
*Slick*, easy  
*Slid*, smooth ; glassy  
*Sliddy*, slippery  
*Slogans*, war cries  
*Sloken*, slake  
*Slot*, door-bolt  
*Smeddum*, vigour ; ability  
*Smeeck*, smoke ; to suffocate  
*Smiddy*, a smithy  
*Smirk*, smile  
*Smither*, smother ; suffocate  
*Smittle*, contagious  
*Smoor*, smother  
*Smytrie*, a number ; a good few  
*Snabs*, shoemakers  
*Snack*, gruff ; supple  
*Snaw-ba's*, snow-balls  
*Sned*, cut quickly  
*Sneeshin*, snuff  
*Sneeshin-mull*, snuff-box  
*Sneevlin*, whimpering ; whining  
*Snell*, sharp ; chill  
*Snod*, tidy ; comfortable  
*Snood*, fillet for the hair  
*Snools*, soft, slow people  
*Snouke*, *Snouk*, grovel  
*Snooze*, to proceed leisurely  
*Socht*, *Saucht*, sought  
*Soddent*, soaking  
*Sodger*, *Sojer*, soldier  
*Sonsy*, stout and happy  
*Soo*, a sow  
*Sooks*, sucks  
*Soom*, swim  
*Soom*, sum, amount  
*Soop*, to sweep  
*Soopairnal*, supernal  
*Soor*, sulky ; stern  
*Sorn*, to sponge  
*Sough*, blow softly  
*Soufle*, *Soople*, supple  
*Souter*, a cobbler  
*Souther*, solder  
*Sowff*, to con over music or poetry  
*Sowps*, *Soups*, sups ; mouthfuls  
*Sowse*, a quick fall of anything  
     soft and heavy  
*Spae*, to foretell  
*Spaned*, waned  
*Spang*, jump  
*Sparks*, young dandies  
*Spate*, flood  
*Spaul*, shoulder  
*Spavie*, spavin  
*Speel*, *Spiel*, to climb  
*Speir*, *Speer*, enquire  
*Spelder*, to split and stretch out  
*Spence*, parlour ; inner apartment  
*Splairge*, splash ; bedaub  
*Splice*, to marry ; to go into partnership for anything  
*Splittie*, division ; disagreement  
*"Spotted,"* slang for noticed  
*Sprce*, spry ; a drunken fit  
*Spring*, a tune  
*Sprush*, spruce  
*Spuds*, potatoes  
*Spune*, spoon  
*Spunk*, courage  
*Spunks*, matches  
*Spunkie*, a young lively fellow  
*Squackin*, crying like ducks  
*Stab*, a stake  
*Stack*, a rick ; stuck  
*Staigs*, young horses  
*Stainch*, staunch  
*Stank*, stagnant water  
*Stap*, step ; also stop  
*Stappin*, stepping ; going away  
*Stapp*, push into ; cork up  
*Stark*, strong ; stalwart ; capable  
*Starns*, the stars  
*Staw*, stole ; to satiate  
*Stech*, cram ; to gourmandise  
*Steck*, shut  
*Steekit*, closed  
*Steeve*, firm ; tight  
*Stend*, jump quickly  
*Stent*, a portion ; a beat ; contract  
*Stey*, steep ; stay

*Stey-na*, stay not  
*Stays*, stays ; props ; corsets  
*Stick-an-tow*, the whole ; bag and baggage  
*Stickin-day*, last day of life : killing day of swine, &c.  
*Stirks*, one year old cattle  
*Stotter*, stagger  
*Stooks*, ricks of grain  
*Stookies*, blockheads ; busts ; monuments ; dummies ; figure-heads, etc.  
*Stoor*, rough ; stern  
*Stoor, Stour*, dust ; disquiet  
*Stour*, disturbance  
*Stourie*, tumult ; quarrel  
*Stots*, bullocks  
*Stots*, news ; secrets ; rumours  
*Stowlins*, on the sly ; clandestinely  
*Stown*, stole ; also stolen  
*Stowth*, stealth  
*Strack*, struck  
*Strade*, strude  
*Strae*, straw  
*Straik*, to stroke  
*Straik*, a blow ; a length  
*Stramash*, catastrophe  
*Strand*, street gutter  
*Straucht*, straight  
*Stravaigin*, idly wandering  
*Strecht, Straucht*, straight  
*Strein'd*, strained ; pressed  
*Striek*, stretch ; expose  
*Stripe*, gutter ; open sewer  
*Stripp*, a long narrow wood or plantation  
*Strone*, to spout ; to pass urine  
*Strow*, strew  
*Stuck-ups*, fops ; would-be gentry  
*Studdy*, an anvil  
*Stude*, stood  
*Sturdy*, giddy-head ; robust  
*Styme*, a small portion ; a glimpse  
*Suddle*, sully  
*Suner*, sooner  
*Sumphs*, blockheads  
*Swankie*, a supple fellow  
*Swarf*, swoon  
*Swat*, sweated  
*Swats*, small beer

*Sweir, Sweer*, swear ; unwilling  
*Swipes*, small beer  
*Swith*, swift ; quickly  
*Swither*, hesitate  
*Sybo*, a small early undergrown onion  
*Syke*, a runlet  
*Syne*, then  
  
*TACKS*, leases  
*Tae*, too ; also toe  
*Tacs*, the toes  
*Taid, Taed*, toad  
*Tairge*, targe  
*Tammy-norry*, an ignorant, silly person  
*Tangs, Tings*, tongs  
*Tappit-hen*, large punch bowl  
*Tarrow*, to linger perversely at meals  
*Tass*, a cup for—or of—liquor  
*Tate*, a very small quantity  
*Tatties*, potatoes  
*Tauld, Tellt*, told  
*Taupie*, a slow, backward girl  
*Tawse, Taws*, the old school scourge for misdemeanants ; playing marbles  
*Ted*, to shake up  
*Tee*, the mark played for at games  
*Teel*, till—ploughing, etc.  
*Teen*, provocation ; anger  
*Teers*, tears as of cloth, etc.  
*Teets, Paps*, nipples ; breasts  
*Tent*, heed ; care, *Tak tent*, take care  
*Tentie*, kindly watchful  
*Teuch*, tough  
*Teuk, Tuk*, took  
*Thack, Theak*, thatch  
*Thack-an'-rape*, thatch and straw rope ; safety ; preservation  
*Thae*, these ; those  
*Thairms*, catgut ; entrails  
*Than*, then  
*Thangs*, thongs ; laces ; whips  
*Thaucht, Thocht*, thought  
*Thir*, these  
*Thole*, endure ; suffer

- Thon*, yon  
*Thunder*, yonder  
*Thoom*, thumb  
*Thow*, to thaw  
*Thrang*, busy : crowd  
*Thraapple*, the throat ; to throttle  
*Thrawen*, ill-tempered ; distorted ; perverse  
*Thrawart*, cross, perverse  
*Threep*, to argue pertinaciously  
*Threid*, thread  
*Thretty*, thirty  
*Thrissle*, thistle  
*Throo*, through  
*Throoither*, confused together ; mixed up  
*Thud*, a blow ; quiet stroke  
*Ticht*, tight ; hard pressed  
*Tikes*, clowns ; hinds  
*Tikes*, bed cases ; ticks  
*Tillt*, to it  
*Timmer*, timber  
*Tinc*, lose  
*Tinnies*, tankards  
*Tint*, lost  
*Tipny*, two-penny  
*Tippeny*, cheap ale  
*Tirl*, to tumble about  
*Tirling*, turning over ; unroofing, etc.  
*Tirreces*, domestic quarrels  
*Tither*, the other  
*Tittie*, sister  
*Tocher*, dowry  
*Tod*, a fox  
*Toddle*, to walk quietly and slowly  
*Toddlin*, sauntering leisurely  
*Toddy*, whisky punch  
*Toff*, slang for fop  
*Toober*, thrash ; chastise  
*Toom*, empty ; to unload  
*Toorie*, a small heap ; a turret  
*Toothfu'*, the least drop  
*Toun*, *Toon*, town  
*Tout*, a slight illness ; anger ; bother  
*Tousie*, disordered  
*Touze*, tangle ; ruffle  
*Tow*, rope ; to haul  
*Towmond*, twelvemonth  
*Tracers*, boys employed by the Edinburgh tram-car company  
*Transe*, passage ; corridor  
*Trantles*, old articles  
*Tredd*, trade  
*Trew*, throw  
*Trig*, trim ; tidy  
*Trockin*, hawking ; bartering  
*Tron*, weighing place  
*Trows*, knows  
*Truf*, turf  
*Tryst*, appoint ; a fair or market  
*Tuizies*, quarrels ; battles  
*Tummlin*, falling  
*Twa*, *Twae*, two  
*Twal*, twelve  
*Tyesday*, Tuesday  
*Tykes*, big dogs ; big rough men  
  
*UGSOME*, repulsive, hateful  
*Unco*, very ; strange ; extra ; uncommon ; anything *outré*  
*Uncos*, news ; wonders ; famous things  
*Unsonsy*, unfortunate  
  
*VERA*, very  
*Virle*, ferrule ; broad ring  
*Viozy*, a quiet view ; to watch ; overlook  
*Vogie*, vain ; proud  
*Voo*, vow  
*Wratch*, wretch  
*Write*, write  
  
*WAB*, web  
*Wabster*, a weaver  
*Wad*, would ; wager  
*Waddin*, wedding ; cotton wool  
*Wadna*, would not  
*Wae*, woe ; sad ; sorry  
*Waeft'*, sorrowful  
*Waesome-est*, most woeful  
*Waesucks !* alas !  
*Wae-worth-him*, woe befal him  
*Waff*, of low character  
*Waiklin*, weakling  
*Wairp*, warp  
*Wairt*, spend it  
*Waitter*, *Watter*, water

*Wale*, to choose: *The wale*, the pick; the very best  
*Wallop*ing, thrashing  
*Waly*, *Wally*, struggle; also pithy; large; strong; beautiful  
*Wame*, the belly  
*Wan*, pale; faded; also one  
*Wance*, once  
*Wark*, work  
*Warl'* *World*, the world  
*Warlock*, a wizard  
*Warstled*, struggled  
*Wasna*, was not  
*Wat*, wet; wot; know  
*Water-brash*, heartburn  
*Watna*, wot not  
*Wauchty*, weighty; able  
*Waufish*, barely respectable  
*Waups*, rows; ongoing; ill-deeds  
*Waur*, worse  
*Wanken*, waken  
*Wayart*, wayward; erratic  
*Wean*, a child  
*Wecht*, *Waucht*, weight  
*Weedins*, uprooted plants  
*Weeds*, diseases which attack the legs of horses; large swellings  
*Weeshin*, washed  
*Weet*, wet; rain; drizzle  
*Weetin*, a wetting  
*Weir*, war; a mill-dam  
*Weir*, *Weer*, to wear; obstruct; stop  
*Ways*, ways  
*Walps*, whelps; offspring  
*Walpins*, beatings  
*Walpfit*, pupped  
*Wham*, whom  
*Whammel'd*, canted; tilted over somewhat; not straight up  
*Whan*, when  
*Whang*, thong; a large slice  
*Whaten*, which one; whatever  
*Whaup*, a curlew  
*Whaur*, *Where*, where  
*Wheen*, some; a moderate number or quantity  
*Wersh*, insipid  
*Wheesht!* hush!  
*Wheich*, drink; whisky  
*Whid*, an untruth

*Whid*, to scamper or run quickly  
*Whiles*, *Whyles*, sometimes; at the same time  
*Whilie*, a little while  
*Whilk*, which  
*Whillywha*, cheat  
*Whindgin*, whining  
*Whins*, furze  
*Whitter*, a social glass  
*Whommel*, waggle  
*Whuffy*, a busy minute  
*Whup*, whip  
*Whuppin*, grand; great; vast  
*Whuht*, whipped  
*Wice-like*, good looking  
*Wicht*, *Wight*, strong; heroic  
*Willint*, willing  
*Wilyart*, sly; bewildered  
*Winna*, will not  
*Winnock*, window  
*Winnel-sraes*, *Windlc-sraes*, stalks of long wild grass  
*Wirricow*, a phantom; a bugbear  
*Won*, dwell  
*Wonn'd*, resided  
*Wenner*, wonder  
*Woody*, the gallows  
*Worby*, worthy  
*Wow!* exclamatory: ah! oh! &c.  
*Wraiths*, wreaths  
*Waith*, the ghost of a person seen before death  
*Wrate*, wrote  
*Wrack*, wreck; couch grass  
*Wud*, mad; insane  
*Wuds*, *Wudds*, woods  
*Wuddy*, *Wuddy-tree*, the gallows  
*Wumman*, woman  
*Wut*, wit; mind; mental power  
*Wyliccoat*, an under vest or coat  
*Wynd*, an alley  
*Wyse*, coax; entice; guide  
*Wyte*, blame  
  
*YAHOOs*, savages  
*Yaird*, kitchen garden; a court  
*Yammer*, to grumble  
*Yamph*, to bark  
*Yap*, hungry  
*Yauld*, old horse

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<i>Yauff</i> , impertinence		<i>Yett</i> , gate
<i>Yauffin</i> , distracting noise or speech	or	<i>Yill</i> , ale
<i>Yauld</i> , fresh ; lively ; alert		<i>Yip</i> , a cheeky, pert person
<i>Yaup</i> , yelp		<i>Yird</i> , earth
<i>Yearl</i> , <i>Yerl</i> , earl		<i>Yile</i> , a bird's egg
<i>Yed</i> , contend		<i>Yitts</i> , <i>Aits</i> , oats
<i>Yeld</i> , <i>Yeeld</i> , farrow ; barren		<i>Yont</i> , along
<i>Yelphin</i> , crying ; yelling		<i>Yowes</i> , ewes
<i>Yerpin</i> , talking offensively		<i>Yowf</i> , a swinging blow
<i>Ye'se</i> , you shall		<i>Yowl</i> , to howl like a dog ; yell
<i>Yestreen</i> , last night		<i>Yuke</i> , itch
		<i>Yule</i> , Christmas









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